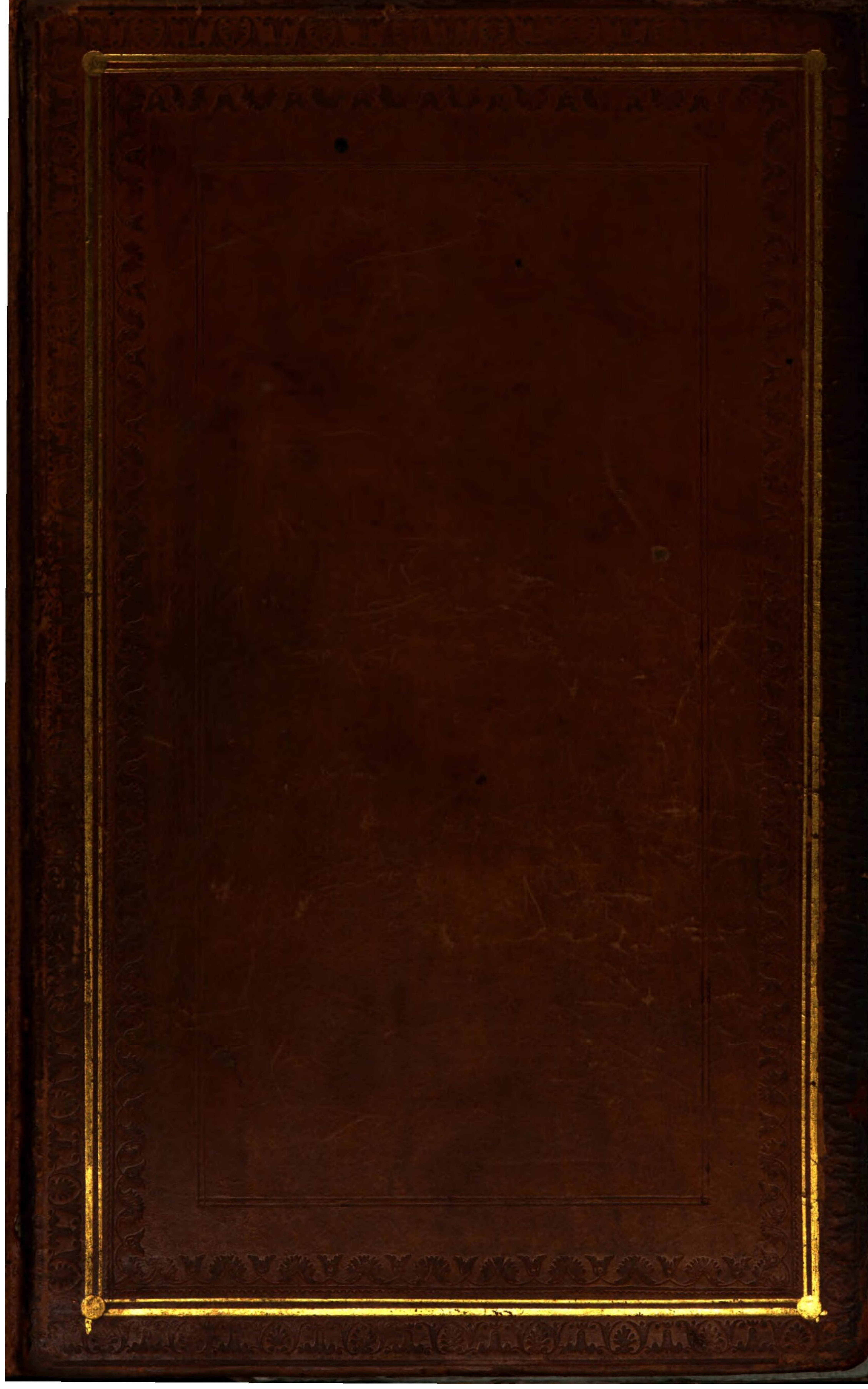














P. o. angl. 185<sup>6</sup> - 7 Jonson











WORKS

BEN JONSON

IN SEVEN VOLUMES

WITH NOTES OF THE LIFE AND TIMES

AND A HISTORY OF HIS POETRY

---

By W. G. LONDON

THE

WORKS

OF

BEN JONSON.

---

VOLUME THE SEVENTH

CONTAINING

MASQUES AT COURT

LONDON

PRINTED BY

PRINTED FOR G. AND W. STONE, F. G. AND J. BENTON, J. CROWE,  
AND DAVIES; LONGMAN AND CO.; LALFINGTON AND CO.;  
S. G. EVANS; J. MURRAY; G. HAWKINS; J. COOPER; J. BLACK;  
SALDWIN AND CO.; BODWELL AND MARTIN; AND A. LOMERSON.

By F. Bulmer and Co. Chesham, N. J. 1875.

1875.





OF

BEN JONSON.



THE  
WORKS  
OF  
BEN JONSON,  
IN NINE VOLUMES.

WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,  
AND A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR,  
By W. GIFFORD, Esq.

---

The Muses' fairest light in no dark time;  
The wonder of a learned age; the line  
Which none can pass; the most proportion'd wit,  
To nature, the best judge of what was fit;  
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;  
The voice most echo'd by consenting men;  
THE SOUL WHICH ANSWER'D BEST TO ALL WELL SAID  
BY OTHERS, AND WHICH MOST REQUITAL MADE.

CLEVELAND.

---

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

CONTAINING  
MASQUES AT COURT.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. AND W. NICOL; F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON; CADELL  
AND DAVIES; LONGMAN AND CO.; LACKINGTON AND CO.;  
R. H. EVANS; J. MURRAY; J. MAWMAN; J. CUTHELL; J. BLACK;  
BALDWIN AND CO.; RODWELL AND MARTIN; AND R. SAUNDERS;

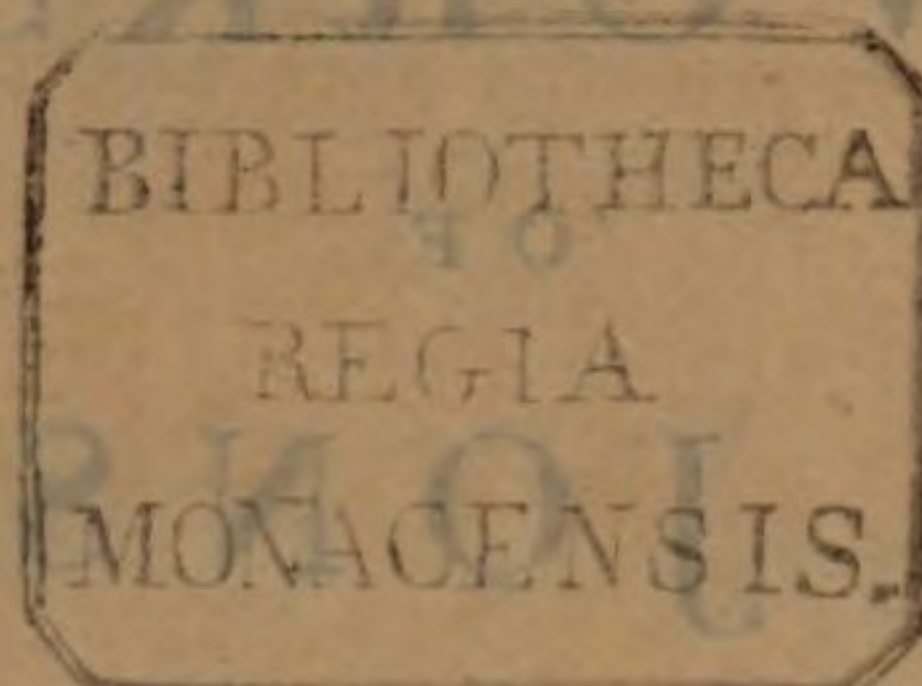
*By W. Bulmer and Co. Cleveland-row, St. James's.*

---

1816.



THE  
WORKS



IN NINE VOLUMES.

WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,  
AND A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR,

By W. GIFFORD, Esq.

The Muse, fairest light in no dark time;  
The wonder of a learned age; the line  
Which none can pass; the most proportion'd wit,  
To nature, the best judge of what was fit;  
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;  
The voice most echo'd by consenting men;  
The soul which answer'd best to all well said  
By others, and which most respect was made.  
Cleveland.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

CONTAINING

MASQUES AT COURT.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. AND W. NICOL; F. C. AND J. DIXINGTON; CABELL  
AND DAVIES; LONGMAN AND CO.; JACKINGTON AND CO.;  
J. H. EVANS; J. MURRAY; J. MANNING; J. CUTHELL; J. BLACK;  
BALDWIN AND CO.; RODWELL AND MARTIN; AND R. SANDERS;

By W. Bulmer and Co. Cleveland-ron, St. James's.

1816.



## MASQUES AT COURT.

---

Up springs the dance, along the lighted dome,  
Mix'd and involv'd a thousand sprightly ways,  
The glittering court effuses every pomp,  
The circle deepens; beam'd from gaudy robes  
Tapers and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,  
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves. THOMPSON.



# MASQUES AT COURT.

---

Up springs the dance, along the lighted dome,  
Mix'd and involv'd a thousand sprightly ways,  
The glittering court affects every pomp,  
The circle heaves; beams from gandy robes  
Tapers and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes  
A soft effluence o'er the palace waves. Thomson.



# THE QUEEN'S MASQUES.

THE FIRST, OF  
BLACKNESS.

Personated at the Court at WHITEHALL, on the  
Twelfth-night, 1605.

*Salve festa dies, meliorque revertere semper.* OVID.



THE MASQUE OF BLACKNESS.] This and the *Masque of Beauty* which follows it, were published in 4to. with this title. “The characters of two royal Masques, the one of Blacknesse, the other of Beautie, personated by the most magnificent of Queens, Anne, Queen of Great Britain, &c. with her honourable Ladyes, 1605 and 1608, at Whitehall.”

Great preparations were made for this masque, which was performed with unusual magnificence. Among Winwood’s State Papers, there is a letter to that minister from Mr. Chamberlaine, of which the following passage is an extract. “Here is great provision of masks and revells against the marriage of sir Phillip Herbert and the lady Susan Vere, which is to be celebrated on St. John’s day; the Queen hath likewise a great mask in hand against Twelfth-tide, for which there was 3000*l.* delivered a month ago.” Dec. 18, 1604. vol. ii. p. 41.

Sir Thomas Edmonds also thus writes to the great earl of Shrewsbury, Dec. 5, 1604. “Our corte is preparing to solempnize the Christmas with a gallant maske, which doth cost the Exchequer 3000*l.* Sir Phi. Harberte’s marriage will also produce an other maske among the noblemen and gentlemen.” *Lodge’s Illustrations*, vol. iii. p. 250.

It should be added that this was the first entertainment given by the Queen, that her brother, the duke of Holstein, was present at it, and that the day was a day of peculiar state, several knights of the Bath having been installed and the king’s second son (the unfortunate Charles) created duke of York.

The Garrick copy of this masque, now in the British Museum, was the presentation copy of Jonson to the queen, (James’s wife,) and has this inscription in the poet’s own writing:

D. ANNÆ  
M. BRITANNIARUM INSU. HIB. &c.  
REGINÆ  
FELICISS. FORMOSISS.  
MUSÆO  
S. S.  
HUNC LIBRUM VOVIT  
FAMÆ ET HONORI EJUS  
SERVIENTISS.  
IMO ADDICTISSIMUS  
BEN JONSON.  
VICTURUS GENIUM DEBET HABERE LIBER.



5

THE  
MASQUE OF BLACKNESS.

---

THE honour and splendour of these Spectacles was such in the performance, as, could those hours have lasted, this of mine, now, had been a most unprofitable work. But when it is the fate even of the greatest, and most absolute births, to need and borrow a life of posterity, little had been done to the study of magnificence in these, if presently with the rage of the people, who (as a part of greatness) are privileged by custom, to deface their carcasses, the spirits had also perished. In duty therefore to that Majesty, who gave them their authority and grace, and, no less than the most royal of predecessors, deserves eminent celebration for these solemnities, I add this later hand to redeem them as well from ignorance as envy, two common evils, the one of censure, the other of oblivion.

Pliny,<sup>a</sup> Solinus,<sup>b</sup> Ptolemy,<sup>c</sup> and of late Leo<sup>d</sup> the African, remember unto us a river in Æthiopia, famous by the name of Niger; of which the people were called Nigritæ, now Negroes; and

<sup>a</sup> *Nat. Hist.* l. 5. c. 8.

<sup>c</sup> *Lib.* 4. c. 5.

<sup>b</sup> *Poly. hist.* c. 40, and 43.

<sup>d</sup> *Descrip. Afric.*



## 6 THE MASQUE OF BLACKNESS.

are the blackest nation of the world. This river<sup>e</sup> taketh spring out of a certain lake, eastward; and after a long race, falleth into the western ocean.<sup>1</sup> Hence (because it was her majesty's will to have them blackmoors at first) the invention was derived by me, and presented thus:

First, for the scene, was drawn a *landtschap* (landscape) consisting of small woods, and here and there a void place filled with huntings; which falling, an artificial sea was seen to shoot forth, as if it flowed to the land, raised with waves which seemed to move, and in some places the billows to break, as imitating that orderly disorder which is common in nature. In front of this sea were placed six tritons,<sup>f</sup> in moving and sprightly actions, their upper parts human, save that their hairs were blue, as partaking of the sea-colour: their desinent parts fish, mounted above their heads, and all varied in disposition. From their backs were borne out certain light pieces of taffata, as if carried by the wind, and their music made out of wreathed shells. Behind

<sup>e</sup> Some take it to be the same with Nilus, which is by Lucan called Melas, signifying Niger. Howsoever Plin. in the place above noted, hath this: *Nigri fluvio eadem natura, quæ Nilo, calamum, papyrus, et easdem gignit animantes*. See Solin. above-mentioned.

<sup>1</sup> *And falleth into the Western Ocean.*] We now know that the Niger runs towards the east. Had the adventurous discoverer of this important geographical fact happily lived to return from his second expedition, we should probably have also learned whether the Niger loses itself in the sands, is swallowed up in some vast inland lake, or constitutes, as some think, the chief branch or feeder of the Nile.

<sup>f</sup> The form of these tritons, with their trumpets, you may read lively described in Ov. *Met.* lib. 1. *Ceruleum Tritona vocat, &c.*; and in Virg. *Æneid.* l. 10. *Hunc vehit immanis triton, et sequent.*



these, a pair of sea-maids, for song, were as conspicuously seated; between which, two great sea-horses, as big as the life, put forth themselves; the one mounting aloft, and writhing his head from the other, which seemed to sink forward; so intended for variation, and that the figure behind might come off better:<sup>g</sup> upon their backs, Oceanus and Niger were advanced.

Oceanus presented in a human form, the colour of his flesh blue; and shadowed with a robe of sea-green; his head gray, and horned,<sup>h</sup> as he is described by the ancients: his beard of the like mixed colour: he was garlanded with alga, or sea-grass; and in his hand a trident.

Niger, in form and colour of an Æthiop; his hair and rare beard curled, shadowed with a blue and bright mantle: his front, neck, and wrists adorned with pearl, and crowned with an artificial wreath of cane and paper-rush.

These induced the masquers, which were twelve nymphs, negroes, and the daughters of Niger; attended by so many of the Oceaniæ,<sup>i</sup> which were their light-bearers.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>g</sup> Lucian in PHTOP. Διδασ. presents Nilus so, *Equo fluviali insidentem*. And Statius Neptune, in *Theb.*

<sup>h</sup> The ancients induced Oceanus always with a bull's head: *propter vim ventorum, à quibus incitatur, et impellitur: vel quia tauris similem fremitum emittat; vel quia tanquam taurus furibundus, in littora feratur*. Euripid. in *Orest.* Ὠκέανῳ ὃν ταυρόκρανος ἀγκάλαις ἐλίσσων, κυκλεῖ χθονα. And rivers sometimes were so called. Look Virg. *de Tiberi et Eridano*. Georg. 4. *Æneid.* 8. Hor. *Car.* lib. 4. ode 14, and Euripid. in *Ione*.

<sup>i</sup> The daughters of Oceanus and Tethys. See Hesiod. in *Theogon.* Orph. in *Hym.* and Virgil in *Georg.*

<sup>2</sup> Which were their light bearers.] It will not be amiss to observe here once for all, that every masquer was invariably attended by his torch-bearer, who preceded his entrance and exit, and sided him (though at a distance) while in action.



## 8 THE MASQUE OF BLACKNESS.

The masquers were placed in a great concave shell, like mother of pearl, curiously made to move on those waters and rise with the billow; the top thereof was stuck with a cheveron of lights, which indented to the proportion of the shell, struck a glorious beam upon them, as they were seated one above another: so that they were all seen, but in an extravagant order.<sup>3</sup>

On sides of the shell did swim six huge sea-monsters, varied in their shapes and dispositions, bearing on their backs the twelve torch-bearers,

<sup>3</sup> The prose descriptions of Jonson are singularly bold and beautiful. I do not, however, notice the paragraph on this account, but solely to shew with what facility an ill-natured critic may throw an air of ridicule on things of this nature. In giving an account of this splendid exhibition to Winwood, sir Dudley Carleton says: "At night we had the Queen's Maske in the Banquetting-House: there was a great engine at the lower end of the room, which had motion, and in it were the images of sea-horses, with other terrible fishes, which were ridden by Moors: the indecorum was, that there was all fish and no water."—There was assuredly as much of one as the other; but this it is to be witty. Sir Dudley proceeds: "At the further end there was a great shell in form of a skallop, wherein were four seats; on the lowest sat the Queen with my lady Bedford; on the rest were placed the ladies Suffolk, Darby, Rich, Effingham, Ann Herbert, Susan Herbert, Elizabeth Howard, Walsingham and Bevil. Their appearance was rich, but too light and courtezan-like for such great ones. Instead of vizzards, their faces and arms up to the elbows were painted black, but it became them nothing so well as their own red and white, &c." *Winwood's Memorials*, vol. ii. p. 44. Sir Dudley would make no indifferent newspaper critic for the present times. The plot required the actors to appear as Moors, and he finds out that they would look better if they kept their natural colour! It is to be hoped that some handsome Othello will take the hint. "The Spanish and Venetian ambassadors," our letter-writer adds, "were both present, and sate by the king in state," to the great annoiance of the French ambassador, who vowed in a pet, "that the whole court was Spanish."



who were planted there in several graces ; so as the backs of some were seen ; some in purple, or side ; others in face ; and all having their lights burning out of whelks, or murex-shells.

The attire of the masquers was alike in all, without difference : the colours azure and silver ; but returned on the top with a scroll and antique dressing of feathers, and jewels interlaced with ropes of pearl. And for the front, ear, neck, and wrists, the ornament was of the most choice and orient pearl ; best setting off from the black.

For the light-bearers, sea-green, waved about the skirts with gold and silver ; their hair loose and flowing, gyrlanded with sea-grass, and that stuck with branches of coral.

These thus presented, the scene behind seemed a vast sea, and united with this that flowed forth, from the termination, or horizon of which (being the level of the state, which was placed in the upper end of the hall) was drawn by the lines of perspective, the whole work shooting downwards from the eye ; which decorum made it more conspicuous, and caught the eye afar off with a wandering beauty : to which was added an obscure and cloudy night-piece, that made the whole set off. So much for the bodily part, which was of master Inigo Jones's design and act.

By this, one of the tritons, with the two sea-maids, began to sing to the others' loud music, their voices being a tenor and two trebles.

### SONG.

*Sound, sound aloud*

*The welcome of the orient flood,*



*Into the west ;  
 Fair Niger,<sup>k</sup> son to great Oceanus,  
 Now honour'd, thus,  
 With all his beauteous race :  
 Who, though but black in face,  
 Yet are they bright,  
 And full of life and light.  
 To prove that beauty best,  
 Which, not the colour, but the feature  
 Assures unto the creature.*

*Ocea.* Be silent, now the ceremony's done,  
 And, Niger, say, how comes it, lovely son,  
 That thou, the Æthiop's river, so far east,  
 Art seen to fall into the extremest west  
 Of me, the king of floods, Oceanus,  
 And in mine empire's heart, salute me thus ?  
 My ceaseless current, now, amazed stands  
 To see thy labour through so many lands,  
 Mix thy fresh billow with my brackish stream ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And, in the sweetness, stretch thy diadem  
 To these far distant and unequall'd skies,  
 This squared circle of celestial bodies.

<sup>k</sup> All rivers are said to be the sons of the Ocean ; for, as the ancients thought, out of the vapours exhaled by the heat of the sun, rivers and fountains were begotten. And both by Orph. in *Hym.* and Homer, *Il.* §. Oceanus is celebrated *tanquam pater, et origo diis, et rebus, quia nihil sine humectatione nascitur, aut putrescit.*

<sup>1</sup> There wants not enough, in nature, to authorize this part of our fiction, in separating Niger from the ocean, (beside the fable of Alpheus, and that, to which Virgil alludes of Arethusa, in his 10. Eclog.

*Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labère Sicanos,  
 Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.)*

Examples of Nilus, Jordan, and others, whereof see Nican. *lib. 1. de flumin.* and Plut. *in vita Syllæ*, even of this our river (as some think) by the name of Melas.



*Niger.* Divine Oceanus, 'tis not strange at all,  
That, since th'immortal souls of creatures mortal,  
Mix with their bodies, yet reserve for ever  
A power of separation, I should sever  
My fresh streams from thy brackish, like things  
fix'd,  
Though, with thy powerful saltness, thus far  
mix'd.

"Virtue, though chain'd to earth, will still live  
free;

"And hell itself must yield to industry."

*Ocea.* But what's the end of thy Herculean  
labours,  
Extended to these calm and blessed shores?

*Niger.* To do a kind and careful father's part,  
In satisfying every pensive heart  
Of these my daughters, my most loved birth:  
Who, though they were the first form'd dames  
of earth,<sup>m</sup>

And in whose sparkling and refulgent eyes,  
The glorious sun did still delight to rise;  
Though he, the best judge, and most formal  
cause

Of all dames beauties, in their firm hues, draws  
Signs of his fervent'st love; and thereby shows  
That in their black, the perfect'st beauty grows;  
Since the fixt colour of their curled hair,  
Which is the highest grace of dames most fair,  
No cares, no age can change; or there display  
The fearful tincture of abhorred gray;  
Since death herself (herself being pale and blue)  
Can never alter their most faithful hue;

<sup>m</sup> Read Diod. Sicul. lib. 3. It is a conjecture of the old ethnics, that they which dwell under the south, were the first begotten of the earth.



All which are arguments, to prove how far  
 Their beauties conquer in great beauty's war;  
 And more, how near divinity they be,  
 That stand from passion, or decay so free.  
 Yet, since the fabulous voices of some few  
 Poor brain-sick men, styled poets here with you,  
 Have, with such envy of their graces, sung  
 The painted beauties other empires sprung;  
 Letting their loose and winged fictions fly  
 To infect all climates, yea, our purity;  
 As of one Phaëton,<sup>a</sup> that fired the world,  
 And that, before his heedless flames were hurl'd  
 About the globe, the Æthiops were as fair  
 As other dames; now black, with black despair:  
 And in respect of their complexions chang'd,  
 Are eachwhere, since, for luckless creatures  
 rang'd;<sup>o</sup>  
 Which, when my daughters heard, (as women are  
 Most jealous of their beauties) fear and care  
 Possess'd them whole; yea, and believing them,<sup>p</sup>  
 They wept such ceaseless tears into my stream,  
 That it hath thus far overflow'd his shore  
 To seek them patience: who have since, e'ermore  
 As the sun riseth,<sup>q</sup> charg'd his burning throne  
 With vollies of revilings; 'cause he shone  
 On their scorch'd cheeks with such intemperate  
 fires,  
 And other dames made queens of all desires.  
 To frustrate which strange error, oft I sought,  
 Tho' most in vain, against a settled thought

<sup>a</sup> *Notissima fabula*, Ovid. Met. lib. 2.

<sup>o</sup> Alluding to that of Juvenal, Satyr. 5. *Et cui per mediam nolis occurrere noctem.*

<sup>p</sup> The poets.

<sup>q</sup> A custom of the Æthiops, notable in Herod. and Diod. Sic. See Plin. *Nat. Hist.* lib. 5. cap. 8.



As women's are, till they confirm'd at length  
 By miracle, what I, with so much strength  
 Of argument resisted ; else they feign'd :  
 For in the lake where their first spring they gain'd,  
 As they sat cooling their soft limbs, one night,  
 Appear'd a face, all circumfused with light ;  
 (And sure they saw't, for Æthiops<sup>r</sup> never dream)  
 Wherein they might decipher through the stream,  
 These words :

*That they a land must forthwith seek,  
 Whose termination, of the Greek,  
 Sounds TANIA; where bright Sol, that heat  
 Their bloods, doth never rise or set,<sup>s</sup>  
 But in his journey passeth by,  
 And leaves that climate of the sky,  
 To comfort of a greater light,  
 Who forms all beauty with his sight.*

In search of this, have we three pryncedoms past,  
 That speak out Tania in their accents last ;  
 Black Mauritania, first ; and secondly,  
 Swarth Lusitania ; next we did descry  
 Rich Aquitania : and yet cannot find  
 The place unto these longing nymphs design'd.  
 Instruct and aid me, great Oceanus,  
 What land is this that now appears to us ?

*Ocea.* This land, that lifts into the temperate  
 air  
 His snowy cliff, is Albion the fair ;

<sup>r</sup> Plin. *ib.*

<sup>s</sup> Consult with Tacitus, in *vita Agric.* and the *Paneg. ad Constant.*

<sup>t</sup> Orpheus, in his *Argonaut.* calls it Λευκάδιον χέρσον.



So call'd of Neptune's son,<sup>u</sup> who ruleth here:  
 For whose dear guard, myself, four thousand  
     year,  
 Since old Deucalion's days, have walk'd the round  
 About his empire, proud to see him crown'd  
 Above my waves.—

*At this the Moon was discovered in the upper part of the house, triumphant in a silver throne, made in figure of a pyramis. Her garments white and silver, the dressing of her head antique, and crowned with a luminary, or sphere of light: which striking on the clouds, and heightened with silver, reflected as natural clouds do by the splendor of the moon. The heaven about her was vaulted with blue silk, and set with stars of silver, which had in them their several lights burning. The sudden sight of which made Niger to interrupt Oceanus with this present passion.*

O see, our silver star!  
 Whose pure, auspicious light greets us thus far!  
 Great Æthiopia goddess of our shore,<sup>x</sup>  
 Since with particular worship we adore  
 Thy general brightness, let particular grace  
 Shine on my zealous daughters: shew the place  
 Which long their longings urg'd their eyes to see,  
 Beautify them, which long have deified thee.

*Æthi.* Niger, be glad: resume thy native cheer.  
 Thy daughters labours have their period here,

<sup>u</sup> Alluding to the right of styling princes after the name of their principedoms: so is he still Albion, and Neptune's son that governs. As also his being dear to Neptune, in being so embraced by him.

<sup>x</sup> The Æthiopians worshipped the moon by that surname. See Step. περι πόλεων, in voce ΑΙΘΙΟΠΙΩΝ.



And so thy errors. I was that bright face  
 Reflected by the lake, in which thy race  
 Read mystic lines ; which skill Pythagoras  
 First taught to men, by a reverberate glass.<sup>4</sup>  
 This blessed isle doth with that TANIA end,  
 Which there they saw inscribed, and shall extend  
 Wish'd satisfaction to their best desires.  
 Britannia, which the triple world admires,  
 This isle hath now recover'd for her name ;  
 Where reign those beauties that with so much  
 fame  
 The sacred Muses' sons have honoured,  
 And from bright Hesperus to Eous spread.  
 With that great name Britannia, this blest isle  
 Hath won her ancient dignity, and style,  
 A WORLD DIVIDED FROM THE WORLD: and tried  
 The abstract of it, in his general pride.  
 For were the world, with all his wealth, a ring,  
 Britannia, whose new name makes all tongues  
 sing,  
 Might be a diamant worthy to inchase it,  
 Ruled by a sun, that to this height doth grace it:  
 Whose beams shine day and night, and are of  
 force  
 To blanch an Æthiop, and revive a corse.  
 His light sciential is, and, past mere nature,  
 Can salve the rude defects of every creature.  
 Call forth thy honour'd daughters then ;  
 And let them, 'fore the Britain men,

4 ——— *Which skill Pythagoras*

*First taught to men, by a reverberate glass.]* The allusion is to what is told us by the scholiast on Aristophanes, that Pythagoras discovered a method of writing with blood on a speculum, or polished mirror ; and this being held opposite to the moon, what was written on the glass would be reflected on the orb of the moon, and would appear to be written thereon. *Nub. v. 750.*

WHAL.



Indent the land, with those pure traces  
 They flow with, in their native graces.  
 Invite them boldly to the shore ;  
 Their beauties shall be scorch'd no more :  
 This sun is temperate, and refines  
 All things on which his radiance shines.

*Here the Tritons sounded, and they danced on shore, every couple, as they advanced, severally presenting their fans : in one of which were inscribed their mixt names, in the other a mute hieroglyphic, expressing their mixed qualities.\* Their own single dance ended, as they were about to make choice of their men : one, from the sea, was heard to call them with this CHARM, sung by a tenor voice.*

*Come away, come away,  
 We grow jealous of your stay :  
 If you do not stop your ear,  
 We shall have more cause to fear  
 Syrens of the land, than they  
 To doubt the Syrens of the sea.*

*Here they danced with their men several measures and corantos. All which ended, they were again accited to sea, with a SONG of two trebles, whose cadences were iterated by a double echo from several parts of the land.*

*Daughters of the subtle flood,  
 Do not let earth longer entertain you ;  
 1 Ech. Let earth longer entertain you.  
 2 Ech. Longer entertain you.*

\* Which manner of symbol I rather chose, than imprese, as well for strangeness, as relishing of antiquity, and more applying to that original doctrine of sculpture, which the Egyptians are said first to have brought from the Æthiopians. *Diod. Sicul. Herod.*



*'Tis to them enough of good,  
That you give this little hope to gain you.*

1 Ech. *Give this little hope to gain you.*

2 Ech. *Little hope to gain you.*

*If they love,*

*You shall quickly see ;*

*For when to flight you move,*

*They'll follow you, the more you flee.*

1 Ech. *Follow you, the more you flee.*

2 Ech. *The more you flee.*

*If not, impute it each to other's matter ;*

*They are but earth, and what you vow'd was water.*

1 Ech. *And what you vow'd was water.*

2 Ech. *You vow'd was water.*

*Æthi.* Enough, bright nymphs, the night grows  
old,

And we are grieved we cannot hold  
You longer light ; but comfort take.

Your father only to the lake

Shall make return : yourselves, with feasts,

Must here remain the Ocean's guests.

Nor shall this veil, the sun hath cast

Above your blood, more summers last.

For which you shall observe these rites :

Thirteen times thrice, on thirteen nights,

(So often as I fill my sphere

With glorious light throughout the year)

You shall, when all things else do sleep

Save your chaste thoughts, with reverence, steep

Your bodies in that purer brine,

And wholesome dew, call'd ros-marine :

Then with that soft and gentler foam,

Of which the ocean yet yields some



Whereof, bright Venus, beauty's queen,  
 Is said to have begotten been,  
 You shall your gentler limbs o'er-lave,  
 And for your pains perfection have:  
 So that, this night, the year gone round,  
 You do again salute this ground;  
 And in the beams of yond' bright sun,  
 Your faces dry,—and all is done.

*At which, in a dance, they returned to sea, where they  
 took their shell, and with this full SONG went out.*

*Now Dian, with her burning face,  
 Declines apace:*

*By which our waters know  
 To ebb, that late did flow.*

*Back seas, back nymphs; but with a forward grace,  
 Keep still your reverence to the place:  
 And shout with joy of favour, you have won,  
 In sight of Albion, Neptune's son.*

---

*So ended the first Masque; which, beside the singular  
 grace of music and dances, had the success in the  
 nobility of performance, as nothing needs to the  
 illustration, but the memory by whom it was per-  
 sonated.\**

\* *By whom it was personated.*] Jonson gives us the names of the masquers as they danced on shore, in couples, from their splendid shell, together with the symbols which they bore in their hands.



*The Names.*

*The Symbols.*

|                                                         |      |                          |      |                                          |
|---------------------------------------------------------|------|--------------------------|------|------------------------------------------|
| THE QUEEN,<br>Co. OF BEDFORD. <sup>1</sup>              | } 1. | { EUPHORIS,<br>AGLAIA.   | } 1. | { A golden tree, la-<br>den with fruit.  |
| LA. HERBERT, <sup>2</sup><br>Co. OF DERBY. <sup>3</sup> | } 2. | { DIAPHANE,<br>EUCAMPSE. | } 2. | { The figure Isocae-<br>dron of crystal. |
| LA. RICH, <sup>4</sup><br>Co. OF SUFFOLK. <sup>5</sup>  | } 3. | { OCYTE,<br>KATHARE.     | } 3. | { A pair of naked<br>feet in a river.    |

<sup>1</sup> *Countess of Bedford.*] Lucy, the lady of Edward, third earl of Bedford, and daughter of John lord Harrington. She was a munificent patron of genius, and seems to have been peculiarly kind to Jonson. One of the most exquisite compliments that ever was offered to talents, beauty, and goodness, was paid by the grateful poet to this lady. (Epig. 76.) The biographers are never weary of repeating, after one another, that she was "the friend of Donne and Daniel, who wrote verses on her;" but of Jonson, who wrote more than both, they preserve a rigid silence.

<sup>2</sup> *Lady Herbert*] Called by sir Dudley Carleton, Ann Herbert. She was the daughter of sir William Herbert of St. Julian's, Monmouthshire, and a great heiress. This lady was at first intended for her cousin, Philip Herbert, brother of the celebrated lord Pembroke, the friend of Jonson and of genius; but married sir Edward, afterwards lord Herbert of Cherbury.

<sup>3</sup> *Countess of Derby.*] Alice, the daughter of sir John Spencer of Althorpe, (where Jonson's beautiful Entertainment of *The Satyr* was represented,) and widow of Ferdinando, fifth earl of Derby. She took for her second husband lord keeper Egerton.

For this celebrated lady, who appears to have greatly delighted in these elegant and splendid exhibitions, Milton wrote his *Arcades*, the songs of which are a mere cento from our author's Masques, of which, in fact, it is a very humble imitation.

<sup>4</sup> *Lady Rich.*] There were two of this name; but the person here meant was probably Penelope, lady Rich, whose story made some noise at a subsequent period. She parted from her husband, as it was said, by consent, and while he was yet living, married Mountjoy, earl of Devonshire. The match was unfortunate. The king was offended, the Earl miserable, and Laud, who performed the ceremony, passed through many years of obloquy for his officiousness, notwithstanding his pretended ignorance of the lady's former marriage.

<sup>5</sup> *Countess of Suffolk.*] Catharine, the daughter of sir Henry Knevit of Charlton in Wiltshire, married first to Richard, lord







appears too old for the grand-daughter of the countess of Suffolk, who married a Thomas Walsingham of Kent, and too young for the daughter of Elizabeth's celebrated minister, who had besides twice changed her name.

The Oceaniæ are not appropriated; they were probably personated by the younger branches of the noble families mentioned above. They were the "light bearers," as the poet terms them, and he has judiciously managed to make them an integral part of the exhibition.

QUEEN'S SECOND MASQUE,

BEAUTY.







# MASQUE OF BEAUTY.

## THE QUEEN'S SECOND MASQUE,

WHICH WAS OF

## BEAUTY.

So Fair is Earth, so pure is Air,  
So sweet is Love, so soft is Care,  
So bright is Truth, so clear is Light,  
So pure is Virtue, so sweet is Right.



THE MASQUE OF BEAUTY.] "The second Masque, (Jonson says,) which was of Beauty, was presented in the same Court at Whitehall, on the Sunday-night after the Twelfth-night, 1608."

This masque was published together with the former in 4to. without date, but probably in 1609, and again in fol. 1616.



THE  
MASQUE OF BEAUTY.

---

Two years being now past, that her majesty had intermitted these delights, and the third almost come, it was her highness's pleasure again to glorify the court, and command that I should think on some fit presentment, which should answer the former, still keeping them the same persons, the daughters of Niger, but their beauties varied according to promise, and their time of absence excused, with four more added to their number.

To which limits, when I had apted my invention, and being to bring news of them from the sea, I induced BOREAS, one of the winds, as my fittest messenger; presenting him thus:

In a robe of russet and white mixt, full and bagg'd; his hair and beard rough and horrid; his wings gray, and full of snow and icicles: his mantle borne from him with wires, and in several puffs; his feet<sup>a</sup> ending in serpents tails; and in his hand a leafless branch, laden with icicles.

But before, in midst of the hall, to keep the state of the feast and season, I had placed JANUARY<sup>b</sup> in a throne of silver; his robe of ash-colour, long, fringed with silver; a white mantle;

<sup>a</sup> So Paus. in *Eliacis*, reports him to have, as he was carved in *arca Cipselli*.

<sup>b</sup> See *Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa*.



his wings white, and his buskins; in his hand a laurel-bough; upon his head an anademe of laurel, fronted with the sign Aquarius, and the character: who, as Boreas blustered forth, discovered himself.

*Boreas.* Which, among these, is Albion, Neptune's son?

*Januarius.* What ignorance dares make that question?

Would any ask, who Mars were in the wars,  
Or which is Hesperus among the stars?  
Of the bright planets, which is Sol? or can  
A doubt arise, 'mong creatures, which is man?  
Behold, whose eyes do dart Promethean fire  
Throughout this All; whose precepts do inspire  
The rest with duty; yet commanding, chear:  
And are obeyed more with love, than fear.

*Boreas.* What Power art thou, that thus informest me?

*Janu.* Dost thou not know me? I too well know thee

By thy rude voice,<sup>c</sup> that doth so hoarsely blow;  
Thy hair, thy beard, thy wings, o'er-hill'd with  
snow,<sup>1</sup>

Thy serpent feet, to be that rough North-wind,  
Boreas, that to my reign art still unkind.

<sup>c</sup> *Ovid Metam.* lib. 6. near the end see,—*horridus ira, Quæ solita est illi, nimiumque domestica, vento, &c.*

<sup>1</sup> *Thy wings o'er-hill'd with snow.] i. e. covered over with snow: the spelling is varied, but it is the same with the Saxon word hele. WHAL.*

It is scarcely worth dispute; but surely Jonson uses the word in its common acceptation.



I am the prince of months, call'd January ;  
 Because by me, Janus<sup>d</sup> the year doth vary,  
 Shutting up wars, proclaiming peace, and feasts,  
 Freedom and triumphs ; making kings his guests.

*Boreas.* To thee then thus, and by thee to that  
 king,  
 That doth thee present honours, do I bring  
 Present remembrance of twelve Æthiop dames :  
 Who, guided hither by the moon's bright flames,  
 To see his brighter light, were to the sea  
 Enjoin'd again, and (thence assign'd a day  
 For their return) were in the waves to leave  
 Their BLACKNESS, and true BEAUTY to receive.

*Janu.* Which they received, but broke their  
 day : and yet  
 Have not return'd a look of grace for it,  
 Shewing a coarse and most unfit neglect.  
 Twice have I come in pomp here, to expect  
 Their presence ; twice deluded, have been fain  
 With other rites<sup>e</sup> my feasts to entertain :  
 And now the third time, turn'd about the year,  
 Since they were look'd for, and yet are not here!

*Boreas.* It was nor will, nor sloth, that caus'd  
 their stay ;  
 For they were all prepared by their day,  
 And with religion, forward on their way :  
 When Proteus,<sup>f</sup> the gray prophet of the sea,  
 Met them, and made report, how other four  
 Of their black kind (whereof their sire had store)

<sup>d</sup> See the offices and power of Janus, *Ovid. Fast.* 1.

<sup>e</sup> Two marriages, the one of the earl of Essex, 1606 ; the other of the lord Hay, 1607.

<sup>f</sup> Read his description, with *Vir. Geor.* 4. *Est in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite vates, Cæruleus Proteus.*



Faithful to that great wonder, so late done  
 Upon their sisters, by bright Albion,  
 Had followed them to seek Britannia forth,  
 And there to hope like favour, as like worth,  
 Which Night envied, as done in her despite,<sup>g</sup>  
 And, mad to see an Æthiop washed white,  
 Thought to prevent in these; lest men should  
 deem

Her colour, if thus chang'd, of small esteem.  
 And so, by malice, and her magic, tost  
 The nymphs at sea, as they were almost lost,  
 Till, on an island, they by chance arriv'd,  
 That floated in the main;<sup>h</sup> where, yet, she had  
 gyv'd

Them so, in chains of darkness, as no might  
 Should loose them thence, but their chang'd  
 sisters sight.

Whereat the twelve, in piety mov'd, and kind,  
 Straight put themselves in act, the place to find;  
 Which was the Night's sole trust they so will do,  
 That she with labour might confound them too.  
 For ever since with error hath she held  
 Them wand'ring in the ocean, and so quell'd  
 Their hopes beneath their toil, as (desperate now  
 Of any least success unto their vow;  
 Nor knowing to return to express the grace,  
 Wherewith they labour to this prince, and place)  
 One of them meeting me at sea, did pray,  
 That for the love of my Orithya,<sup>i</sup>

<sup>g</sup> Because they were before of her complexion.

<sup>h</sup> To give authority to this part of our fiction, Pliny hath a chap. 95 of the 2. book, *Nat Hist. de insulis fluctuantibus. Et Card. lib. 1. de rerum vari. et cap. 7.* reports one to be in his time known, in the lake of Lomond, in Scotland. To let pass that of Delos, &c.

<sup>i</sup> The daughter of Erectheus, king of Athens, whom Boreas ravished away into Thrace, as she was playing with other virgins by the flood Ilissus: or (as some will) by the fountain Cephissus.



Whose very name did heat my frosty breast,  
 And made me shake my snow-fill'd wings and  
 crest,  
 To bear this sad report I would be won,  
 And frame their just excuse; which here I've  
 done.

*Janu.* Would thou hadst not begun, unlucky  
 Wind,  
 That never yet blew'st goodness to mankind;  
 But with thy bitter, and too piercing breath,  
 Strik'st<sup>k</sup> horrors through the air as sharp as death.

*Here a second wind came in, VULTURNUS, in a blue  
 coloured robe and mantle, puffed as the former, but  
 somewhat sweeter; his face black, and on his head<sup>1</sup>  
 a red sun, shewing he came from the east: his  
 wings of several colours; his buskins white, and  
 wrought with gold.*

*Vult.* All horrors vanish, and all name of death,  
 Be all things here as calm as is my breath.  
 A gentler wind, Vulturnus, brings you news  
 The isle is found, and that the nymphs now use  
 Their rest and joy. The Night's black charms  
 are flown.  
 For being made unto their goddess known,  
 Bright Æthiopia, the silver moon,  
 As she was Hecate, she brake them soon:<sup>■</sup>

<sup>k</sup> The violence of Boreas Ovid excellently describes in the  
 place above quoted.

*Hæc nubila pello,  
 Hæc freta concutio, nodosaque robora verto,  
 Induroque nives, et terras grandine pulso.*

<sup>1</sup> According to that of Virgil——*Denuntiat igneus Euros.*

<sup>■</sup> She is called φωσφορος 'Εκαλη, by Eurip. in *Helena*, which is  
*Lucifera*, to which name we here presently allude.



And now by virtue of their light, and grace,  
 The glorious isle, wherein they rest, takes place  
 Of all the earth for beauty. There, their queen<sup>n</sup>  
 Hath raised them a throne, that still is seen  
 To turn unto the motion of the world;  
 Wherein they sit, and are, like heaven, whirl'd  
 About the earth; whilst, to them contrary,  
 (Following those noble torches of the sky)  
 A world of little Loves, and chaste Desires,  
 Do light their beauties with still moving fires.  
 And who to heaven's concent can better move,  
 Than those that are so like it, beauty and love?  
 Hither, as to their new Elysium,  
 The spirits of the antique Greeks are come,  
 Poets, and singers, Linus, Orpheus, all  
 That have excell'd in knowledge musical;  
 Where, set in arbors made of myrtle and gold,  
 They live, again, these beauties to behold.  
 And thence in flowery mazes walking forth,  
 Sing hymns in celebration of their worth.  
 Whilst, to their songs, two fountains flow, one  
 high  
 Of Lasting Youth, the other Chaste Delight,  
 That at the closes, from their bottoms spring,  
 And strike the air to echo what they sing.  
 But why do I describe what all must see?  
 By this time, near the coast, they floating be;  
 For so their virtuous goddess, the chaste moon,  
 Told them the fate of th'island should, and soon  
 Would fix itself unto thy continent,  
 As being the place, by destiny fore-meant,  
 Where they should flow forth, drest in her attires:  
 And that the influence of those holy fires,

<sup>n</sup> For the more full and clear understanding of that which follows, have recourse to the succeeding pages, where the scene presents itself.

• So Terence and the ancients called *Poësie*, *artem musicam*.



First rapt from hence, being multiplied upon  
 The other four, should make their beauties one.  
 Which now expect to see, great Neptune's son,  
 And love the miracle which thyself hast done.

*Here a curtain was drawn, in which the Night was painted, and the scene discovered, which (because the former was marine, and these, yet of necessity, to come from the sea) I devised, should be an island floating on a calm water. In the midst thereof was a seat of state, called the Throne of Beauty, erected: divided into eight squares, and distinguished by so many Ionic pilasters. In these squares, the sixteen masquers were placed by couples: behind them in the centre of the throne was a tralucant pillar, shining with several coloured lights, that reflected on their backs. From the top of which pillar went several arches to the pilasters, that sustained the roof of the throne, which was likewise adorned with lights and garlands: and between the pilasters, in front little Cupids in flying posture, waving of wreaths and lights, bore up the cornice: over which were placed eight figures, representing the elements of beauty; which advanced upon the Ionic, and being females had the Corinthian order. The first was*

### S P L E N D O R,

*in a robe of flame colour, naked breasted; her bright hair loose flowing: she was drawn in a circle of clouds, her face and body breaking through: and in her hand a branch, with two roses,<sup>p</sup> a white, and a red. The next to her was*

<sup>p</sup> The rose is called elegantly, by *Achil. Tat. lib. 2.* *φύλων ἄλγαισμα*, the splendor of plants, and is everywhere taken for the hieroglyphic of splendor.



*SERENITAS,*

in a garment of bright sky-colour, a long tress, and waved with a veil of divers colours, such as the golden sky sometimes shews: upon her head a clear and fair sun shining, with rays of gold striking down to the feet of the figure. In her hand a crystal,<sup>a</sup> cut with several angles, and shadowed with divers colours, as caused by refraction. The third,

*GERMINATIO,*

in green, with a zone of gold about her waste, crowned with myrtle, her hair likewise flowing, but not of so bright a colour: in her hand, a branch of myrtle.<sup>b</sup> Her socks of green and gold. The fourth,

*LÆTITIA,*

in a vesture of divers colours, and all sorts of flowers embroidered thereon: her socks so fitted. A garland of flowers<sup>c</sup> in her hand; her eyes turning up, and smiling: her hair flowing, and stuck with flowers. The fifth,

*TEMPERIES,*

in a garment of gold, silver, and colours, weaved; in one hand she held a burning steel,<sup>d</sup> in the

<sup>a</sup> As this of serenity, applying to the optics reason of the rainbow, and the mythologists making her the daughter of Electra.

<sup>b</sup> So Hor. *lib. I. od. 4.* makes it the ensign of the Spring. *Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto, Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ, &c.*

<sup>c</sup> They are every where the tokens of gladness, at all feasts and sports.

<sup>d</sup> The sign of temperature, as also her garland mixed of the four seasons.



other an urn with water. On her head a garland of flowers, corn, vine-leaves, and olive-branches, interwoven. Her socks, as her garment. The sixth,

*VENUSTAS,*

in a silver robe, with a thin subtile veil over her hair, and it: pearl about her neck,<sup>u</sup> and forehead. Her socks wrought with pearl. In her hand she bore several coloured lilies.\* The seventh was

*DIGNITAS,*

in a dressing of state, the hair bound up with fillets of gold, the garments rich, and set with jewels and gold; likewise her buskins; and in her hand a golden rod.<sup>y</sup> The eighth,

*PERFECTIO,*

in a vesture of pure gold, a wreath of gold upon her head. About her body the zodiac,<sup>z</sup> with the signs: in her hand a compass of gold, drawing a circle.

On the top of all the throne (as being made out of all these) stood

*HARMONIA,*

a personage, whose dressing had something of all the others, and had her robe painted full of figures. Her head was compass'd with a crown

<sup>u</sup> Pearls with the ancients, were the special hieroglyphics of loveliness; *in quibus nitor tantum et lævor expetebantur.*

<sup>x</sup> So was the lily, of which the most delicate city of the Persians was called *Susæ*: signifying that kind of flower, in their tongue.

<sup>y</sup> The sign of honour and dignity.

<sup>z</sup> Both that, and the compass, are known ensigns of perfection.



of gold, having in it seven jewels equally set.<sup>a</sup> In her hand a lyra, whereon she rested.

This was the ornament of the throne. The ascent to which consisting of six steps, was covered with a multitude of Cupids<sup>b</sup> (chosen out of the best, and most ingenious youth of the kingdom, noble, and others) that were the torch-bearers; and all armed with bows, quivers, wings, and other ensigns of love. On the sides of the throne were curious and elegant arbors appointed; and behind, in the back-part of the isle, a grove of grown trees laden with golden fruit, which other little Cupids plucked, and threw at each other, whilst on the ground leverets picked up the bruised apples, and left them half eaten. The ground-plat of the whole was a subtle indented maze: and in the two foremost angles were two fountains that ran continually, the one Hebe's,<sup>d</sup> the other Hedone's:<sup>e</sup> in the arbors were placed the musicians, who represented the shades of the old poets, and were attired in a priest-like habit of crimson and purple, with laurel garlands.

The colours of the masquers were varied; the one half in orange-tawny, and silver: the other

<sup>a</sup> She is so described in *Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa*; his reason of seven jewels, in the crown, alludes to Pythagoras's comment, with *Macr. lib. 2. Som. Scip.* of the seven planets and their spheres.

<sup>b</sup> The inducing of many Cupids wants not defence, with the best and most received of the ancients, besides *Prop. Stat. Claud. Sido. Apoll.* especially *Phil. in Icon. Amor.* whom I have particularly followed in this description.

<sup>c</sup> They were the notes of loveliness, and sacred to Venus. See *Phil.* in that place mentioned.

<sup>d</sup> Of Youth,

<sup>e</sup> Of Pleasure.



in sea-green and silver. The bodies and short skirts on white and gold to both.

The habit and dressing for the fashion was most curious, and so exceeding in riches, as the throne whereon they sat seem'd to be a mine of light, struck from their jewels and their garments.

This throne, as the whole island moved forward on the water, had a circular motion of its own, imitating that which we call *motum mundi*, from the east to the west, or the right to the left side. For so *Hom. Ilia.*  $\mu$ , understands by  $\delta\epsilon\chi\iota\alpha$ , *Orientalia Mundi*: by  $\alpha\pi\iota\sigma\epsilon\rho\alpha$ , *Occidentalia*. The steps whereon the Cupids sat had a motion contrary, with analogy *ad motum planetarum*, from the west to the east: both which turned with their severall lights. And with these three varied motions, at once, the whole scene shot itself to the land.

Above which, the moon was seen in a silver chariot, drawn by virgins, to ride in the clouds, and hold them greater light: with the sign Scorpio, and the character, placed before her.

The order of the scene was carefully and ingeniously disposed; and as happily put in act (for the motions) by the king's master carpenter. The painters, I must needs say, (not to belie them,) lent small colour to any, to attribute much of the spirit of these things to their pencils. But that must not be imputed a crime, either to the invention or design.

Here the loud music ceased; and the musicians, which were placed in the arbors, came forth through the mazes to the other land: singing this full song, iterated in the closes by two Echoes, rising out of the fountains.



*When Love at first, did move  
From out of Chaos,<sup>f</sup> brightned  
So was the world, and lightned,  
As now.*

1 Ech. *As now !*

2 Ech. *As now !*

*Yield Night, then to the light,  
As BLACKNESS hath to BEAUTY:  
Which is but the same duty.*

*It was for Beauty<sup>g</sup> that the world was made,  
And where she reigns,<sup>h</sup> Love's lights admit no shade.*

1 Ech. *Love's lights admit no shade.*

2 Ech. *Admit no shade.*

Which ended, Vulturnus, the wind, spake to the river Thames, that lay along between the shores, leaning upon his urn that flow'd with water, and crowned with flowers; with a blue cloth of silver robe about him; and was personated by master Thomas Giles, who made the dances.

*Vul.* Rise, Aged Thames, and by the hand  
Receive these nymphs, within the land.  
And in those curious squares, and rounds,  
Wherewith thou flow'st betwixt the grounds

<sup>f</sup> So is he feigned by Orpheus, to have appeared first of all the gods; awakened by Clotho: and is therefore called Phanes, both by him, and Lactantius.

<sup>g</sup> An agreeing opinion, both with divines and philosophers, that the great artificer, in love with his own idea, did therefore frame the world.

<sup>h</sup> Alluding to the name of Himerus, and his signification in the name, which is *Desiderium post aspectum*: and more than *Eros*, which is only *Cupido*, *ex aspectu amare*.



Of fruitful Kent, and Essex fair,  
That lends the garlands for thy hair;  
Instruct their silver feet to tread,<sup>2</sup>  
Whilst we, again, to sea are fled.

With which the Winds departed: and the river received them into the land, by couples and fours, their Cupids coming before them.

These dancing forth a most curious dance, full of excellent device and change, ended it in the figure of a diamond, and so, standing still, were by the musicians with a second song, sung by a loud tenor, celebrated.

*So Beauty on the waters stood,  
When Love had sever'd earth from flood!<sup>i</sup>  
So when he parted air from fire,  
He did with concord all inspire!  
And then a motion he them taught,  
That elder than himself was thought.  
Which thought was, yet, the child of earth,<sup>k</sup>  
For Love is elder than his birth.*

*The song ended; they danced forth their second dance, more subtle and full of change than the former; and so exquisitely performed, as the king's majesty (incited first by his own liking, to*

<sup>2</sup> *Instruct their silver feet to tread.*] Warton seemed inclined to compliment Milton with the introduction of this expression, when Mr. Bowles (the keen detector of Jonson's plagiarisms, vol. iv. 39) informed him that *silver-footed* was to be found in Brown's *Pastorals*. (1619)—“perhaps,” subjoins the former, “for the *first time* in English poetry” It had previously occurred in twenty places in Jonson!

<sup>i</sup> As, in the creation, he is said by the ancients to have done.

<sup>k</sup> That is, born since the world, and out of those duller apprehensions that did not think he was before.



*that which all others there present wished) required them both again, after some time of dancing with the lords. Which time to give them respite was intermitted with a SONG; first, by a treble voice, in this manner.*

*If all these Cupids, now were blind,  
As is their wanton brother;<sup>1</sup>  
Or play should put it in their mind  
To shoot at one another:  
What pretty battle they would make,  
If they their objects should mistake,  
And each one wound his mother!*

Which was seconded by another treble; thus,

*It was no policy of court,  
Albe' the place were charmed,  
To let in earnest, or in sport,  
So many Loves in, armed.  
For say, the dames should, with their eyes,  
Upon the hearts here mean surprize;  
Were not the men like harmed?*

To which a tenor answered.

*Yes, were the Loves or false, or straying;  
Or beauties not their beauty weighing:  
But here no such deceit is mix'd,  
Their flames are pure, their eyes are fix'd:  
They do not war with different darts,  
But strike a music of like hearts.*

<sup>1</sup> I make these different from him, which they feign *cæcum Cupidinem*, or *petulantem*, as I express beneath in the third song, these being chaste Loves that attend a more divine beauty than that of Love's common parent.



*After which songs they danced galliards and corantos; and with those excellent graces, that the music appointed to celebrate them, shewed it could be silent no longer: but, by the first tenor, admired them thus:*

## S O N G.

*Had those that dwelt in error foul  
And hold that women have no soul,<sup>m</sup>  
But seen these move; they would have then  
Said, women were the souls of men.  
So they do move each heart and eye,  
With the world's soul, true harmony.<sup>n</sup>*

*Here they danced a third most elegant and curious dance, and not to be described again by any art, but that of their own footing, which ending in the figure that was to produce the fourth, January from his state saluted them thus.*

*Janu. Your grace is great, as is your beauty,  
dames;  
Enough my feasts have proved your thankful  
flames.  
Now use your seat: that seat which was, before,  
Thought straying, uncertain, floating to each  
shore,  
And to whose having<sup>o</sup> every clime laid claim,  
Each land and nation urged as the aim  
Of their ambition, beauty's perfect throne,  
Now made peculiar to this place alone;*

<sup>m</sup> There hath been such a profane paradox published.

<sup>n</sup> The Platonic's opinion. See also *Mac. lib. 1. and 2.*  
*Som. Sc.*

<sup>o</sup> For what country is it thinks not her own beauty fairest, yet?



And that by impulsion of your destinies,  
 And his attractive beams that lights these skies.  
 Who, though with th' ocean compass'd, never  
 wets

His hair therein, nor wears a beam that sets.

Long may his light adorn these happy rites,  
 As I renew them; and your gracious sights  
 Enjoy that happiness, even to envy, as when  
 Beauty, at large, brake forth, and conquer'd men!

*At which they danced their last dance into their  
 throne again; and that turning, the scene closed  
 with this full SONG.*

*Still turn and imitate the heaven*

*In motion swift and even;*

*And as his planets go,*

*Your brighter lights do so:*

*May youth and pleasure ever flow.*

*But let your state, the while,*

*Be fixed as the isle.*

Cho. *So all that see your beauties sphere,*

*May know the Elysian fields are here.*

1 Ech. *The Elysian fields are here.*

2 Ech. *Elysian fields are here.*



The Persons who were received on land by the  
river god were,

The QUEEN,

| Lady ARABELLA,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Lady Arabella.*] Lady Arabella Stewart. This beautiful and accomplished lady was the only child of Charles Stewart, fifth earl of Lennox, (uncle to James I. and great grandson to Henry VII.) by Elizabeth, daughter of sir William Cavendish of Hardwick. Mr. Lodge, in his admirable *Illustrations of British History*, has given with his usual elegance a concise narrative of her eventful life. "She was brought up (he says) in privacy under the care of her grandmother, the old countess of Lennox, who had for many years resided in England. Her double relation to royalty was equally obnoxious to the jealousy of Elizabeth and the timidity of James, and they secretly dreaded the supposed danger of her leaving a legitimate offspring. The former, therefore, prevented her from marrying Esme Stuart, her kinsman, and heir to the titles and estates of her family, and afterwards imprisoned her for listening to some overtures from the son of the earl of Northumberland;\* the latter, by obliging her to reject many splendid offers of marriage, unwarily encouraged the hopes of inferior pretenders, among whom, as we may fairly infer from some passages in his letters in this collection, was the fantastical William Fowler, secretary to Anne of Denmark. Thus circumscribed, she renewed a childish connexion with William Seymour, grandson to the earl of Hertford, which was discovered in 1609, when both parties were summoned to appear before the Privy Council, and received a severe reprimand. This mode of proceeding produced the very consequence which James meant to avoid; for the lady, sensible that her reputation had been wounded by this inquiry, was in a manner forced into a marriage, which becoming publicly known in the course of the next spring, she was committed to close custody in the house of sir Thomas Parry, at Lambeth, and Mr. Seymour to the Tower. In this state of separation, however, they concerted means for an escape, which both

\* Sully says that Henry IV. once told him he should have no objection to marry her if he thought the succession to the crown of England could be obtained for her; but immediately added, that was a very improbable thing.



|                                      |                                  |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Countess of ARUNDEL, <sup>3</sup>    | Lady KAT. PETER, <sup>8</sup>    |
| Countess of DERBY, <sup>4</sup>      | Lady ANNE WINTER, <sup>9</sup>   |
| Countess of BEDFORD, <sup>5</sup>    | Lady WINSOR, <sup>1</sup>        |
| Countess of MONTGOMERY, <sup>6</sup> | Lady ANNE CLIFFORD, <sup>2</sup> |
| Lady ELIZ. GUILFORD, <sup>7</sup>    | Lady MARY NEVILLE, <sup>3</sup>  |

effected on the same day, June 3, 1611, and Mr. Seymour got safely to Flanders; but the poor lady was retaken in Calais Road, and imprisoned in the Tower; where the sense of these undeserved oppressions operating too severely on her high spirit, she became a lunatic, and languished in that wretched state, augmented by the horrors of a prison, till her death on the 27th of September, 1615."

<sup>3</sup> *Countess of Arundel.*] Anne, daughter of Thomas, lord Dacre, and widow of the unfortunate Philip, earl of Arundel, who was imprisoned by Elizabeth for some imaginary plot, and died in the Tower, 1595. She was a most excellent woman. "Her letters to her family (says a very competent judge) are written in the best style of the time in which she lived, and in a strain of unaffected piety and tenderness." *Lodge*, vol. iii. 35. But see p. 55.

<sup>4, 5, 6.</sup>] See p. 19.

<sup>7</sup> *Lady Elizabeth Guilford.*] Eldest daughter of Edward, fourth earl of Worcester, and wife of sir Henry Guilford, of Hemsted place, in Kent.

<sup>8</sup> *Lady Katherine Peter.*] Sister to lady Guilford, second daughter of the earl of Worcester, and wife of William, second lord Petre. She died in 1624, in her 49th year; *avidior cælestis habitationis* (as her Epitaph says) *quam longioris vitæ*.

<sup>9</sup> *Lady Anne Winter.*] Another daughter of the earl of Worcester, and wife of sir Edward Winter, of Lydney, Gloucestershire, Knt.

<sup>1</sup> *Lady Winsor.*] Either the widow of Henry, fifth lord Winsor, or her daughter Elizabeth, married to her cousin, who bore the family name.

<sup>2</sup> *Lady Anne Clifford.*] The daughter of George Clifford, earl of Cumberland, so remarkable for his naval adventures in the reign of Elizabeth. This lady married some time after her appearance in the present masque, Richard, third earl of Dorset, and in 1630 Philip earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, whom she outlived many years. The English court, or, to go further, the English nation, never possessed a nobler character than this celebrated lady. This is no place for her history, of which a spirited sketch is given by Dr. Whitaker; but



Lady ELIZ. HATTON,<sup>4</sup>  
 Lady ELIZ. GARRARD,<sup>5</sup>

| Lady CHICHESTER,<sup>6</sup>  
 | Lady WALSINGHAM.<sup>7</sup>

it is almost impossible to pass her by without noticing her well-known answer to sir Joseph Williamson, Secretary of State to Charles II. who had ventured to name a candidate to her for the borough of Appleby.

“ I have been bullied by an usurper ; I have been neglected by a court ; but I will not be dictated to by a subject : your man shan’t stand.

ANNE Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery.”

<sup>3</sup> *Lady Mary Neville.*] Wife of Henry, seventh lord Aberga-venny, and daughter of the lord Treasurer Sackville, earl of Dorset.

<sup>4</sup> *Lady Elizabeth Hatton.*] Fourth daughter of Thomas Cecil, first earl of Exeter, and widow of sir William Hatton. This beautiful creature afterwards married sir Edward Coke. A strange match—and which seems to have afforded more amusement to the bystanders, than comfort to the parties concerned.

<sup>5</sup> *Lady Elizabeth Garrard.*] Wife of Thomas, lord Gerard, son of sir Gilbert Gerard, Master of the Rolls, 23. Elizabeth. Thomas was raised to the peerage on the accession of James I. She died 1613.

<sup>6</sup> *Lady Chichester.*] Letitia, (as I believe,) daughter of sir John Perrot, and wife of sir Arthur Chichester, (baron Chichester of Belfast,) a man eminent for his great services in Ireland, and of distinguished talents and virtue. There was, indeed, another lady of this name ; Frances, second daughter of lord Harrington, married to sir Robert Chichester, of Rawleigh, Devon, knight of the Bath. This lady died in 1615, and was buried, as the record says, with “ muche solempnitie, in the parrishe church of Pylton.” The reader must decide between the claimants.

<sup>7</sup> *Lady Walsingham.*] Probably Anne, fourth daughter of Theophilus, second earl of Suffolk, and wife of Thomas Walsingham, of Scadbury, in Kent.



Lady Felix Hutton.  
Lady Felix Garrard.  
Lady Walsingham.

it is almost impossible to pass her by without noticing her well-known answer to Sir Joseph Williamson, Secretary of State to Charles II. who had ventured to name a candidate to her for the borough of Appleby.

"I have been pulled by an unwarper; I have been neglected by a courtier; but I will not be diverted to by a subject: your man stands alone."

— Anne D. West, Pembroke and Montgomery.  
— Lady John Mordaunt, Wiltshire, seventh Lord Abergavenny, and daughter of the Lord Treasurer Buckle, Earl of

Lady Elizabeth Hutton, fourth daughter of Thomas Cecil, first Earl of Exeter and widow of Sir William Hutton. This beautiful creature afterwards married Sir Edward Coke. A strange match, and which seems to have afforded more amusement to the bystanders than comfort to the parties concerned.  
— Lady Elizabeth Garrard, Wiltshire, Lord Gerard, son of Sir Gilbert Gerard, Baron of the Exchequer, 23 Elizabeth. Thomas was raised to the peerage on the accession of James I. She died 1613.

Lady Catherine, daughter of Sir John Perrot, and wife of Sir Arthur Chichester, Baron Chief Justice of Ireland, a most excellent and virtuous person in Ireland, and of distinguished talents and virtue. There was indeed, another lady of this name: Thomas second daughter of Lord Harrington, married to Sir Robert Chichester, of Warwick, Devon, knight of the Bath. She died in 1618, and was buried in the church of St. Andrew, in the parish church of Appleby. The reader must decide between the two.

Lady Walsingham, probably Anne, fourth daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Walsingham, and wife of Thomas Walsingham of Beadbury, in Kent.

The third, and last, of the three, is a person of great merit and talents, and who has been distinguished by the name of the "Masque of Beauty." She was the daughter of a noble family, and was educated in the most liberal manner. She was a person of great merit and talents, and who has been distinguished by the name of the "Masque of Beauty." She was the daughter of a noble family, and was educated in the most liberal manner.







H Y M E N I,

OR, THE SOLEMNIZING OF

MASQUE AND BARRIERS

AT A MARRIAGE.



47

**HYMENÆI: OR THE SOLEMNITIES OF MASQUE AND BARRIERS AT A MARRIAGE.]** This is the title in the fol. 1616. Upon which Chetwood remarks.—“What reason our author had for not being more particular in the title of this Masque, neither when nor for whom it was performed, we cannot conceive; but we have, with some little search, found out it was ordered by the court, for the celebration of the nuptials between the Palsgrave and the princess Elizabeth.” “This Masque, by the description, was very magnificent, and the reader may find the expence of the machinery, &c. set down in the cost of that prince’s marriage.” *Life of Jonson*, p. 41.

Chetwood’s labour was thrown away. Had he fortunately met with the 4to. edition of this Masque, he would have found all his doubts removed. There the title-page runs, “*Hymenæi, or the Solemnities of Masque and Barriers, magnificently performed on the eleventh and twelfth nights, from Christmas, at court: to the auspicious celebrating of the Marriage-union betweene Robert, Earle of Essex, and the lady Frances, second daughter of the most noble Earle of Suffolke, 1606.*”

*Jam veniet virgo, jam dicetur Hymenæus.”*

The author’s reason for “not being more particular” is now sufficiently apparent. The marriage was a most inauspicious one, and terminated in shame and guilt. The earl of Essex (only son of the unfortunate favourite of Elizabeth and the English nation,) was in his fifteenth, and the lady Frances in her fourteenth year, when the ceremony took place. Not long afterwards, the Earl set out on his travels, and was abroad about four years. The Countess, who in the interim had transferred her affections to Robert Carr, viscount Rochester, the well known minion of James, was with difficulty persuaded to cohabit with her husband whom, after a series of bickering, little to the honour of any of the parties concerned, she finally abandoned in 1613. She then solicited and obtained a divorce, under a pretence of his being incompetent to the duties of matrimony, and on the 5th of December in the same year, espoused Carr, who had been created, the day before, earl of Somerset.

This infamous connexion led to the murder of sir Thomas Overbury, the execution of the minor agents in that diabolical transaction, and the trial and condemnation of the Earl and Countess, whose lives, though spared by the weakness of James, were worn out in mutual disgust. Somerset died neglected and despised, and his wife an object of loathing and horror. Essex (the repudiated husband) lived to be a famous rebel, and to command the Parliamentary army with skill and success, till he sunk under the ascendancy of Cromwell.



It is to Jonson's praise, that he took no part in the celebration of the second marriage which was solemnized with great pomp, and for which a Masque was composed by Campion, a writer of some name. It is melancholy to reflect that this adulterous marriage was eagerly promoted by the lord chancellor Bacon, to whom Campion inscribed his performance, "he being (as the dedication says) the *Principall*, and in effect, the onely person that did both incourage and warrant the gentlemen (of Graies Inn) to shew their good affection towards so noble a *Conjunction*."

With respect to the Masque of which Chetwood speaks, (and which was written six years after the present,) he might have learned from the official papers, that it was called *the Lord's Masque*. It was not written by Jonson, but by Campion, and published by him in 4to. 1613. It is of very rare occurrence, but I have been favoured with it from the valuable collection of Mr. Dent. Mr. Chamberlaine, who was present at the representation, tells his correspondent that, "though it was rich and sumptuous, yet it was long and tedious, and with many devices more like a play than a masque." *Winwood's Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 435. It cost the court £400. The masquers probably paid their own expenses. After all it is but a poor affair, trite though extravagant, and manifesting neither taste nor fancy.



49

H Y M E N Æ I, &c.

---

It is a noble and just advantage that the things subjected to understanding have of those which are objected to sense ; that the one sort are but momentary, and merely taking ; the other impressing, and lasting : else the glory of all these solemnies had perished like a blaze, and gone out, in the beholders' eyes. So short lived are the bodies of all things, in comparison of their souls. And though bodies oftimes have the ill luck to be sensually preferred, they find afterwards the good fortune (when souls live) to be utterly forgotten. This it is hath made the most royal princes, and greatest persons (who are commonly the personaters of these actions) not only studious of riches, and magnificence in the outward celebration or shew, which rightly becomes them ; but curious after the most high and hearty inventions, to furnish the inward parts ; and those grounded upon antiquity, and solid learning : which though their voice be taught to sound to present occasions, their sense or doth or should always lay hold on more removed mysteries. And howsoever some may squeamishly cry out, that all endeavour of learning and sharpness in these transitory devices, especially where it steps beyond their little, or (let me not wrong them,) no brain at all, is superfluous ; I am contented, these fastidious stomachs should leave my full tables, and enjoy at home their clean empty trenchers, fittest for



such airy tastes; where perhaps a few Italian herbs, picked up and made into a sallad, may find sweeter acceptance than all the most nourishing and sound meats of the world.

For these men's palates, let not me answer, O Muses. It is not my fault, if I fill them out nectar, and they run to metheglin.

*Vaticana bibant, si delectentur.*

All the courtesy I can do them, is to cry again;

*Prætereant, si quid non facit ad stomachum.*

As I will from the thought of them, to my better subject.

On the night of the Masques (which were two, one of men, the other of women) the scene being drawn, there was first discovered an altar; upon which was inscribed, in letters of gold,

<sup>a</sup>Ioni. Oimæ. Mimæ.

UNIONI.

SACR.

To this altar entered five pages, attired in white, bearing five tapers of virgin wax; <sup>a</sup> behind them, one representing a bridegroom: his hair short, <sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Mystically implying that both it, the place, and all the succeeding ceremonies were sacred to marriage, or Union; over which Juno was president: to whom there was the like altar erected, at Rome, as she was called Juga Juno, in the street, which thence was named Jugarius. See *Fest.*; and at which altar, the rite was to join the married pair with bands of silk, in sign of future concord.

<sup>a</sup> Those were the *Quinque Cerei*, which Plutarch in his *Quæst. Roman.* mentions to be used in nuptials.

<sup>b</sup> The dressing of the bridegroom (with the ancients) was



and bound with party-coloured ribands, and gold twist: his garments purple and white.

On the other hand, entered HYMEN (the god of marriage) in a saffron-colour'd robe,<sup>a</sup> his under vestures white, his socks yellow, a yellow veil of silk on his left arm, his head crowned with roses and marjoram,<sup>c</sup> in his right hand a torch of pine-tree.<sup>d</sup>

After him a youth attired in white,<sup>e</sup> bearing another light, of white thorn; under his arm, a little wicker flasket shut: behind him two others in white, the one bearing a distaff, the other a

chiefly noted in that, *Quod tonderetur. Juv. Sat. 6. Jamque à tonsore magistro Pectus.* And Lucan, *lib. 2*, where he makes Cato negligent of the ceremonies in marriage, saith, *Ille nec horrificam sancto dimovit ab ore Cæsariem.*

<sup>a</sup> On the other hand entered Hymen in a saffron-coloured robe, &c.] It is to this that Milton alludes:

Then let Hymen oft appear  
In saffron robe, &c.

<sup>c</sup> See how he is called out, by *Catullus in Nup. Jul. et Manl. Cinge tempora floribus Suave olentis amaraci, &c.*

<sup>d</sup> For so I preserve the reading there in *Catul. Pineam quate tædam*, rather than to change it *Spineam*; and moved by the authority of Virgil in *Ciri.* where he says, *Pronuba nec castos incendet Pinus amores.* And Ovid, *Fast. lib. 2. Expectet puros pinea tæda dies.* Though I deny not, there was also *spinea tæda*, &c. which Pliny calls *Nuptiarum facibus auspicatissimam*, *Nat. Hist. lib. 16. cap. 18.* and whereof *Sextus Pompeius Fest.* hath left so particular testimony. For which see the following note.

<sup>e</sup> This (by the ancients) was called *Camillus*, *quasi minister* (for so that signified in the Hetrurian tongue) and was one of the three, which by *Sex. Pompei* were said to be *Patrimi et Matrими, Pueri prætextati tres, qui nubentem deducunt: unus, qui facem præfert ex spina alba. Duo qui tenent nubentem.* To which confer that of *Varro, lib. 6. de lingua Lat. Dicitur in nuptiis camillus, qui cumerum fert:* As also that of *Fest. lib. 3. Cumerum vocabant antiqui vas quoddam quod opertum in nuptiis ferebant, in quo erant nubentis utensilia, quod et camillum dicebant: eo quod sacrorum ministrum κάμλλον appellabant.*



spindle. Betwixt these a personated bride, supported, her hair flowing, and loose sprinkled with gray; on her head a garland of roses, like a turret; her garments white: and on her back, a wether's fleece hanging down: her zone, or girdle about her waist of white wool, fastened with the Herculean knot.

In the midst went the Auspices;<sup>f</sup> after them, two that sung, in several coloured silks. Of which one bore the water, the other the fire; last of all the musicians,<sup>g</sup> diversly attired, all crowned with roses; and with this SONG began.

*Bid all profane away;  
None here may stay  
To view our mysteries,  
But who themselves have been,  
Or will in time be seen,  
The self-same sacrifice.  
For Union, mistress of these rites,  
Will be observed with eyes,  
As simple as her nights.*

Cho. *Fly then all profane away,  
Fly far off as hath the day;  
Night her curtain doth display,  
And this is Hymen's holy-day.*

<sup>f</sup> Auspices were those that handfasted the married couple; that wished them good luck; that took care for the dowry; and heard them profess that they came together for the cause of children. *Juven. Sat. 10. Veniet cum signatoribus auspex.* And *Lucan. lib 2. Junguntur taciti, contentique auspice Bruto.* They are also styled *Pronubi, Proxenetæ, Paranymphe*.

<sup>g</sup> The custom of music at nuptials, is clear in all antiquity. *Ter. Adel. act. 5. Verum hoc mihi mora est, Tibicina, et Hymenæum qui cantent.* And *Claud. in epithal. Ducant pervigiles carmina tibiæ, &c.*



*The song being ended, HYMĒN presented himself foremost, and, after some sign of admiration, began to speak.*

*Hy.* What more than usual light,  
Throughout the place extended,  
Makes Juno's fane so bright!  
Is there some greater deity descended?

Or reign, on earth, those Powers  
So rich, as with their beams  
Grace Union more than ours;  
And bound her influence in their happier  
streams?

'Tis so: this same is he,  
The king, and priest of peace:  
And that his empress, she,  
That sits so crowned with her own increase!

O you, whose better blisses  
Have proved the strict embrace  
Of Union, with chaste kisses,  
And seen it flow so in your happy race;

That know, how well it binds  
The fighting seeds of things,  
Wins natures, sexes, minds,  
And every discord in true music brings:

Sit now propitious aids,  
To rites so duly prized;  
And view two noble maids,  
Of different sex, to Union sacrificed.  
In honour of that blest estate,  
Which all good minds should celebrate.

*Here out of a microcosm, or globe, (see p. 78.)*



*figuring a man, with a kind of contentious music, issued forth the first masque, of eight men.<sup>8</sup>*

<sup>8</sup> Whose names as they were then marshalled by couples, I have heraldry enough to set down.

Lord WILLOUGHBY,<sup>1</sup>  
 Lord WALDEN,<sup>2</sup>  
 Sir JAMES HAY,<sup>3</sup>  
 Earl of MONTGOMERY,<sup>4</sup>

Sir THOMAS HOWARD,<sup>5</sup>  
 Sir THOMAS SOMERSET,<sup>6</sup>  
 Earl of ARUNDEL,<sup>7</sup>  
 Sir JOHN ASHLY.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Lord Willoughby.*] William, third lord Willoughby of Parham; he was a performer in the masque exhibited at court on the marriage of sir Philip Herbert, so often mentioned. His lady was Frances, daughter of John, fourth earl of Rutland.

<sup>2</sup> *Lord Walden.*] Theophilus, eldest son of the earl of Suffolk. He married Elizabeth, daughter of the earl of Dunbar, and died 1640. This nobleman was called up to the house of Peers in his father's life time (1603) by the title of lord Howard of Walden.

<sup>3</sup> *Sir James Hay.*] Son of sir James Hay of Kingask; he came into England in the suite of James, by whom he was greatly esteemed, and successively created baron Sowle, viscount Doncaster, and finally earl of Carlisle. He continued a favourite under this and the following reign, and died in 1636, having received more grants, and spent more money, than any man of that age. He married, lord Clarendon says, a beautiful young lady, daughter to the earl of Northumberland.

<sup>4</sup> *Earl of Montgomery.*] Philip Herbert, brother to the earl of Pembroke.

<sup>5</sup> *Sir Thomas Howard.*] Probably a cousin of lord Arundel. He is mentioned in a letter to the earl of Shrewsbury, as preparing "for a journey to France with lord Cranborn:" but I know nothing more of him. *Lodge's Illus.* vol. iii. 366.

<sup>6</sup> *Sir Thomas Somerset.*] Third son of Edward, fourth earl of Worcester. He was sent by the privy council to announce to James the death of Elizabeth, was much and deservedly esteemed by the king, and in 1626, created viscount Somerset of Cashel.

<sup>7</sup> *Earl of Arundel.*] Thomas Howard, son of that earl of Arundel who died in the Tower, 1595, and grandson of Thomas, duke of Norfolk, beheaded on account of his connexion with Mary, queen of Scots. He is called the young earl of Arundel by Mr. Chamberlaine, at this period, and if the dates in Collins's Peerage may be trusted, he could not be more



*These represented the four Humours<sup>b</sup> and four Affections, all gloriously attired, distinguished only by their several ensigns and colours; and, dancing out on the stage, in their return at the end of their dance, drew all their swords, offered*

than sixteen. When he married I know not, but in 1607, when he was little more than eighteen, James stood godfather to his first son. It is therefore possible, and indeed probable, that the countess of Arundel, who performed in the *Masque of Beauty*, (p. 42.) was the wife, and not the mother, of this nobleman. She was the lady Alithea Talbot, third daughter of Gilbert, earl of Shrewsbury. With respect to lord Arundel, he was one of the brightest characters of the court. We are indebted to him for the Arundel marbles.

<sup>a</sup> *Sir John Ashly.*] Unknown to me: but probably sir John Cooper, who married Anne, daughter and sole heir of sir Antony Ashley, (a famous soldier under Elizabeth) and who, with the immense property, might also enjoy the name of his father-in-law. Sir John was the father of Antony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftsbury.

<sup>b</sup> That they were personated in men hath already come under some grammatical exception. But there is more than grammar to release it. For, besides that *humores* and *affectus* are both masculine *in genere*, not one of the *specials* but in some language is known by a masculine word. Again, when their influences are common to both sexes, and more generally impetuous in the male, I see not why they should not, so, be more properly presented. And, for the allegory, though here it be very clear, and such as might well escape a candle, yet because there are some must complain of darkness, that have but thick eyes, I am contented to hold them this light. First, as in natural bodies so likewise in minds, there is no disease or distemperature, but is caused either by some abounding humour, or perverse affection; after the same manner, in politic bodies (where order, ceremony, state, reverence, devotion, are parts of the mind) by the difference or predominant will of what we metaphorically call humours and affections, all things are troubled and confused. These therefore, were tropically brought in, before marriage, as disturbers of that mystical body, and the rites, which were soul unto it; that afterwards, in marriage, being dutifully tempered by her power, they might more fully celebrate the happiness of such as live in that sweet union, to the harmonious laws of nature and reason.



*to encompass the altar, and disturb the ceremonies.  
At which Hymen, troubled, spake :*

*Hy.* Save, save the virgins ; keep your hal-  
low'd lights  
Untouch'd ; and with their flame defend our rites.  
The four untemper'd Humours are broke out,  
And, with their wild Affections, go about  
To ravish all religion. If there be  
A power, like reason, left in that huge body  
Or little world of man, from whence these came,  
Look forth, and with thy bright and numerous  
flame<sup>i</sup>  
Instruct their darkness, make them know, and  
see,  
In wronging these, they have rebell'd 'gainst thee.

*Hereat, Reason, seated on the top of the globe, as  
in the brain, or highest part of man, figured in a  
venerable personage, her hair white, and trailing  
to her waist, crowned with light, her garments  
blue, and semined with stars, girded unto her with  
a white band filled with arithmetical figures, in  
one hand bearing a lamp, in the other a bright  
sword, descended and spake :*

*Rea.* Forbear your rude attempt ; what igno-  
rance  
Could yield you so profane, as to advance  
One thought in act against these mysteries ?  
Are Union's<sup>k</sup> orgies of so slender price ?

<sup>i</sup> Alluding to that opinion of Pythagoras, who held all reason, all knowledge, all discourse of the soul to be mere number. See *Plut. de Plac. Phil.*

<sup>k</sup> *Ogyia*, with the Greeks, value the same that *ceremoniæ* with the Latins ; and imply all sorts of rites : howsoever (abusively) they have been made particular to Bacchus. See *Serv.* to that of *Virg. Æneid 4. Qualis commotis excita sacris Thyas.*



She that makes souls with bodies mix in love,  
 Contracts the world in one, and therein Jove;  
 Is spring and end of all things :<sup>1</sup> yet, most  
     strange,  
 Herself nor suffers spring, nor end, nor change.  
 No wonder they were you, that were so bold;  
 For none but Humours and Affections would  
 Have dared so rash a venture. You will say  
 It was your zeal that gave your powers the sway;  
 And urge the masqued and disguised pretence  
 Of saving blood, and succouring innocence:  
 So want of knowledge still begetteth jars,  
 When humorous earthlings will control the stars.  
 Inform yourselves, with safer reverence,  
 To these mysterious rites, whose mystic sense,  
 Reason, which all things, but itself, confounds,  
 Shall clear unto you from the authentic grounds.

*At this the Humours and Affections sheathed their  
 swords, and retired amazed to the side of the stage,  
 while Hymen began to rank the persons, and order  
 the ceremonies : and REASON proceeded to speak.*

*Rea.* The pair, which do each other side,  
 Though yet some space doth them divide,  
 This happy night must both make one;  
 Blest sacrifice to Union.  
 Nor is this altar but a sign  
 Of one more soft, and more divine.  
 The genial bed,<sup>m</sup> where Hymen keeps  
 The solemn orgies, void of sleeps:  
 And wildest Cupid, waking, hovers  
 With adoration 'twixt the lovers.

<sup>1</sup> *Macrob. in Som. Scip. lib. 1.*

<sup>m</sup> Properly that which was made ready for the new-married  
 bride, and was called *Genialis*, à *generandis liberis*. *Serv. in 6*  
*Æn.*



The tead of white and blooming thorn,  
 In token of increase, is born :  
 As also, with the ominous light,<sup>a</sup>  
 To fright all malice from the night.  
 Like are the fire and water set ;<sup>o</sup>  
 That, ev'n as moisture, mixt with heat,  
 Helps every natural birth to life : <sup>2</sup>  
 So, for their race, join man and wife.  
 The blushing veil<sup>p</sup> shews shamefac'dness  
 Th' ingenuous virgin should profess  
 At meeting with the man ; her hair,  
 That flows so liberal,<sup>q</sup> and so fair,  
 Is shed with gray, to intimate,  
 She entereth to a matron's state,  
 For which those utensils<sup>r</sup> are born.  
 And, that she should not labour scorn,  
 Herself a snowy fleece<sup>s</sup> doth wear,  
 And these her rock and spindle bear,<sup>t</sup>  
 To shew, that nothing which is good  
 Gives check unto the highest blood.  
 The zone of wool<sup>u</sup> about her waist,  
 Which, in contrary circles cast,  
 Doth meet in one strong knot,<sup>x</sup> that binds,  
 Tells you, so should all married minds.

<sup>a</sup> See Ovid. *Fast.* lib. 6.

*Sic fatus spinam, quæ tristes pellere posset  
 A foribus noxas, hæc erat alba, dedit.*

<sup>o</sup> Plutar. in *Quæst. Rom.* and *Var.* lib. 4. de *ling.* Lat.

<sup>p</sup> Plin. *Nat. Hist.* lib. 21. cap. 8.

<sup>q</sup> Pomp. *Fest.* Briss. Hotto. de *Rit. Nup.*

<sup>r</sup> *Var.* lib. 6. de *ling.* Lat. and *Fest.* in *Frag.*

<sup>s</sup> *Fest.* ib.

<sup>t</sup> Plutar. in *Quæst. Rom.* et in *Romul.*

<sup>u</sup> Plin. *Nat. Hist.* lib. 8. cap. 48.

<sup>x</sup> That was *Nodus Herculeanus*, which the husband at night untied, in sign of good fortune, that he might be happy in propagation of issue, as Hercules was, who left seventy children. See *Fest.* in *voc. Cingul.*



And lastly, these five waxen lights,  
 Imply perfection in the rites :  
 For five<sup>y</sup> the special number is,  
 Whence hallow'd Union claims her bliss.  
 As being all the sum that grows  
 From the united strength of those  
 Which male and female numbers we<sup>z</sup>  
 Do style, and are first two and three.  
 Which, joined thus, you cannot sever  
 In equal parts, but one will ever<sup>1</sup>  
 Remain as common; so we see  
 The binding force of Unity :  
 For which alone the peaceful gods  
 In number always love the odds ;  
 And even parts as much despise,  
 Since out of them all discords rise.

*Here the upper part of the scene, which was all of clouds, and made artificially to swell, and ride like the rack, began to open; and the air clearing, in the top thereof was discovered Juno,<sup>a</sup> sitting in a throne, supported by two beautiful peacocks; <sup>b</sup> her attire rich, and like a queen,<sup>c</sup> a white diadem<sup>d</sup> on her head, from whence descended a veil, and that*

<sup>y</sup> Plutarch. in Quæst. Rom.

<sup>z</sup> See Mart. Capel. lib. 6. de Nupt. Phil. et Mor. in numero Pentade.

<sup>a</sup> With the Greeks, Juno was interpreted to be the air itself. And so Macr. de Som. Scipio. l. 1. c. 17. calls her. Mar. Cap. surnames her Aeria, of reigning there.

<sup>b</sup> They were sacred to Juno, in respect of their colours and temper, so like the air. Ovid. de Arte Amand. *Laudatas ostendit aves Junonia pennas*: And Met. lib. 2.

*Habili Saturnia curru*

*Ingreditur liquidum pavonibus Æthera pictis.*

<sup>c</sup> She was called *Regina Juno* with the Latins, because she was *soror et conjux Jovis, deorum et hominum regis*.

<sup>d</sup> Read Apul. describing her, in his 10th of the *Ass.*



bound with a fascia of several colour'd silks,<sup>e</sup> set with all sorts of jewels, and raised in the top with lilies and roses:<sup>f</sup> in her right hand she held a sceptre, in the other a timbrel, at her golden feet the hide of a lion<sup>g</sup> was placed: round about her sat the spirits of the air in several colours, making music: above her the region of fire, with a continual motion, was seen to whirl circularly, and Jupiter standing in the top (figuring the heaven) brandishing his thunder: beneath her the rainbow, Iris, and on the two sides, eight ladies attired richly, and alike, in the most celestial colours, who represented her powers, as she is the governess of marriage,<sup>h</sup> and made the second masque. All which, upon the discovery, REASON made narration of.

*Rea.* And see where Juno, whose great name  
Is Unio, in the anagram,  
Displays her glittering state and chair,  
As she enlightned all the air!

<sup>e</sup> After the manner of the antique bend, the varied colours implying the several mutations of the air, as showers, dews, serenity, force of winds, clouds, tempest, snow, hail, lightning, thunder, all which had their noises signified in her timbrel: the faculty of causing these being ascribed to her by *Virg. Æneid. lib. 4.* where he makes her say,

*His ego nigrantem commista grandine nimbum  
Desuper infundam, et tonitru cælum omne ciebo.*

<sup>f</sup> Lilies were sacred to Juno, as being made white with her milk that fell upon the earth, when Jove took Hercules away, whom by stealth he had laid to her breast: the rose was also called Junonia.

<sup>g</sup> So she was figured at Argos, as a step-mother, insulting on the spoils of her two privigni, Bacchus and Hercules.

<sup>h</sup> See *Virg. Æneid. lib. 4.* *Junoni ante omnes cui vincla jugalia curæ:* and in another place, *Dant signum prima et Tellus et Pronuba Juno:* and *Ovid. in Phil. Epist.* *Junonemque terris quæ præsidet alma Maritis.*



Hark how the charming tunes do beat  
 In sacred concords 'bout her seat !  
 And lo ! to grace what these intend,  
 Eight of her noblest Powers descend,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which are enstyled her faculties,<sup>i</sup>  
 That govern nuptial mysteries ;  
 And wear those masques before their faces,  
 Lest dazzling mortals with their graces,  
 As they approach them, all mankind  
 Should be, like Cupid, stricken blind.  
 These Order waits for, on the ground,  
 To keep, that you should not confound  
 Their measured steps, which only move  
 About the harmonious sphere of love.

*Their descent was made in two great clouds, that put forth themselves severally, and, with one measure of time, were seen to stoop, and fall gently down upon the earth. The manner of their habits came after some statues of Juno, no less airy than glorious. The dressings of their heads, rare ; so likewise of their feet : and all full of splendor, sovereignty, and riches. Whilst they were descending, this SONG was sung at the altar.*

*These, these are they,  
 Whom Humour and Affection must obey ;*

<sup>1</sup> *Eight of her noblest Powers descend.]* The folio does not give their names ; but the 4to. supplies the defect. "The names of the eight ladies as they were ordered (to the most conspicuous shew) in their dances, by the rule of their statures, were the countess of Montgomery, lady Knolles, mistress A. Sackville, lady Berkley, lady Dorothy Hastings, lady Blanch Somerset, co. of Bedford, co. of Rutland."

<sup>i</sup> They were all eight called by particular surnames of Juno, ascribed to her for some peculiar property in marriage, as somewhere after is more fitly declared.



*Who come to deck the genial bower,  
 And bring with them the grateful Hour  
 That crowns such meetings, and excites  
 The married pair to fresh delights :  
 As courtings, kissings, coyings, oaths, and vows,  
 Soft whisperings, embracements, all the joys  
 And melting toys,  
 That chaster love allows.*

Cho. *Haste, haste, for Hesperus his head down bows.*

*This song ended, they danced forth in pairs, and each pair with a varied and noble grace, to a rare and full music of twelve lutes, led on by Order, the servant of Reason, who was there rather a person of ceremony than use. His under garment was blue, his upper white, and painted full of arithmetical and geometrical figures ; his hair and beard long, a star on his forehead, and in his hand a geometrical staff : to whom, after the dance, REASON spake.*

*Rea. Convey them, Order, to their places,  
 And rank them so, in several traces,  
 As they may set their mixed powers  
 Unto the music of the Hours ;  
 And these, by joining with them, know  
 In better temper how to flow :  
 Whilst I, from their abstracted names,  
 Report the virtues of the dames.  
 First, Curis<sup>k</sup> comes to deck the bride's fair tress,  
 Care of the ointments Unxia<sup>l</sup> doth profess.*

<sup>k</sup> This surname Juno received of the Sabines ; from them the Romans gave it her : of the spear, which (in the Sabine tongue) was called *curis*, and was that which they named *hasta celibaris*, which had stuck in the body of a slain sword-player, and where-with the bride's head was drest, whereof *Fest. in voce celibar.* gives these reasons : *Ut quemadmodum illa conjuncta fuerit cum corpore*



Juga,<sup>m</sup> her office to make one of twain :  
 Gamelia<sup>n</sup> sees that they should so remain.  
 Fair Iterduca<sup>o</sup> leads the bride her way ;  
 And Domiduca<sup>p</sup> home her steps doth stay :  
 Cinxia<sup>q</sup> the maid, quit of her zone, defends.  
 Telia,<sup>r</sup> for Hymen, perfects all, and ends.

*gladiatoris, sic ipsa cum viro sit ; vel quia matronæ Junonis curitis in tutelâ sit, quæ ita appellabatur à ferenda hasta ; vel quòd fortes viros genituras ominetur ; vel quod nuptiali jure imperio viri sub-jicitur nubens, quia hasta summa armorum, et imperii est, &c.* To most of which Plutarch, in his *Quæst. Rom.* consents, but adds a better in *Romul.* That when they divided the bride's hair with the point of the spear, *συμβολὸν εἶναι τοῦ μετὰ μάχης καὶ πολεμικῶς τὸν πρῶτον γάμον γενεσθαι*, it noted their first nuptials (with the Sabines) were contracted by force, and as with enemies. Howsoever, that it was a custom with them, this of *Ovid. Fast. lib. 2.* confirms. *Comat virgineas hasta recurva comas.*

<sup>1</sup> For the surname of Unxia, we have Mart. Capel. his testimony, *De Nup. Phil. et Mercur. lib. 2. quòd unctionibus præest* : as also Servius, *libro quarto Æneid.* where they both report it a fashion with the Romans, that before the new-married brides entered the houses of their husbands, they adorned the posts of the gates with woollen tawdries, or fillets, and anointed them with oils, or the fat of wolves and boars ; being superstitiously possess that such ointments had the virtue of expelling evils from the family : and that thence were they called *Uxores, quasi Unxores.*

<sup>m</sup> She was named *Juga, propter Jugum*, (as Servius says,) for the yoke which was imposed, in matrimony, on those that were married, or (with *Sex. Pomp. Fest.*) *quòd Juges sunt ejusdem Jugi Pares, unde et Conjuges*, or in respect of the altar (which I have declared before) sacred to Juno, in *Vico Jugario.*

<sup>n</sup> As she was *Gamelia*, in sacrificing to her, they took away the gall, and threw it behind the altar ; intimating, that (after marriage) there should be known no bitterness, nor hatred between the joined couple, which might divide or separate them. See *Plutarch. Connub. Præ.* This rite I have somewhere following touched at.

<sup>o</sup> The title of *Iterduca* she had amongst them, *quòd ad sponsi ædes sponsas comitabatur*, or was a protectress of their journey. *Mart. Capel. de Nupt. Philol. et Mercur. libro secundo.*

<sup>p</sup> The like of *Domiduca, quòd ad optatus domus duceret.* *Mart. ibid.*



*By this time the ladies were paired with the men, and the whole sixteen ranked forth, in order, to dance; and were with this SONG provoked.*

*Now, now, begin to set  
Your spirits in active heat;  
And, since your hands are met,  
Instruct your nimble feet,  
In motions swift and meet,  
The happy ground to beat;*

*Cho. Whilst all this roof doth ring,  
And each discording string,  
With every varied voice,  
In union doth rejoice.*

*Here they danced forth a most neat and curious measure, full of subtilty and device; which was*

<sup>9</sup> Cinxia, the same author gives unto her, as the defendress of maids, when they had put off their girdle, in the bridal chamber; to which Festus, *Cinxia Junonis nomen sanctum habebatur in nuptiis, quod initio conjugis solutio erat cinguli, quo nova nupta erat cincta.* And Arnobius, a man most learned in their ceremonies, *lib. 3. advers. Gent. saith, Uctionibus superest Unxia. Cingulorum Cinxia replicationi.*

<sup>r</sup> Telia signifies *Perfecta*, or, as some translate it, *Perfectrix*; with *Jul. Pol. lib. 3. Onomast. ἡρα τέλεια* values *Juno! Præses Nuptiarum*: who saith, the attribute depends of τέλει, which (with the ancients) signified marriage, and thence were they called τέλειοι that entered into that state. Servius interprets it the same with *Gamelia Æneid. 4. ad verb. Et Junone secunda.* But it implies much more, as including the faculty, too, mature and perfect. See the Greek Scholiast on *Pind. Nem. in Hym. ad Thyæum Uliæ filium Argi. τέλειος δὲ ὁ γάμος διὰ τὸ καλᾶσκευαζειν τὴν τελειότην τοῦ βίης*; that is, Nuptials are therefore called τέλειοι, because they affect perfection of life, and do note that maturity which should be in matrimony. For before nuptials, she is called *Juno παρθένος*, that is, *Virgo*; after nuptials, τέλεια, which is, *Adulta*, or *Perfecta*.



so excellently performed, as it seemed to take away that spirit from the invention, which the invention gave to it: and left it doubtful, whether the forms flowed more perfectly from the author's brain, or their feet. The strains were all notably different, some of them formed into letters, very signifying to the name of the Bridegroom, and ended in the manner of a chain, linking hands: to which this was spoken.

*Rea.* Such was the golden chain\* let down  
from heaven;  
And not those links more even,  
Than these: so sweetly temper'd, so combined  
By union and refined.  
Here no contention, envy, grief, deceit,  
Fear, jealousy have weight;  
But all is peace, and love, and faith, and bliss:  
What harmony like this?  
The gall behind the altar quite is thrown;  
This sacrifice hath none.

\* Mentioned by Homer, *Ilia*. 8, which many have interpreted diversely, all allegorically. *Pla.* in *Thætet*o, understands it to be the Sun, which while he circles the world in his course, all things are safe, and preserved: others vary it. *Macrob.* (to whose interpretation I am specially affected in my allusion) considers it thus; in *Som. Scip. libr. 1. cap. 14.* *Ergo cum ex summo Deo mens, ex mente anima sit; anima vero et condit, et vita compleat omnia quæ sequuntur, cunctaque hic unus fulgor illuminet, et in universis appareat, ut in multis speculis, per ordinem positus, vultus unus: cumque omnia continuis successionibus se sequantur, degenerantia per ordinem ad imum meandi: invenietur pressius intuenti à summo Deo usque ad ultimam rerum faciem una mutuis se vinculis religans, et nusquam interrupta connexio. Et hæc est Homeri Catena aurea, quam pendere de cælo in terras Deum jussisse commemorat.* To which strength and evenness of connexion, I have not absurdly likened this uniting of Humours and Affections by the sacred Powers of marriage.



Now no affections rage, nor humours swell;  
 But all composed dwell.  
 O Juno, Hymen, Hymen, Juno! who  
 Can merit with you two?  
 Without your presence, Venus can do nought,  
 Save what with shame is bought;  
 No father can himself a parent show,  
 Nor any house with prosperous issue grow.  
 O then, what deities will dare  
 With Hymen, or with Juno to compare?

*This speech being ended, they dissolved: and all took  
 forth other persons (men and women) to dance  
 other measures, galliards, and corantos: the whilst  
 this SONG importuned them to a fit remembrance  
 of the time.*

*Think, yet, how night doth waste,  
 How much of time is past,  
 What more than winged haste  
 Your selves would take,  
 If you were but to taste  
 The joy the night doth cast  
 (O might it ever last)  
 On this bright virgin, and her happy make.*

*Their dances yet lasting, they were the second time  
 importuned by speech.*

*Rea. See, see! the bright<sup>†</sup> Idalian star,  
 That lighteth lovers to their war,*

<sup>†</sup> *Stella Veneris, or Venus, which when it goes before the sun, is called Phosphorus, or Lucifer; when it follows, Hesperus, or Noctifer (as Cat. translates it.) See Cic. 2. de Nat. Deor. Mar. Cap. de Nup. Phil. et. Mer. l. 8. The nature of this star Pythagoras first found out: and the present office Clau. expresseth in Fescen. Atollens tnalamis Idalium jubar Dilectus Veneri nascitur Hesperus.*



Complains that you her influence lose;  
While thus the night-sports you abuse.

*Hym.* The longing bridegroom,<sup>a</sup> in the porch,  
Shews you again the bated torch;  
And thrice hath Juno<sup>x</sup> mixt her air  
With fire, to summon your repair.

*Rea.* See, now she clean withdraws her light;  
And, as you should, gives place to night,  
That spreads her broad and blackest wing  
Upon the world, and comes to bring  
A<sup>y</sup> thousand several-colour'd loves,  
Some like sparrows, some like doves,  
That hop about the nuptial-room,  
And fluttering there, against you come,  
Warm the chaste bower, which<sup>z</sup> Cypria strows,  
With many a lily, many a rose.

*Hym.* Haste, therefore, haste, and call, away!  
The gentle night is prest to pay  
The usury of long delights,  
She owes to these protracted rites.

*At this, the whole scene being drawn again, and all  
covered with clouds, as a night, they left off their*

<sup>a</sup> It was a custom for the man to stand there, expecting the approach of his bride. See *Hotto. de Rit. Nupt.*

<sup>x</sup> Alluding to that of *Virg. Æneid. 4. Prima et Tellus, et Pronuba Juno*

*Dant signum: fulsere ignes, et conscius æther  
Connubii, &c.*

<sup>y</sup> *Stat. in Epit. Fulcra, torosque decæ, tenerum premit agmen Amorum.* And *Claud. in Epith. Pennati passim pueri, quo quemque vocavit Umbra, jacent.* Both which proved the ancients feigned many Cupids. Read also *Prop. eleg. 29. l. 2.*

<sup>z</sup> Venus is so induced by *Stat., Claud.,* and others, to celebrate nuptials.



*intermixed dances, and returned to their first places; where, as they were but beginning to move, this SONG, the third time, urged them.*

*O know to end, as to begin:*

*A minute's loss in love is sin.*

*These humours will the night out-wear*

*In their own pastimes here;*

*You do our rites much wrong,*

*In seeking to prolong*

*These outward pleasures :*

*The night hath other treasures*

*Than these, though long conceal'd,*

*Ere day to be reveal'd.*

*Then, know to end, as to begin ;*

*A minute's loss in love is sin.*

*Here they danced their last dances, full of excellent delight and change, and, in their latter strain, fell into a fair orb or circle ; REASON standing in the midst, and speaking.*

*Rea.* Here stay, and let your sports be crown'd :  
The perfect'st figure is the round.

Nor fell you in it by adventure,

When reason was your guide and centre.

This, this that beauteous<sup>a</sup> ceston is

Of lovers many-colour'd bliss.

Come, Hymen, make an inner ring,

And let the sacrificers sing ;

Cheer up the faint and trembling bride,

That quakes to touch her bridegroom's side :

<sup>a</sup> Venus's girdle, mentioned by Homer, *Ili.* ξ. which was feigned to be variously wrought with the needle, and in it woven love, desire, sweetness, soft parley, gracefulness, persuasion, and all the powers of Venus.



Tell her what Juno is to Jove,  
 The same shall she be to her love;  
 His wife: which we do rather measure  
 A<sup>b</sup> name of dignity than pleasure.  
 Up, youths! hold up your lights in air,  
 And shake abroad<sup>c</sup> their flaming hair.  
 Now move united, and in gait,  
 As you, in pairs, do front the state,  
 With grateful honours thank his grace  
 That hath so glorified the place:  
 And as, in circle, you depart  
 Link'd hand in hand; so, heart in heart,  
 May all those bodies still remain  
 Whom he with so much sacred pain  
 No less hath bound within his realms  
 Than they are with the ocean's streams.  
 Long may his Union find increase,  
 As he, to ours, hath deign'd his peace!

*With this, to a soft strain of music, they paced  
 once about, in their ring, every pair making their  
 honours, as they came before the state: and then  
 dissolving, went down in couples, led on by Hymen,  
 the bride, and auspices following, as to the nup-  
 tial bower. After them, the musicians with this  
 SONG.*

*Glad time is at his point arrived,  
 For which love's hopes were so long lived.  
 Lead, Hymen, lead away;  
 And let no object stay,  
 Nor banquets, but sweet kisses,  
 The turtles from their blisses.*

<sup>b</sup> See the words of *Ælius Verus* in *Spartian*.

<sup>c</sup> So *Cat. in Nupt. Jul. et Manlii* hath it. *Viden' ut faces  
 splendidas quatiunt comas?* and by and by after, *aureas quatiunt  
 comas.*



• 'Tis Cupid calls to arm;  
And this his last alarm.

---

Of this SONG, then, only one staff was sung; but because I made it both in form and matter to emulate that kind of poem, which was called *Epithalamium*,<sup>a</sup> and by the ancients used to be sung when the bride was led into her chamber, I have here set it down whole, and do heartily forgive their ignorance whom it chanceth not to please. Hoping that *nemo doctus me jubeat Thalassionem verbis dicere non Thalassionis.*

### EPITHALAMION.

1 Glad time is at his point arrived,  
For which love's hopes were so long lived.  
Lead, Hymen, lead away;  
And let no object stay,  
Nor banquets, but sweet kisses,  
The turtles from their blisses.  
'Tis Cupid calls to arm;  
And this his last alarm.

2 Shrink not, soft virgin, you will love,  
Anon, what you so fear to prove.  
This is no killing war,  
To which you pressed are;  
But fair and gentle strife,  
Which lovers call their life.

<sup>e</sup> This poem had for the most part *versum intercalarem*, or *carmen amœbœum*: yet that not always one, but oftentimes varied, and sometimes neglected in the same song, as in ours you shall find observed.

<sup>d</sup> It had the name à *Thalamo*; *dictum est autem θάλαμος cubiculum Nuptiale primo suo significatu, παρὰ τὸ θάλειν ἅμα, quod est simul genialem vitam agere. Scal. in Poet.*



'Tis Cupid cries, to arm ;  
And this his last alarm.

Help, youths and virgins, help to sing  
The prize, which Hymen here doth bring.  
And did so lately<sup>f</sup> rap  
From forth the mother's lap,  
To place her by that side  
Where she must long abide.  
On Hymen, Hymen call,  
This night is Hymen's all.

See ! Hesperus is yet in view.  
What star can so deserve of you ?  
Whose light doth still adorn  
Your bride, that, ere the morn,  
Shall far more perfect be,  
And rise as bright as he ;  
When,<sup>g</sup> like to him, her name  
Is changed, but not her flame.

Haste, tender lady, and adventure ;  
The covetous house would have you enter,  
That it might wealthy be,  
And you, her<sup>h</sup> mistress, see :  
Haste your own good to meet ;  
And<sup>i</sup> lift your golden feet

<sup>f</sup> The bride was always feigned to be ravished *ex gremio matris* : or (if she were wanting) *ex proximâ necessitudine*, because that had succeeded well to Romulus, who, by force, gat wives for him and his, from the Sabines. See *Fast.* and that of Catui. *Qui rapis teneram ad virum virginem.*

<sup>g</sup> When he is Phosphorus, yet the same star, as I have noted before.

<sup>h</sup> At the entrance of the bride, the custom was to give her the keys, to signify that she was absolutely mistress of the place, and the whole disposition of the family at her care. *Fest.*

<sup>i</sup> This was also another rite : that she might not touch the



Above the threshold high,  
With prosperous augury.

6 Now, youths, let go your pretty arms;  
The place within chants other charms.  
Whole showers of roses flow;  
And violets seem to grow,  
Strew'd in the chamber there,  
As Venus' mead it were.  
On Hymen, Hymen call,  
This night is Hymen's all.

7 Good matrons, that so well are known  
To aged husbands of your own,  
Place you our bride to night;  
And<sup>k</sup> snatch away the light:  
That<sup>1</sup> she not hide it dead  
Beneath her spouse's bed;  
Nor<sup>m</sup> he reserve the same  
To help the funeral flame.

8 So! now you may admit him in;  
The act he covets is no sin,  
But chaste and holy love,  
Which Hymen doth approve:  
Without whose hallowing fires  
All aims are base desires.

threshold as she entered, but was lifted over it. *Servius* saith, because it was sacred to *Vesta*. *Plut. in Quæst. Rom.* remembers divers causes. But that, which I take to come nearest the truth, was only the avoiding of sorcerous drugs, used by witches to be buried under that place, to the destroying of marriage amity, or the power of generation. See *Alexand. in Genialibus*, and *Christ. Landus upon Catul.*

<sup>k</sup> For this, look *Fest. in Voc. Rapi.*

<sup>1m</sup> *Quo utroque mors propinqua alterius ulterius captari putatur. Fest. ib.*



On Hymen, Hymen call,  
This night is Hymen's all.

Now free from vulgar spite or noise,  
May you enjoy your mutual joys;  
Now, you no fear controls,  
But lips may mingle souls;  
And soft embraces bind  
To each the other's mind,  
Which may no power untie,  
Till one or both must die!

And look, before you yield to slumber,  
That your delights be drawn past number;  
Joys, got with strife, increase.  
Affect no sleepy peace;  
But keep the bride's fair eyes  
Awake with her own cries,  
Which are but maiden fears:  
And kisses dry such tears.

Then coin them 'twixt your lips so sweet,  
And let not cockles closer meet;  
Nor may your murmuring loves  
Be drown'd by " Cypris' doves:  
Let ivy not so bind  
As when your arms are twined:  
That you may both ere day,  
Rise perfect every way.

And, Juno, whose great powers protect  
The marriage-bed, with good effect,

<sup>n</sup> A frequent surname of Venus, not of the place, as Cypria:  
but *quod parere faciat*, ἡ τὸ κτείνω παρὰ γούσα, Theoph. Phurnut.  
and the grammarians upon Homer, see them.



The labour of this night  
 Bless thou, for future light :  
 And thou, thy happy charge,  
 Glad Genius,<sup>o</sup> enlarge ;  
 That they may both, ere day,  
 Rise perfect, ev'ry way.

43 And Venus,<sup>p</sup> thou, with timely seed,  
 Which may their after-comforts breed,  
 Inform the gentle womb ;  
 Nor let it prove a tomb :  
 But, ere ten moons be wasted,  
 The birth, by Cynthia hasted.  
 So may they both, ere day,  
 Rise perfect every way.

14 And, when the babe to light is shown,<sup>a</sup>  
 Let it be like each parent known ;

<sup>o</sup> *Deus Naturæ, sive gignendi.* And is the same in the male, as Juno in the female. Hence *Genialis Lectus, qui nuptiis sternitur, in honorem Genii. Fest. Genius meus, quia me genuit.*

<sup>p</sup> She hath this faculty given by all the ancients. See *Hom. Iliad. 9. Lucret. in prim. Virg. in 2. Georg, &c.*

<sup>a</sup> *And when the babe to light is shewn,*

*Let it be like each parent known.]* This Epithalamium is an imitation of Catullus's poem upon the marriage of Julia and Manlius: the sentiments in general are Jonson's, though the above verses are evidently borrowed from the Latin ;

*Sit suo similis patri  
 Manlio, et facile insciis  
 Noscitur ab omnibus,  
 Et pudicitiam suæ  
 Matris indicet ore.* WHAL.

The couplet, as Whalley observes, may be borrowed from the Latin ; or—from the “ prayer of every gossip” from the days of Inachus to the present.—But had the commentator not a word of praise for this chaste and beautiful gem ? Surely when he pronounced it to be imitated from the Latin, he might have added without much suspicion of undue partiality to the author,



Much of the father's face,  
More of the mother's grace ;  
And either grandsire's spirit,  
And fame let it inherit.  
That men may bless th'embraces,  
That joined two such races.

Cease, youths and virgins, you have done ;  
Shut fast the door : and as they soon  
To their perfection haste,  
So may their ardours last.  
So either's strength out-live  
All loss that age can give :  
And, though full years be told,  
Their forms grow slowly old.

---

Hitherto extended the first night's solemnity, whose grace in the execution, left not where to add unto it, with wishing : I mean (nor do I court them) in those, that sustained the nobler parts. Such was the exquisite performance, as, beside the pomp, splendor, or what we may call apparelling of such presentments, that alone (had all else been absent) was of power to surprise with delight, and steal away the spectators from themselves. Nor was there wanting whatsoever might give to the furniture or complement ; either in riches, or strangeness of the habits, delicacy of dances, magnificence of the scene, or divine rapture of music. Only the envy was, that it lasted not still, or, now it is past, cannot by imagination, much less description,

that nothing so purely classical, so sprightly and yet so simply elegant was, at the period of its appearance, to be found among the poetic treasures of this country, either in the closet or on the stage.



be recovered to a part of that spirit it had in the gliding by.

Yet, that I may not utterly defraud the reader of his hope, I am drawn to give it those brief touches, which may leave behind some shadow of what it was : and first of the attires.

That of the lords, had part of it, for the fashion, taken from the antique Greek statues, mixed with some modern additions : which made it both graceful and strange. On their heads they wore Persic crowns, that were with scrolls of gold plate turned outward, and wreathed about with a carnation and silver net-lawn ; the one end of which hung carelessly on the left shoulder ; the other was tricked up before, in several degrees of folds, between the plaits, and set with rich jewels and great pearl. Their bodies were of carnation cloth of silver, richly wrought, and cut to express the naked, in manner of the Greek thorax ; girt under the breasts with a broad belt of cloth of gold, embroidered, and fastened before with jewels : their labels were of white cloth of silver, laced, and wrought curiously between, suitable to the upper half of their sleeves ; whose nether parts with their bases, were of watchet cloth of silver, cheveroned all over with lace. Their mantles were of several-coloured silks, distinguishing their qualities, as they were coupled in pairs ; the first, sky-colour ; the second, pearl-colour ; the third, flame-colour ; the fourth, tawny ; and these cut in leaves, which were subtly tacked up, and embroidered with O's,<sup>5</sup> and between every rank of leaves a broad

<sup>5</sup> *Embroidered with O's.*] An heraldic term for a kind of *spangles*. The word occurs in *Parthenissa Sacra*, 1633. "The purple canopy of the earth, powdered over and beset with silver *O'es*." And sir Edmund D'Ewes, in his *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's*



silver race. They were fastened on the right shoulder, and fell compass down the back in gracious folds, and were again tied with a round knot to the fastening of their swords. Upon their legs they wore silver greaves, answering in work to their labels. And these were their accoutrements.

The ladies attire was wholly new, for the invention, and full of glory; as having in it the most true impression of a celestial figure: the upper part of white cloth of silver, wrought with Juno's birds and fruits; a loose under garment, full gathered, of carnation, striped with silver, and parted with a golden zone; Beneath that, another flowing garment, of watchet cloth of silver, laced with gold; through all which, though they were round, and swelling, there yet appeared some touch of their delicate lineaments, preserving the sweetness of proportion, and expressing itself beyond expression. The attire of their heads did answer, if not exceed; their hair being carelessly (but yet with more art than if more affected) bound under the circle of a rare and rich coronet, adorned with all variety, and choice of jewels; from the top of which flowed a transparent veil, down to the ground; whose

parliaments, p. 65, mentions a patent for "making spangles and O'es of gold." It is impossible to pass over this and what immediately follows, without calling the attention of the reader to the richness, elegance, and matchless vigour of Jonson's prose. By the commentators on Shakspeare he is never mentioned but as a hard, jejune, barbarous, and obscure writer; and under this character is handed down to us the great master of the English language, whose style is replete with beauties of every description, and in whose numerous prose (for to this the observation is now confined) may be found almost every epithet which has lent grace, and every variety of expression which has added manliness and precision to our tongue for the last two centuries.



verge returning up, was fastened to either side in most sprightly manner. Their shoes were azure and gold, set with rubies and diamonds; so were all their garments; and every part abounding in ornament.

No less to be admired, for the grace and greatness, was the whole machine of the spectacle from whence they came: the first part of which was a ΜΙΚΡΟΚΟΣΜΟΣ, or globe, filled with countries, and those gilded; where the sea was exprest, heightened with silver waves. This stood, or rather hung (for no axle was seen to support it) and turning softly, discovered the first masque (as we have before, but too runningly, declared) which was of the men, sitting in fair composition, within a mine of several metals: to which the lights were so placed, as no one was seen; but seemed as if only Reason, with the splendor of her crown, illumined the whole grot.

On the sides of this, which began the other part, were placed two great statues, feigned of gold, one of Atlas, the other of Hercules, in varied postures, bearing up the clouds, which were of relievo, embossed, and tralucent<sup>6</sup> as naturals: to these a cortine of painted clouds joined, which reached to the utmost roof of the hall; and suddenly opening, revealed the three regions of air: in the highest of which sat Juno, in a glorious throne of gold, circled with comets,

<sup>6</sup> — *the clouds embossed and tralucent.*] *Translucent* wave occurs in *Comus*. This word, says Warton, I always thought to be *first* used by Milton, till I found it in Brathwaite, 1615. Warton might have found it ten years before where Milton himself found it, together with most of the beautiful and expressive epithets which he has used with such exquisite taste in his *Masques*.



and fiery meteors, engendered in that hot and dry region; her feet reaching to the lowest: where was made a rainbow, and within it musicians seated, figuring airy spirits, their habits various, and resembling the several colours caused in that part of the air by reflection. The midst was all of dark and condensed clouds, as being the proper place where rain, hail, and other watery meteors are made; out of which two concave clouds from the rest thrust forth themselves (in nature of those Nimbi, wherein, by Homer, Virgil, &c. the gods are feigned to descend) and these carried the eight ladies over the heads of the two terms;<sup>1</sup> who, as the engine moved, seemed also to bow themselves (by virtue of their shadows) and discharge their shoulders of their glorious burden: when having set them on the earth, both they and the clouds gathered themselves up again, with some rapture of the beholders.

But that, which (as above in place, so in the beauty) was most taking in the spectacle, was the sphere of fire, in the top of all, encompassing the air, and imitated with such art and industry, as the spectators might discern the motion (all the time the shews lasted) without any mover; and that so swift, as no eye could distinguish any colour of the light, but might form to itself five hundred several hues out of the tralucient body of the air, objected betwixt it and them.

And this was crowned with a statue of Jupiter the Thunderer.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Atlas and Hercules, the figures mentioned before.

<sup>7</sup> The 4to continues thus. "The design and Act of all which, together with the device of their habits, belong properly to the merit and reputation of master Inigo Jones, whom I take



## THE BARRIERS.

ON the next night, whose solemnity was of BARRIERS, (all mention of the former being utterly removed and taken away) there appeared, at the lower end of the hall, a mist made of delicate perfumes ;<sup>8</sup> out of which (a battle being

modest occasion, in this fit place, to remember, lest his own worth might accuse me of an ignorant neglect from my silence."

"And here, that no man's deservings complain of injustice (though I should have done it timelier, I acknowledge,) I do for honour's sake, and the pledge of our friendship, name master Alphonso Ferrabosco, a man planted by himself in that divine sphere, and mastering all the spirits of music. To whose judicial care, and as absolute performance, were committed all those difficulties both of song and otherwise. Wherein, what his merit made to the soul of our invention would ask to be exprest in tunes no less ravishing than his.—Virtuous friend, take well this abrupt testimony and think whose it is : It cannot be flattery, in me, who never did it to great ones, and less than love and truth it is not, where it is done out of knowledge."

"The dancers were both made and taught by master Thomas Giles, and cannot be more approved than they did themselves. Nor do I want the will but the skill to commend such subtilties, of which the sphere, wherein they were acted, is best able to judge."

"What was my part, the faults here, as well as the virtues must speak.

*Mutare dominum nec potest liber notus."*

<sup>8</sup> *A mist made of delicate perfumes.*] Jonson is truly classical in all the decorations and accompaniments of his Masques. Here he has introduced a circumstance familiar to the Roman theatres, in which mists or showers of perfumes were frequently raised. Pliny observes—" *crocum, vino mire congruere, præcipue dulci, tritum ad theatra replendæ.*" lib. 31. c. 17. And both Ovid and Propertius speak of the practice as common in their days.



sounded under the stage) did seem to break forth two ladies, the one representing TRUTH, the other OPINION; but both so alike attired, as they could by no note be distinguished. The colour of their garments was blue, their socks white; they were crowned with wreaths of palm, and in their hand each of them sustained a palm-bough. These, after the mist was vanished, began to examine each other curiously with their eyes, and approaching the state, the one expostulated the other in this manner :

*Truth.* Who art thou, thus that imitat'st my  
grace,  
In steps, in habit, and resembled face?

*Opin.* Grave Time' and Industry my parents  
are ;  
My name is Truth, who, through these sounds of  
war,  
Which figure the wise mind's discursive sight,  
In mists by nature wrapt, salute the light.

*Truth.* I am that Truth, thou some illusive  
spright ;  
Whom to my likeness, the black sorceress Night  
Hath of these dry, and empty fumes created.

The voluptuous sir Epicure has a similar allusion—

“ My mists  
I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room  
To lose ourselves in.” Vol. IV. p. 55.

† Truth is feigned to be the daughter of Saturn : who indeed, with the ancients, was no other than time, and so his name alludes, Κρόνος. *Plut. in Quæst.* To which confer the Greek Adage, ἄγει δὲ πρὸς φῶς τὴν ἀλήθειαν χρόνος.



*Opin.* Best herald of thine own birth, well  
related,  
Put me and mine to proof of words, and facts,  
In any question this fair hour exacts.

*Truth.* I challenge thee, and fit this time of  
love,  
With this position, which Truth comes to prove;  
That the most honour'd state of man and wife,  
Doth far exceed the insociate virgin-life.

*Opin.* I take the adverse part; and she that  
best  
Defends her side, be Truth by all confest.

*Truth.* It is confirm'd. With what an equal brow  
To Truth,\* Opinion's confident! and how,  
Like Truth, her habit shews to sensual eyes!  
But whosoe'er thou be, in this disguise,  
Clear Truth, anon, shall strip thee to the heart;  
And shew how mere phantastical thou art.

Know, then, the first production of things  
Required two; from mere one nothing springs:  
Without that knot, the theme thou gloriest in,  
(The unprofitable virgin,) had not been.  
The golden tree of marriage began  
In Paradise, and bore the fruit of man;  
On whose sweet branches angels sat and sung,  
And from whose firm root all society sprung.  
Love (whose strong virtue wrapt heaven's soul  
in earth,  
And made a woman glory in his birth)

\* Hippocrat. in a certain epistle to Philopœm. describeth  
her, *Mulierem, quæ non mala videatur, sed audacior aspectu et  
concitator* To which Cesare Ripa, in his *Iconolog.* alludeth in  
these words, *Faccia, nè bella, nè dispiacevole, &c.*



In marriage opens his inflamed breast ;  
 And lest in him nature should stifled rest,  
 His genial fire about the world he darts ;  
 Which lips with lips combines, and hearts with  
 hearts.

Marriage Love's object is ; at whose bright eyes,  
 He lights his torches, and calls them his skies.  
 For her he wings his shoulders ; and doth fly  
 To her white bosom, as his sanctuary :  
 In which no lustful finger can profane him,  
 Nor any earth with black eclipses wane him.  
 She makes him smile in sorrows, and doth stand  
 'Twixt him and all wants, with her silver hand.  
 In her soft locks his tender feet are tied ;  
 And in his fetters he takes worthy pride.  
 And as geometricians have approved,  
 That lines and superficies are not moved  
 By their own forces, but do follow still  
 Their bodies motions ; so the self-loved will  
 Of man or woman should not rule in them,  
 But each with other wear the anadem.<sup>9</sup>  
 Mirrors, though deck'd with diamonds, are nought  
 worth,

If the like forms of things they set not forth ;  
 So men or women are worth nothing neither,  
 If either's eyes and hearts present not either.

*Opin.* Untouch'd Virginity, laugh out ; to see  
 Freedom in fetters placed, and urg'd 'gainst thee.  
 What griefs lie groaning on the nuptial bed ?  
 What dull society ? in what sheets of lead  
 Tumble and toss the restless married pair,  
 Each, oft, offended with the other's air ?  
 From whence springs all-devouring avarice,  
 But from the cares which out of wedlock rise ?

<sup>9</sup> *The anadem.*] The crown or wreath. The word has frequently occurred before.



And, where there is in life's best-temper'd fires  
 An end, set in itself to all desires,  
 A settled quiet, freedom never check'd ;  
 How far are married lives from this effect ?  
 Euripus,\* that bears ships in all their pride,  
 'Gainst roughest winds, with violence of his tide,  
 And ebbs and flows seven times in every day,  
 Toils not more turbulent, or fierce than they.  
 And then what rules husbands prescribe their  
       wives !

In their eyes circles, they must bound their lives.  
 The moon, when farthest from the sun she shines,  
 Is most refulgent, nearest, most declines :  
 But your poor wives far off must never roam,  
 But waste their beauties near their lords at home :  
 And when their lords range out, at home must  
       hide,

[Most] like to begg'd monopolies, all their pride.  
 When their lords list to feed a serious fit,  
 They must be serious ; when to shew their wit  
 In jests and laughter, they must laugh and jest ;  
 When they wake, wake ; and when they rest,  
       must rest.

And to their wives men give such narrow scopes,  
 As if they meant to make them walk on ropes :  
 No tumblers bide more peril of their necks  
 In all their tricks, than wives in husbands' checks.  
 Where virgins, in their sweet and peaceful state,  
 Have all things perfect ; spin their own free  
       fate ;

Depend on no proud second ; are their own  
 Centre and circle ; now, and always one.  
 To whose example we do still hear nam'd  
 One God, one nature, and but one world fram'd,

\* A narrow sea, between Aulis, a port of Bœotia, and the isle Eubœa. See *Pomp. Mela*, lib. 2.



One sun, one moon, one element of fire,  
So of the rest; one king, that doth inspire  
Soul to all bodies, in their royal sphere.

*Truth.* And where is marriage more declar'd  
than there?

Is there a band more strict than that doth tie  
The soul and body in such unity?  
Subjects to sovereigns? doth one mind display  
In the one's obedience, and the other's sway?  
Believe it, marriage suffers no compare,  
When both estates are valued, as they are.  
The virgin were a strange, and stubborn thing,  
Would longer stay a virgin, than to bring  
Herself fit use and profit in a make.

*Opin.* How she doth err, and the whole heaven  
mistake!

Look, how a flower that close in closes grows,<sup>\*</sup>  
Hid from rude cattle, bruised with no ploughs,

<sup>\*</sup> *Look, how a flower that close in closes grows,*

*Hid from rude cattle, bruised with no ploughs.*] Catullus has again furnished our poet with this and the following speech; I could wish he had consulted the ear a little more in the flow of his numbers, that the translation, if possible, might have equalled the delicacy and sweetness of the original: but the closeness of the version must atone for the want of grace.

*Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,  
Ignotus pecori, nullo convulsus aratro,  
Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber,  
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:  
Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,  
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ:  
Sic virgo dum intacta manet, dum cara suis est;  
Quum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,  
Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis.*

The comparison that follows in the speech of Truth, is also as close a copy from the Latin, and is there put into the mouth of the young men. *WHAL.*



Which th' air doth stroke,<sup>2</sup> sun strengthen,  
 showers shoot higher,  
 It many youths, and many maids desire ;  
 The same, when cropt by cruel hand 'tis wither'd,  
 No youths at all, no maidens have desired :  
 So a virgin, while untouch'd she doth remain,  
 Is dear to hers ; but when with body's stain  
 Her chaster flower is lost, she leaves to appear  
 Or sweet to young men, or to maidens dear.  
 That conquest then may crown me in this war,  
 Virgins, O virgins, fly from Hymen far.

*Truth.* Virgins, O virgins, to sweet Hymen  
 yield,  
 For as a lone vine, in a naked field,  
 Never extols her branches, never bears  
 Ripe grapes, but with a headlong heaviness wears  
 Her tender body, and her highest sprout  
 Is quickly levell'd with her fading root ;  
 By whom no husbandman, no youths will dwell ;  
 But if by fortune, she be married well

<sup>2</sup> *Which th' air doth stroke.*] i. e. sooth, encourage, flatter, &c. Jonson frequently uses this word as the translation of *mulceo*. These speeches, it should be observed, are merely introductory to the Tilting ; and seem to aim at nothing more than maintaining a plain contest in plain language. As one of the opponents is Truth, and the other pretends to be Truth, Jonson evidently thought it consistent with the character of the speakers to forego all the graces of invention, and all the ornaments of poetry.

It is fit to observe, (to the credit of Hurd's candour,) that in his feeble and parasitical endeavours to sacrifice the reputation of Jonson, to Milton, Pope, and every poet who happens to come in his way, that he has produced the speech of Opinion just noticed, as a general specimen of his most elaborate attempts at translation ! "It is (he says) but one instance of a thousand ;" and he appears to enjoy, by anticipation, the marvellous "entertainment" which he supposes the quotation will afford his friend, Mason.



To the elm her husband, many husbandmen  
 And many youths inhabit by her, then :  
 So whilst a virgin doth, untouch'd, abide,  
 All unmanur'd, she grows old with her pride ;  
 But when to equal wedlock, in fit time,  
 Her fortune, and endeavour lets her climb,  
 Dear to her love, and parents she is held.  
 Virgins, O virgins, to sweet Hymen yield.

*Opin.* These are but words ; hast thou a knight  
 will try,  
 By stroke of arms, the simple verity ?

*Truth.* To that high proof I would have dared  
 thee.  
 I'll straight fetch champions for the bride and me.

*Opin.* The like will I do for virginity.

*Here, they both descended the hall, where at the lower end, a march being sounded with drums and fifes, there entered (led forth by the Earl of Nottingham, who was Lord High Constable for that night, and the Earl of Worcester, Earl Marshal) sixteen knights armed with pikes, and swords ; their plumes and colours, carnation and white ; all richly accoutred, and making their honours to the state,<sup>3</sup> as they marched by in pairs, were all ranked on one side of the hall. They placed sixteen others like accoutred for riches, and arms, only that their colours were varied to watchet and white ; who were by the same earls led up, and passing in like manner, by the state, placed on the opposite side.<sup>4</sup>*

<sup>3</sup> *Making their honours to the state.]* Where James and his Queen sat. State has been already noticed as the raised platform on which the royal seats were placed under a canopy.

<sup>4</sup> “ The names of the combatants (Jonson says in the 4to.)



*By this time, the BAR being brought up, TRUTH proceeded.*

*Truth.* Now join; and if this varied trial fail,  
To make my truth in wedlock's praise prevail,  
I will retire, and in more power appear,  
To cease this strife, and make our question clear.

*Whereat OPINION insulting, followed her with this speech.*

*Opin.* Ay, do: it were not safe thou shouldst  
abide:

This speaks thy name, with shame to quit thy side.

*Here the champions on both sides addrest themselves  
for fight, first single; after, three to three: and*

as they were given to me, both in Order and Orthography,  
were these.

*On the side of TRUTH.*

*On the side of OPINION.*

Duke of Lennox.  
Lord Effingham.  
Lord Walden.  
Lord Mounteagle.  
Sir Thomas Somerset.  
Sir Charles Howard.  
Sir John Gray.  
Sir Thomas Mounson.  
Sir John Leigh.  
Sir Robert Maunsell.  
Sir Edward Howard.  
Sir Henry Goodyere.  
Sir Roger Dalison.  
Sir Francis Howard.  
Sir Lew Maunsell.  
Master Gauteret.

Earl of Sussex.  
Lord Willoughby.  
Lord Gerrard.  
Sir Robert Carey.  
Sir Oliver Cromwel.  
Sir William Herbert.  
Sir Robert Drewry.  
Sir William Woodhouse.  
Sir Carey Reynolds.  
Sir Richard Houghton.  
Sir William Constable.  
Sir Thomas Gerrard.  
Sir Robert Killegrew.  
Sir Thomas Badger.  
Sir Thomas Dutton.  
Master Digbie."



*performed it with that alacrity, and vigour, as if Mars himself had been to triumph before Venus, and invented a new masque. When on a sudden, (the last six having scarcely ended) a striking light seemed to fill all the hall, and out of it an ANGEL or messenger of glory appearing.*

*Angel.* Princes, attend a tale of height, and wonder,

Truth is descended in a second thunder,  
And now will greet you, with judicial state,  
To grace the nuptial part in this debate;  
And end with reconciled hands these wars.

Upon her head she wears a crown of stars,  
Through which her orient hair waves to her waste,  
By which believing mortals hold her fast,  
And in those golden cords are carried even,  
Till with her breath she blows them up to heaven.

She wears a robe enchased with eagles eyes,  
To signify her sight in mysteries:

Upon each shoulder sits a milk-white dove,  
And at her feet do witty serpents move:

Her spacious arms do reach from east to west,  
And you may see her heart shine through her breast.

Her right-hand holds a sun<sup>s</sup> with burning rays,  
Her left a curious bunch of golden keys,  
With which heaven's gates she locketh and displays.

<sup>s</sup> *Her right hand holds a sun, &c.]* Milton is greatly indebted to this magnificent portraiture of Truth, although his commentators cannot find it out. The purblind Mr. Bowles runs to a Spanish proverb, and Mr. Warton to Dante. These precious discoveries are carefully treasured up in every Edition of this great poet. But, indeed, nothing can be more amusing than the mode in which Jonson is treated in general.

The *Arcades*, with the exception of three trifling songs, is made up of the speech of the Genius. Upon which Warton



A crystal mirror hangeth at her breast,  
By which men's consciences are search'd, and  
drest :

On her coach-wheels Hypocrisy lies rack'd ;  
And squint-eyed Slander, with Vain-glory back'd.  
Her bright eyes burn to dust, in which shines  
Fate :

An angel ushers her triumphant gate,  
Whilst with her fingers fans of stars she twists,  
And with them beats back Error, clad in mists.  
Eternal Unity behind her shines,  
That fire and water, earth and air combines.  
Her voice is like a trumpet loud and shrill,  
Which bids all sounds in earth, and heaven be  
still.

And see ! descended from her chariot now,  
In this related pomp she visits you.

*Enter TRUTH.*

*Truth.* Honour to all that honour nuptials,  
'To whose fair lot, in justice, now it falls,  
That this my counterfeit be here disclosed,  
Who, for virginity, hath herself opposed.  
Nor though my brightness do undo her charms,  
Let these her knights think, that their equal arms  
Are wrong'd therein : For valour wins applause,  
That dares but to maintain the weaker cause.

remarks that, " in the *King's Entertainment*, the Genius speaks, somewhat in Milton's manner, &c." In Milton's manner ! If the reader will turn to the passage, (vol. vi. p. 438.) he will find that Jonson speaks in his *own* manner. In whose manner Milton (who was not then born) speaks, is another question. And Mr. Todd " has been induced (he says) to make large extracts from a MS. Masque by Marston, that the reader may comprehend the nature of those entertainments." (*Arcades*, 132.) This is the more kind and considerate, as nothing on this head is to be found elsewhere.



And princes, see, 'tis mere Opinion  
That in Truth's forced robe, for Truth hath  
gone!

Her gaudy colours, pieced with many folds,  
Shew what uncertainties she ever holds:  
Vanish, adulterate Truth! and never dare  
With proud maids praise, to press where nup-  
tials are.

And, champions, since you see the truth I held,  
To sacred Hymen, reconciled, yield:  
Nor (so to yield) think it the least despight:  
"It is a conquest to submit to right."

This royal judge of our contention  
Will prop, I know, what I have undergone;  
To whose right sacred highness I resign,  
Low at his feet, this starry crown of mine,  
To shew his rule and judgment is divine;  
These doves to him I consecrate withal,  
To note his innocence, without spot, or gall;  
These serpents, for his wisdom: and these rays,  
To shew, his piercing splendor: these bright keys  
Designing power to ope the ported skies,  
And speak their glories to his subjects' eyes.

Lastly, this heart, with which all hearts be true:  
And truth in him make treason ever rue.

*With this they were led forth, hand in hand, recon-  
ciled, as in triumph. And thus the solemnities ended.*

Vivite concordes, et nostrum discite munus.



And princes, see, his meek Opinion  
That in Truth's forced robe, for Truth hath  
gone!

Her gaudy colours, pieced with many folds,  
Shew what uncertainties she ever holds:  
Vain, adulterate Truth! and never dare  
With proud maids praise, to press where nap-  
tials are: transposition and transposition!

And, champions, since you see the truth I held,  
To angry Hymen, reconciled, yield:  
Nor (so to yield) think it the least despight:  
"It is a conquest to submit to right."

This royal judge of our contention  
Will prop, I know, what I have undergone;  
To whose right sacred highness I resign,  
Low at his feet, this stony crown of mine;

To shew his tale and judgment is divine;  
These doves to him I consecrate wital,  
To note his innocence, without spot, or gall;

These serpents, for his wisdom: and these rays,  
To shew, his picturing splendour: these bright keys  
Designing power to open the ported skies;

And speak their glories to his subjects' eyes.  
Lastly, this heart, with which all hearts be true;  
And truth in him make treason ever true;

With this they were fed forth, hand in hand, recon-  
ciled, as in triumph. And thus the solemnities ended.

Vivite concordes, et nostrum discite munus

With this they were fed forth, hand in hand, recon-  
ciled, as in triumph. And thus the solemnities ended.

Vivite concordes, et nostrum discite munus

With this they were fed forth, hand in hand, recon-  
ciled, as in triumph. And thus the solemnities ended.



The Hue and Cry, &c.] This Masque, which I have called the Hue and Cry after Cupid, bears the following title in the folio, 1616. The Description of the Masque with the Nuptial Song, at the Lord Viscount Haddington's Marriage at Court, on the Shrove-Tuesday at Night, 1608. The Masque, which after the Nuptial Song, celebrating the happy marriage of John Lamb, Esquire, Viscount Haddington, with the Lady Elizabeth, daughter to the Right Honourable Robert Earl of Essex. With this motto:

"Accebat parva decimum domo Cynthia mensura."

This Masque was celebrated with the most magnificent Rowland White, a confectioner, and a very intelligent correspondent of the Earl of Essex, thus writes from Whitehall. The Masque of Beauty, seen by the ladies that were of the Court, and the Masque of Honour, seen by the gentlemen, to dinner upon Thursday next, and they are to bring with them whom they please, without limitation. The great Masque intended for my Lord Haddington's

## HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID.

Howard, and Sir John, and by 7 o'clock, D. Lamb, D. Aubrey, Hay, Mr. of Mass, young Esquire, Sandler, and Kenner. It will cost them about 3000 a man. The Masque of Beauty, seen by the ladies that were of the Court, and the Masque of Honour, seen by the gentlemen, to dinner upon Thursday next, and they are to bring with them whom they please, without limitation. The great Masque intended for my Lord Haddington's marriage at the residence upon James's Park, Aug. 2, 1607, at which, when he killed the Earl of Gowrie with his own hand, and was rewarded with a pension and the title of Viscount Haddington. He was greatly beloved by the King, of which he continued to receive many substantial presents till his death in March, 1612. After another favourite, Philip, Earl of Montgomery, on the race-course at Croydon, he was torrid the court. James rewarded him some time afterwards, and in 1620, created him Baron of Kingston-upon-Thames, and Earl of Haddington. The bride, whom William, who was one of the prettiest beauties of the kingdom, did not live to enjoy this last honour. She died of the small pox, and Bishop Corbett wrote an "Elegy" on the occasion, strangely compounded, as the fashion then was, of wit and woe. She was "girl and boy'd," he says; but none of her offspring seem to have long enjoyed her name. A long and happy life, the hope of a state, passed and two girls of years



THE HUE AND CRY, &c.] This Masque, which I have called *the Hue and Cry after Cupid*, bears the following title in the folio, 1616. *The Description of the Masque with the Nuptial Songs, at the Lord Viscount Haddington's Marriage at Court, on the Shrove-Tuesday at Night, 1608.* The 4to. 1608, adds after *Nuptial Songs*—"celebrating the happy marriage of John Lord Ramsey, Viscount Haddington, with the Lady Elizabeth Ratcliffe, daughter to the Right Honourable Robert Earl of Sussex." With this motto :

"Acceleret partu decimum bona Cynthia mensem."

This Masque was celebrated with the utmost magnificence. Rowland White, a courtier, and a very intelligent correspondent of the earl of Shrewsbury, thus writes from Whitehall. "The K. is newlie gon to Tibballes for 6 daies. The Spanish Embassador hath invited the 15 ladies that were of the Q's. maske, (the Masque of Beauty, see p. 41.) to dinner upon Thursday next, and they are to bring w<sup>th</sup> them whom they please, w<sup>th</sup>out limitac<sup>o</sup>n. The great Maske intended for my L. Haddington's marriage is now *the only thing thought upon at Court*, by 5 English; L. Arundel, L. Pemb. L. Montgomery, L. Theoph. Howard, and Sir Rob<sup>t</sup>. Rich; and by 7 Scottes; D. Lenox, D'Aubigny, Hay, Mr. of Mar, young Erskine, Sankier, and Kenedie: Yt will cost them about 300*l*. a man." *Lodge's Illustrations*, vol. iii. p. 343.

John lord Ramsey the bridegroom, was one of the persons present at the assault upon James, Aug. 3, 1600, at Perth, when he killed the earl of Gowrie with his own hand, and was rewarded with a pension and the title of viscount Haddington. He was greatly beloved by the king, of which he continued to receive many substantial proofs, till having, in March, 1612, struck another favourite, Philip, earl of Montgomery, on the race-course at Croydon, he was forbid the court. James recalled him some time afterwards, and in 1620, created him baron of Kingston-upon-Thames, and earl of Holderness.

The bride, whom Arthur Wilson calls "one of the prime beauties of the kingdom," did not live to enjoy this last honour. She died of the small pox, and Bishop Corbett wrote an "Elegia" on the occasion, strangely compounded, as the fashion then was, of wit and woe. She was "girl'd and boy'd," he says; but none of her offspring seem to have long survived her.



THE

## HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID.

---

The worthy custom of honouring worthy marriages, with these noble solemnities, hath of late years advanced itself frequently with us; to the reputation no less of our court, than nobles: expressing besides (through the difficulties of expense and travel, with the cheerfulness of undertaking) a most real affection in the personaters, to those, for whose sake they would sustain these persons. It behoves then us, that are trusted with a part of their honour in these celebrations, to do nothing in them beneath the dignity of either. With this proposed part of judgment, I adventure to give that abroad, which in my first conception I intended honourably fit: and, though it hath labour'd since, under censure, I, that know truth to be always of one stature, and so like a rule, as who bends it the least way, must needs do an injury to the right, cannot but smile at their tyrannous ignorance, that will offer to slight me (in these things being an artificer) and give themselves a peremptory license to judge who have never touched so much as to the bark, or utter shell of any knowledge. But their daring dwell with them. They have found a place to pour out their follies; and I a seat, to sleep out the passage.



The scene to this Masque, was a high, steep, red cliff, advancing itself into the clouds, figuring the place, from whence (as I have been, not fabulously, informed) the honourable family of the Radcliffs first took their name, *a clivo rubro*, and is to be written with that orthography; as I have observed out of master Camden, in his mention of the earls of Sussex. This cliff was also a note of height, greatness, and antiquity. Before which, on the two sides, were erected two pilasters, charged with spoils and trophies of Love and his mother, consecrate to marriage: amongst which, were old and young persons figured, bound with roses, the wedding garments, rocks and spindles, hearts transfix'd with arrows, others flaming, virgins' girdles, garlands, and worlds of such like; all wrought round and bold: and over head two personages, Triumph and Victory, in flying postures, and twice so big as the life, in place of the arch, and holding a garland of myrtle for the key. All which, with the pillars, seemed to be of burnished gold, and embossed out of the metal. Beyond the cliff was seen nothing but clouds, thick, and obscure; till on the sudden, with a solemn music, a bright sky breaking forth; there were discovered first two doves,<sup>a</sup> then two swans<sup>b</sup> with silver geers, drawing forth a triumphant chariot; in which Venus sat, crowned with her star, and beneath her the three Graces, or Charites, Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, all attired according to their antique figures. These, from their chariot, alighted on the top of the cliff, and descending by certain abrupt and winding passages, Venus having left

<sup>a b</sup> Both doves and swans were sacred to this goddess, and as well with the one as the other, her chariot is induced by Ovid, *lib. 10 and 11 Metamor.*



her star only flaming in her seat, came to the earth, the Graces throwing garlands all the way, and began to speak.

*Ven.* It is no common cause, ye will conceive,  
My lovely Graces, makes your goddess leave  
Her state in heaven, to night, to visit earth.  
Love late is fled away, my eldest birth,  
Cupid, whom I did joy to call my son;  
And, whom long absent, Venus is undone.

Spy, if you can, his footsteps on this green;  
For here, as I am told, he late hath been,  
With divers of his brethren,<sup>c</sup> lending light  
From their best flames, to gild a glorious night;  
Which I not grudge at, being done for her,  
Whose honours, to mine own, I still prefer.  
But he not yet returning, I'm in fear,  
Some gentle Grace, or innocent Beauty here,  
Be taken with him: or he hath surprised  
A second Psyche, and lives here disguised.  
Find ye no track of his stray'd feet?

1 *Grace.* Not I.

2 *Grace.* Nor I.

3 *Grace.* Nor I.

*Ven.* Stay, nymphs, we then will try  
A nearer way. Look all these ladies eyes,  
And see if there he not concealed lies;  
Or in their bosoms, 'twixt their swelling breasts;  
The wag affects to make himself such nests:  
Perchance he hath got some simple heart, to hide  
His subtle shape in; I will have him Cry'd,  
And all his virtues told! that, when they'd know  
What spright he is, she soon may let him go,

<sup>c</sup> Alluding to the Loves (the torch-bearers) in the Queen's Masque before.





That guards him now; and think herself right  
 blest,  
 To be so timely rid of such a guest.  
 Begin, soft GRACES, and proclaim reward  
 To her that brings him in. Speak to be heard.

1 *Grace*. Beauties, have ye seen this toy,<sup>1</sup> 1  
 Called Love, a little boy,<sup>2</sup>  
 Almost naked, wanton, blind; 3  
 Cruel now, and then as kind? 4  
 If he be amongst ye, say? 5  
 He is Venus' runaway. 6

2 *Grace*. She that will but now discover 2  
 Where the winged wag doth hover,  
 Shall to-night receive a kiss,  
 How, or where herself would wish:  
 But, who brings him to his mother,  
 Shall have that kiss, and another.

3 *Grace*. He hath marks about him plenty: 3  
 You shall know him among twenty.  
 All his body is a fire,  
 And his breath a flame entire,

<sup>1</sup> *Beauties, have ye seen this toy.*] This description of Cupid is from the *Ερως Δραπέτης* of Moschus: some additions are made to it by Jonson, but in the spirit of the original.

Δραπέιδας εμος εστιν· ο μανύλας γερας εξει  
 Μισθος τοι, φιλαμα το Κυπριδος· ην δ' αγαγης νιν,  
 Ου γυμνον το φιλαμα, τυ δ', ω ξενη, και πλεον εξεις.

MOSCH. Idyl. 1. WHAL.

The same poem had been previously imitated by Tasso, in his *Amor Fugitivo*.

<sup>c</sup> In this Love, I express Cupid, as he is *Veneris filius*, and owner of the following qualities, ascribed him by the antique and later poets.



That being shot, like lightning, in,  
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

1 *Grace*. At his sight, the sun hath turn'd,<sup>d</sup> 4  
Neptune in the waters burn'd;  
Hell hath felt a greater heat;<sup>e</sup>  
Jove himself forsook his seat:  
From the centre to the sky,  
Are his trophies reared high.<sup>f</sup>

2 *Grace*. Wings he hath, which though ye clip, 5  
He will leap from lip to lip,  
Over liver, lights, and heart,  
But not stay in any part;  
And, if chance his arrow misses,  
He will shoot himself, in kisses.

3 *Grace*. He doth bear a golden bow, 6  
And a quiver, hanging low,  
Full of arrows, that outbrave  
Dian's shafts; where, if he have  
Any head more sharp than other,  
With that first he strikes his mother.

1 *Grace*. Still the fairest are his fuel. 7  
When his days are to be cruel,  
Lovers hearts are all his food;  
And his baths their warmest blood:  
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,  
And he hates none like to Reason.

<sup>d</sup> See Lucian. *Dial. Deor.*

<sup>e</sup> And Claud. in *raptu Proserp.*

<sup>f</sup> Such was the power ascrib'd him, by all the ancients:  
whereof there is extant an elegant Greek epigram. *Phil. Poe.*  
wherein he makes all the other deities despoiled by him, of  
their ensigns; Jove of his thunder, Phœbus of his arrows,  
Hercules of his club, &c.



2 *Grace.* Trust him not ; his words, though  
sweet,  
Seldom with his heart do meet.  
All his practice is deceit ;  
Every gift it is a bait ;  
Not a kiss but poison bears ;  
And most treason in his tears.

3 *Grace.* Idle minutes are his reign ;  
Then, the straggler makes his gain,  
By presenting maids with toys,  
And would have ye think them joys :  
'Tis the ambition of the elf,  
To have all childish as himself.

1 *Grace.* If by these ye please to know him,  
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

2 *Grace.* Though ye had a will to hide him,  
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.

3 *Grace.* Since you hear his falser play ;  
And that he's Venus' runaway.

<sup>a</sup> *Since you hear his falser play ;]* i. e. his false play. I should not have noticed so trite an expression, had not the bishop of Dromore mistaken the meaning, and, in consequence of it, modernized, that is, corrupted the verse, as he was something too prone to do. He reads

Since ye hear *this falser's* play !

Yet Percy has very great merit : and by a singular chance, his only defect as an antiquary, want of accuracy, has led to the most beneficial consequences. Had he published his ancient poems in their genuine state, they would have passed unnoticed ; but by fitting them in some measure to the ignorance of the times, by variations and additions which were always poetical, and sometimes tasteful, he continued to allure readers, who discovered at length, that these neglected pieces had sufficient strength and feeling in them to justify a little rudeness and



*At this, from behind the trophies, CUPID discovered himself, and came forth armed; attended with twelve boys, most antickly attired, that represented the Sports, and pretty Lightnesses that accompany Love, under the titles of Joci and Risus; and are said to wait on Venus, as she is Præfect of Marriage.\**

*Cup.* Come, my little jocund Sports,  
Come away; the time now sorts  
With your pastime: this same night  
Is Cupid's day. Advance your light.  
With your revel fill the room,  
That our triumphs be not dumb.

*Wherewith they fell into a subtle capricious dance, to as odd a music, each of them bearing two torches, and nodding with their antic faces, with other variety of ridiculous gesture, which gave much occasion of mirth and delight to the spectators. The dance ended, Cupid went forward.*

*Cup.* Well done, anticks! now my bow,  
And my quiver bear to show;  
That these beauties, here, may know,  
By what arms this feat was done,  
That hath so much honour won  
Unto Venus and her son.

*At which, his mother apprehended him: and circling him in, with the Graces, began to demand.*

simplicity, and that they might be trusted, on better acquaintance, to their inherent and unsophisticated claims on the attention of every lover of truth and nature.

\* Which Horat. consents to, *Car. lib. 1. ode 2,*

——— *Erycina ridens,  
Quam Jocus circum volat, et Cupido.*



*Ven.* What feat, what honour is it that you  
boast,  
My little straggler? I had given you lost,  
With all your games, here.

*Cup.* Mother!

*Ven.* Yes, sir, she.  
What might your glorious cause of triumph be?  
Have you shot Minerva<sup>h</sup> or the Thespian dames?  
Heat aged Ops again,<sup>i</sup> with youthful flames?  
Or have you made the colder Moon to visit  
Once more, a sheepcote? Say, what conquest  
is it

Can make you hope such a renown to win?  
Is there a second Hercules brought to spin?  
Or, for some new disguise, leaves Jove his thunder?

*Cup.* Nor that, nor those, and yet no less a  
wonder<sup>k</sup>— [*He espies Hymen.*  
Which to tell, I may not stay:  
Hymen's presence bids away;  
'Tis, already, at his night,  
He can give you further light.  
You, my Sports, may here abide,  
Till I call to light the bride. [*Slips from her.*

*Enter HYMEN.*

*Hy.* Venus, is this a time to quit your car?  
To stoop to earth, to leave alone your star,

<sup>h</sup> She urges these as miracles, because Pallas, and the Muses, are most contrary to Cupid. See *Luc. Dial. Ven. et Cupid.*

<sup>i</sup> Rhea, the mother of the gods, whom Lucian, in that place makes to have fallen frantically in love by Cupid's means, with Atys. So of the Moon, with Endymion, Hercules, &c.

<sup>k</sup> Here Hymen, the god of marriage, entered; and was so induced here, as you have him described in my *Hymenæi*.



Without your influence, and, on such a night,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which should be crown'd with your most cheering  
     sight,  
 As you were ignorant of what were done  
 By Cupid's hand, your all-triumphing son?  
 Look on this state; and if you yet not know,  
 What crown there shines, whose sceptre here  
     doth grow;  
 Think on thy loved Æneas, and what name,  
 Maro, the golden trumpet of his fame,  
 Gave him, read thou in this. A prince that draws  
 By example more, than others do by laws:  
 That is so just to his great act, and thought,  
 To do, not what kings may, but what kings ought.  
 Who, out of piety, unto peace is vow'd,  
 To spare his subjects, yet to quell the proud;<sup>m</sup>  
 And dares esteem it the first fortitude,  
 To have his passions, foes at home, subdued.  
 That was reserv'd, until the Parcæ spun  
 Their whitest wool; and then his thread begun,  
 Which thread, when treason would have burst,<sup>n</sup>  
     a soul  
 To-day renown'd, and added to my roll,  
 Opposed; and, by that act, to his name did bring  
 The honour to be saver<sup>3</sup> of his king.

<sup>1</sup> When she is *nuptiis præfecta*, with Juno, Suadela, Diana, and Jupiter himself. *Paus. in Messeniæ. et Plut. in Problem.*

<sup>m</sup> Æneas, the son of Venus, Virgil makes throughout, the most exquisite pattern of piety, justice, prudence, and all other princely virtues, with whom (in way of that excellence) I confer my sovereign, applying in his description his own word usurped of that poet, *Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.*

<sup>n</sup> In that monstrous conspiracy of E. Gowry.

<sup>3</sup> And by that act, to his name did bring  
 The honour to be saver of his king.] See p. 94.

° *Titulo tunc crescere posses,  
 Nunc per te titulus.*



This king whose worth, if gods for virtue love,  
Should Venus with the same affections move,  
As her Æneas ; and no less endear  
Her love to his safety, than when she did cheer,  
After a tempest,<sup>p</sup> long-afflicted Troy,  
Upon the Lybian shore ; and brought them joy.

*Ven.* I love, and know his virtues, and do boast  
Mine own renown, when I renown him most.  
My Cupid's absence I forgive, and praise,  
That me to such a present grace could raise.  
His champion shall, hereafter, be my care :  
But speak his bride, and what her virtues are.

*Hy.* She is a noble virgin, styled, The Maid  
Of the Red-cliff, and hath her dowry weigh'd  
No less in virtue, blood, and form, than gold ;  
Thence, where my pillar's rear'd, you may behold,  
Fill'd with love's trophies, doth she take her  
name.

Those pillars did uxorious Vulcan frame,<sup>q</sup>  
Against this day, and underneath that hill,  
He, and his Cyclopes, are forging still  
Some strange and curious piece, to adorn the  
night,  
And give these graced nuptials greater light.

<sup>p</sup> *Virg. Æneid. lib. 1.*

<sup>q</sup> The ancient poets, whensoever they would intend any thing to be done with great mastery, or excellent art, made Vulcan the artificer, as *Hom. Il. 2.* in the forging of Achilles's armour, and *Virg. for Æneas, Æneid. 8.* He is also said to be the god of fire and light. Sometime taken for the purest beam : and by *Orph. in Hym.* celebrated for the sun and moon. But more especially by *Eurip. in Troad.* he is made *Facifer in Nuptiis.* Which present office we give him here, as being *Calor Naturæ,* and *Præses Luminis.* See *Plat. in Cratyl.* For his description, read *Pausan. in Eliac.*



*Here VULCAN presented himself, as overhearing Hymen, attired in a cassock girt to him, with bare arms, his hair and beard rough ; his hat of blue, and ending in a cone ; in his hand a hammer and tongs, as coming from the forge.*

*Vul.* Which I have done ; the best of all my life :

And have my end, if it but please my wife,  
And she commend it, to the labour'd worth.  
Cleave, solid rock ! and bring the wonder forth.

*At which, with a loud and full music, the cliff parted in the midst, and discovered an illustrious concave, filled with an ample and glistering light, in which an artificial sphere was made of silver, eighteen foot in the diameter, that turned perpetually : the coluri were heightened with gold ; so were the arctic and antarctic circles, the tropics, the equinoctial, the meridian and horizon ; only the zodiac was of pure gold : in which the masquers, under the characters of the twelve signs, were placed, answering them in number ; whose offices, with the whole frame, as it turned, Vulcan went forward to describe.*

It is a sphere, I've formed round and even,  
In due proportion to the sphere of heaven,  
With all his lines and circles ; that compose  
The perfect'st form, and aptly do disclose  
The heaven of marriage : which I title it :  
Within whose zodiac, I have made to sit,  
In order of the signs, twelve sacred powers,  
That are presiding at all nuptial hours :

The first, in Aries' place, respecteth pride  
Of youth, and beauty ; graces in the bride.



In Taurus, he loves strength and manliness ;  
The virtues which the bridegroom should  
profess.

In Gemini, that noble power is shown,  
That twins their hearts, and doth of two make  
one.

In Cancer, he that bids the wife give way  
With backward yielding to her husband's sway.

In Leo, he that doth instil the heat  
Into the man : which from the following seat

Is temper'd so, as he that looks from thence  
Sees yet they keep a Virgin innocence.

In Libra's room, rules he that doth supply  
All happy beds with sweet equality.

The Scorpion's place he fills, that makes the  
jars,

And stings in wedlock ; little strifes and wars :

Which he, in th' Archer's throne, doth soon  
remove,

By making, with his shafts, new wounds of love.

And those the follower with more heat inspires,  
As, in the Goat, the sun renews his fires.

In wet Aquarius' stead, reigns he that showers  
Fertility upon the genial bowers.

Last, in the Fishes place, sits he doth say,  
In married joys, all should be dumb as they.

And this hath Vulcan for his Venus done,  
To grace the chaster triumph of her son.



*Ven.* And for this gift, will I to heaven  
return,  
And vow for ever, that my lamp shall burn  
With pure and chastest fire ; or never shine,<sup>r</sup>  
But when it mixeth with thy sphere and mine.

*Here Venus returned to her chariot, with the Graces;  
while Vulcan, calling out the priests of Hymen,  
who were the musicians, was interrupted by  
PYRACMON.<sup>s</sup>*

*Vul.* Sing then, ye priests.

*Pyrac.* Stay, Vulcan, shall not these  
Come forth and dance ?

*Vul.* Yes, my Pyracmon, please  
The eyes of these spectators with our art.<sup>t</sup>

*Pyrac.* Come here then, Brontes, bear a Cy-  
clop's part,  
And Steropes, both with your sledges stand,  
And strike a time unto them as they land ;

<sup>r</sup> As Catul. hath it in *nup. Jul. et Manl.* without Hymen, which is marriage, *Nil potest Venus, fama quod bona comprobet, &c.*

<sup>s</sup> One of the Cyclops, of whom, with the other two, Brontes and Steropes, see *Virg. Æneid.*

*Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro,  
Brontesque, Steropesque et nudus membra Pyracmon, &c.*

<sup>t</sup> As when *Hom. Iliad.* <sup>18. 368-427</sup> Σ, makes Thetis for her son Achilles, to visit Vulcan's house, he feigns that Vulcan had made twenty tripods, or stools with golden wheels, to move of themselves miraculously, and go out and return fitly. To which the invention of our dance alludes, and is in the poet a most elegant place, and worthy the tenth reading.



And as they forwards come, still guide their  
 paces,  
 In musical and sweet proportion'd graces ;  
 While I upon the work and frame attend,  
 And Hymen's priests forth, at their seasons, send  
 To chaunt their hymns ; and make this square  
 admire  
 Our great artificer, the god of fire.

*Here the musicians, attired in yellow, with wreaths of marjoram, and veils like Hymen's priests, sung the first staff of the following Epithalamion : which, because it was sung in pieces between the dances, shewed to be so many several songs ; but was made to be read an entire poem. After the song, they came (descending in an oblique motion) from the Zodiac, and danced their first dance ; then music interposed, (but varied with voices, only keeping the same chorus) they danced their second dance. So after, their third and fourth dances, which were all full of elegance and curious device. And thus it ended.\**

\* The two latter dances were made by master Thomas Giles, the two first by master Hier. Herne : who, in the persons of the two Cyclopes, beat a time to them with their hammers. The tunes were master Alphonso Ferrabosco's. The device and act of the scene master Inigo Jones's, with addition of the trophies. For the invention of the whole, and the verses, *Assertor qui dicat esse meos, imponet plagiaro pudorem.*

The attire of the masquers throughout was most graceful and noble ; partaking of the best both ancient and later figure. The colours carnation and silver, enriched both with embroidery and lace. The dressing of their heads, feathers and jewels ; and so excellently ordered to the rest of the habit, as all would suffer under any description, after the shew. Their performance of all, so magnificent and illustrious, that nothing can add to the seal of it, but the subscription of their names :



## EPITHALAMION.

Up, youths and virgins, up, and praise  
 The god, whose nights outshine his days ;  
 Hymen, whose hallowed rites  
 Could never boast of brighter lights ;

The Duke of LENOX,<sup>1</sup>

Earl of ARUNDELL,<sup>2</sup>

Earl of PEMBROKE,<sup>3</sup>

Earl of MONTGOMERY,<sup>4</sup>

Lord D'AUBIGNY,<sup>5</sup>

Lord of WALDEN,<sup>6</sup>

Lord HAY,<sup>7</sup>

Lord SANKRE,<sup>8</sup>

Sir RO. RICKE,<sup>9</sup>

Sir JO. KENNETHIE,<sup>1</sup>

Master ERSKINE.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Duke of Lenox.*] Lodowic Stuart, duke of Lenox, and afterwards of Richmond. For the three succeeding names see p. 54.

<sup>5</sup> *Lord D'Aubigny.*] Esme, younger brother of the duke of Lenox, who succeeded him in 1623. He married Catherine, the only daughter of sir Gervase Clifton. He was warmly attached to our poet, who has an Epigram (127) addressed to him, full of respect and gratitude.

<sup>6 7</sup> See p. 54.

<sup>8</sup> *Lord Sankre.*] Robert Crichton, lord Sanquhar. This nobleman, in an angry trial of skill with one Turner, a fencing master, was deprived of an eye. The loss, which he confessedly brought upon himself, seems to have rankled in his mind ; and about four years after the date of this Masque, he hired two Scotchmen, Gray and Carlisle, to murder the unfortunate swordsman. For this atrocious act he was seized, and, in spite of all the interest made to save his life, (which appears from Wilson to have been very great,) hanged, with his two accomplices, at Tyburn.

<sup>9</sup> *Sir Robert Rich.*] Third son of Robert, lord Rich. He succeeded to the barony, and, in 1618, was created earl of Warwick. Jonson has some verses on this nobleman.

<sup>1</sup> *Sir J. Kennethie.*] David Kennedy, created earl of Cassilis, in 1609.

<sup>2</sup> *Master Erskine.*] Called young Erskine, by the earl of Shrewsbury's correspondent ; but whether son of the earl of Mar ; or of sir Thomas Erskine, afterwards earl of Kelly, I cannot determine.



Whose bands pass liberty.  
Two of your troop, that with the morn were free,  
Are now waged to his war.  
And what they are,  
If you'll perfection see,  
Yourselves must be.  
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star !

What joy or honours can compare  
With holy nuptials, when they are  
Made out of equal parts  
Of years, of states, of hands, of hearts !  
When in the happy choice,  
The spouse and spoused have the foremost voice !  
Such, glad of Hymen's war,  
Live what they are,  
And long perfection see :  
And such ours be.  
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star !

The solemn state of this one night  
Were fit to last an age's light ;  
But there are rites behind  
Have less of state, but more of kind :  
Love's wealthy crop of kisses,  
And fruitful harvest of his mother's blisses.  
Sound then to Hymen's war :  
That what these are,  
Who will perfection see,  
May haste to be.  
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star !

Love's commonwealth consists of toys ;  
His council are those antic boys,  
Games, Laughter, Sports, Delights,  
That triumph with him on these nights :



To whom we must give way,  
 For now their reign begins, and lasts till day.  
 They sweeten Hymen's war,  
 And, in that jar,  
 Make all, that married be,  
 Perfection see.  
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star!

Why stays the bridegroom to invade  
 Her, that would be a matron made?  
 Good-night, whilst yet we may  
 Good-night, to you a virgin, say :  
 To-morrow rise the same  
 Your mother is,\* and use a nobler name.  
 Speed well in Hymen's war,  
 That, what you are,  
 By your perfection, we  
 And all may see.  
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star!

To-night is Venus' vigil kept.  
 This night no bridegroom ever slept ;  
 And if the fair bride do,  
 The married say, 'tis his fault, too.  
 Wake then, and let your lights  
 Wake too; for they'll tell nothing of your nights.  
 But, that in Hymen's war,  
 You perfect are.  
 And such perfection, we  
 Do pray should be.  
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star!

That, ere the rosy-finger'd morn  
 Behold nine moons, there may be born

\* A wife or matron : which is a name of more dignity than Virgin. *D. Heins. in Nup. Ottonis Heurnii. Cras matri similis tuæ redibis.*



A babe, t'uphold the fame  
 Of Ratcliffe's blood, and Ramsey's name:  
 That may, in his great seed,  
 Wear the long honours of his father's deed.  
 Such fruits of Hymen's war  
 Most perfect are;  
 And all perfection, we  
 Wish you should see.  
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star!\*

\* However desirable it may be to leave the recognition of the poet's merits to the taste and discrimination of the reader, it seems almost impossible to pass, in silence, over such pre-eminent marks of genius and study as those before us. Not many pages are numbered since we had the most beautiful little piece of its kind in the English language; and here we have another of the same species, replete with every excellence. The learning of Jonson is prodigious, and the grace, delicacy, and judgment with which he applies it to the embellishment of his subject, cannot be too highly estimated. The dull cold criticism of Hurd, the wanton malignity of Steevens, the blind hatred of Malone, (to say nothing of a train of followers) are all directed to the same point, namely, to establish the persuasion that Jonson is, at his best, but "a servile imitator," a "painful plagiarist," a mere "murderer of the ancients;" and it seems but a part of common justice to invite the attention occasionally to such decisive refutations of the calumny, as are supplied by these and similar pieces profusely scattered through his works.



THE  
MASQUE

OF  
QUEENS.

Celebrated from the House of FAME:

By the QUEEN of GREAT BRITAIN, with her  
Ladies, at Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.



114  
THE MASQUE, &c.] This is the title of the folio, 1616. That of the 4to. 1609, runs thus: "*The Masque of Queens, celebrated from the House of Fame: by the most absolute in all State and Titles, Anne, Queen of Great Britain, &c.*"

*Et memorem famam, quæ bene gessit, habet."*

The 4to. is addressed to prince Henry, who was dead when the folio edition appeared, which accounts, perhaps, for the omission of the dedication. It is as follows:

"To the glory of our own, and grief of other nations, my lord  
HENRY, prince of Great Britain, &c.

"SIR,

"When it hath been my happiness (as would it were more frequent) but to see your face, and, as passing by, to consider you; I have with as much joy, as I am now far from flattery in professing it, called to mind that doctrine of some great inquisitors in *Nature*, who hold every royal and *heroic* form to partake and draw much to it of the heavenly virtue. For, whether it be that a divine soul, being to come into a body, first chooseth a palace for itself; or, being come, doth make it so; or that *Nature* be ambitious to have her work equal; I know not: but what is lawful for me to understand and speak, that I dare; which is, that both your *virtue* and your *form* did deserve your *fortune*. The one claimed that you should be born a *prince*, the other makes that you do become it. And when *Necessity* (excellent lord) the mother of the *Fates*, hath so provided, that your *form* should not more insinuate you to the eyes of men, than your *virtue* to their minds: it comes near a wonder to think how sweetly that habit flows in you, and with so hourly testimonies, which to all posterity might hold the dignity of examples. Amongst the rest, your favour to letters, and these gentler studies, that go under the title of *Humanity*, is not the least honour of your wreath. For, if once the worthy professors of these learnings shall come (as heretofore they were) to be the core of *princes*, the crowns their *sovereigns* wear will not more adorn their temples; nor their stamps live longer in their medals, than in such subjects' labours. *Poetry*, my lord, is not born with every man, nor every day: and in her general right, it is now my minute to thank your *Highness*, who not only do honour her with your care, but are curious to examine her with your eye, and enquire into her beauties and strengths. Where though it hath proved a work of some difficulty to me, to retrieve the particular *authorities* (according to your gracious command, and a desire born out of judgment) to those things, which I writ

*L. 207, Contd.*



out of fullness and memory of my former readings: yet, now I have overcome it, the reward that meets me is double to one act: which is, that thereby your excellent understanding will not only justify me to your own knowledge, but decline the stiffness of other's original ignorance, already armed to censure. For which singular bounty, if my *fate* (most excellent *Prince*, and *only delicacy* of *mankind*) shall reserve me to the age of your actions, whether in the camp or the council-chamber, that I may write, at nights, the deeds of your days; I will then labour to bring forth some work as worthy of your fame, as my ambition therein is of your pardon.

By the most true admirer of your *Highness's* virtues,

And most hearty celebrater of them,

BEN JONSON."

The production of this Masque has subjected Jonson to a world of unmerited obloquy from the commentators. It was written, it seems, "on account of the success of Shakspeare's *Witches*, which alarmed the jealousy of a man, who fancied himself his rival, or rather his superior." And this is repeated through a thousand mouths. Not to observe, that if Jonson was moved by any such passion, it must be by Middleton's *Witches*, not Shakspeare's, (for the latter is but a copyist himself, in this case,) how does it appear that *Macbeth* was prior in date to the *Masque of Queens*? O, says Mr. Davies, "Mr. Malone has with much probability fixed the first representation of *Macbeth* to the year 1606." And he immediately proceeds to reason upon it, "as a certainty."

It is worth while to turn to this master-proof. "In July, 1606, (Mr. Malone says,) the king of Denmark came to England, and on the third of August was installed a knight of the Garter. 'There is nothing (says Drummond of Hawthornden) to be heard at Court but sounding of trumpets, hautboys, music, revelling, and comedies.' Perhaps during this visit, *Macbeth* was first exhibited." This is the whole; and this it is that "fixes the first appearance of *Macbeth* to the year 1606!" The king of Denmark was in this country about three weeks; a considerable part of the time he spent at Theobalds, where Jonson was employed to entertain him; he was, besides, present at one Masque, and the rest of his time was occupied in moving about, and what Drummond calls, music and revelling. In four consecutive letters, he details the various amusements of this prince, without the most distant hint of his being present at the exhibition of any play whatever. At any rate, *Macbeth* is no "comédie;"



and, in fact, what Drummond calls so, are the "Entertainments, Masques, and Revels," (all appropriate terms,) which are known to have been provided for him. What amusement could an English tragedy afford to a person who understood not a word of the language?

I have said thus much merely to shew the fallacy of Mr. Malone's argument, and the readiness with which all improbabilities are swallowed when they conduce to the grateful purpose of maligning Jonson. For, in truth, it signifies nothing to the question, at which period either piece was produced, or which of them had the priority in point of date; since the characters are totally and radically distinct, and do not bear either in conduct or language the slightest token of affinity. What is decisive on the subject is, the remarkable care which Jonson himself takes to disclaim all idea of copying any preceding dramatist. He tells prince Henry that he described his witches "out of fullness and memory of his former readings, which he has retrieved and set down at his desire;" and he informs the queen that "he was CAREFUL TO DECLINE, not only from others, but from his own steps, in this kind." Not one syllable of this has ever been noticed before; the commentators prefer darkness to light, and so they can rail at "old Ben," *make their wantonness* their ignorance.

But when spleen and malice have done their worst, the magical part of the *Masque of Queens* will still remain a proof of high poetic powers, of a vigorous and fertile imagination, and of deep and extensive learning, managed with surprising ease, and applied to the purposes of the scene with equal grace and dexterity.



THE  
MASQUE OF QUEENS.

---

It increasing now to the third time of my being used in these services to her majesty's personal presentations, with the ladies whom she pleaseth to honour ; it was my first and special regard, to see that the nobility of the invention should be answerable to the dignity of their persons. For which reason I chose the argument to be, *A celebration of honourable and true Fame, bred out of Virtue* : observing that rule of the best artist,<sup>a</sup> to suffer no object of delight to pass without his mixture of profit and example. And because her majesty (best knowing that a principal part of life, in these spectacles, lay in their variety) had commanded me to think on some dance, or shew, that might precede hers, and have the place of a foil, or false masque ; I was careful to decline, not only from others, but mine own steps in that kind, since the last year,<sup>b</sup> I had an anti-masque of boys ; and therefore now devised, that twelve women, in the habit of hags, or witches, sustaining the persons of Ignorance, Suspicion, Credulity, &c. the opposites to good Fame, should fill that part ; not as a masque, but a spectacle of

<sup>a</sup> *Hor. in Art. Poetic.*

<sup>b</sup> In the masque at my lord Haddington's wedding.



strangeness, producing multiplicity of gesture, and not unaptly sorting with the current, and whole fall of the device.

His majesty, then, being set, and the whole company in full expectation, the part of the scene which first presented itself was an ugly Hell; which flaming beneath, smoked unto the top of the roof. And in respect all evils are morally said to come from hell; as also from that observation of Torrentius upon Horace's *Canidia*, *quæ tot instructa venenis, ex Orci faucibus profecta videri possit*: these witches, with a kind of hollow and infernal music, came forth from thence. First one, then two, and three, and more, till their number encreased to eleven; all differently attired: some with rats on their heads, some on their shoulders; others with ointment-pots at their girdles; all with spindles, timbrels, rattles, or other venefical instruments, making a confused noise, with strange gestures. The device of their attire was master Jones's, with the invention, and architecture of the whole scene, and machine. Only I prescribed them their properties of vipers, snakes, bones, herbs, roots, and other ensigns of their magic, out of the authority of ancient and late writers, wherein the faults are mine, if there be any found; and for that cause I confess them.

These eleven WITCHES beginning to dance, (which is an usual ceremony<sup>a</sup> at their convents or meetings, where sometimes also they are vizarded and masked,) on the sudden one of them

<sup>a</sup> Vide Lævin. Tor. comment. in Hor. Epod. lib. ode 5.

<sup>d</sup> See the king's majesty's book (our sovereign) of *Demonology*, Bodin. Remig. Delrio. Mal. Malefi. and a world of others in the general: but let us follow particulars.



missed their chief, and interrupted the rest with this speech.

*Hag.* Sisters, stay, we want our Dame ;<sup>e</sup>  
 Call upon her by her name,  
 And the charm we use to say ;  
 That she quickly anoint,<sup>f</sup> and come away.

1 Charm. *Dame, dame ! the watch is set :*

*Quickly come, we all are met.—*

*From the lakes, and from the fens,<sup>g</sup>*

*From the rocks, and from the dens,*

<sup>e</sup> Amongst our vulgar witches, the honour of dame (for so I translate it) is given with a kind of pre-eminence to some special one at their meetings : which Delrio insinuates, *Disquis. Mag. lib. 2. quæst. 9.* quoting that of *Apuleius, lib. de Asin. aureo. de quadam caupona, regina Sagarum.* And adds, *ut scias etiam tum quasdam ab iis hoc titulo honoratas.* Which title *M. Philipp. Ludwigus Elich. Dæmonomagiæ quæst. 10.* doth also remember.

<sup>f</sup> When they are to be transported from place to place, they use to anoint themselves, and sometimes the things they ride on. Beside *Apul.* testimony, see these later, *Remig. Dæmonolatriæ lib. 1. cap. 14.* *Delrio, Disquis. Mag. l. 2. quæst. 16.* *Bodin Dæmonoman. l. 2. c. 14.* *Barthol. de Spina. quæst. de Strigib. Philippo Ludwigus Elich. quæst. 10.* *Paracelsus in magn. et occul. Philosophia,* teacheth the confection. *Unguentum ex carne recens natorum infantium, in pulmenti forma coctum, et cum herbis somniferis, quales sunt Papaver, Solanum, Cicuta, &c.* And *Giov. Bapti. Porta, lib. 2. Mag. Natur. cap. 16.*

<sup>g</sup> These places, in their own nature dire and dismal, are reckoned up as the fittest from whence such persons should come, and were notably observed by that excellent *Lucan* in the description of his *Erichtho, lib. 6.* To which we may add this corollary out of *Agrip. de occult. philosop. l. 1. c. 48.* *Saturno correspondent loca quævis fætida, tenebrosa, subterranea, religiosa et funesta, ut cæmeteria, busta, et hominibus deserta habitacula, et vetustate caduca, loca obscura, et horrenda, et solitaria antra, cavernæ, putei : præterea piscinae, stagna, paludes, et ejusmodi.* And in *lib. 3. c. 42.* speaking of the like, and in *lib. 4.* about the end, *Aptissima sunt loca plurimum experientia visionum, nocturnarumque incursionum et consimilium phantasmatum, ut cæmeteria, et in quibus fieri solent executiones criminalis judicii, in quibus recen-*



*From the woods, and from the caves,  
From the church-yards, from the graves,  
From the dungeon, from the tree  
That they die on, here are we !*

Comes she not yet?  
Strike another heat.

2 Charm. *The weather is fair, the wind is good,  
Up, dame, on your horse of wood :<sup>h</sup>  
Or else tuck up your gray frock,  
And saddle your goat,<sup>i</sup> or your green cock,<sup>k</sup>*

*tibus annis publicæ strages factæ sunt, vel ubi occisorum cadavera,  
necdum expiata, nec ritè sepulta, recentioribus annis subhumata sunt.*

<sup>h</sup> Delrio, *Disq. Mag. lib. 2. quæst. 6.* has a story out of Tri-  
zius of this horse of wood : but that which our witches call so,  
is sometimes a broom-staff, sometimes a reed, sometimes a dis-  
taff. See Remig. *Dæmonol. lib. 1. cap. 14. Bodin. l. 2. cap. 4, &c.*

<sup>i</sup> The goat is the Devil himself, upon whom they ride often  
to their solemnity, as appears by their confessions in Rem. and  
Bodin. *ibid.* His majesty also remembers the story of the devil's  
appearance\* to those of Calicut, in that form, *Dæmonol. lib. 2.  
cap. 3.*

<sup>k</sup> Of the green cock we have no other ground (to confess  
ingenuously) than a vulgar fable of a witch, that with a cock of  
that colour, and a bottom of blue thread, would transport her-  
self through the air ; and so escaped (at the time of her being

---

\* *His majesty also remembers the story, &c.*] Jonson cannot  
escape the commentators, and his name serves them as a foil  
upon all occasions. Warburton having incidentally observed that  
a passage in *Macbeth* was "intended as a compliment to James,"  
Steevens subjoins that the truth of history was also perverted  
for the same purpose ; yet, continues he, "the flattery of Shak-  
speare is not more gross than that of Ben Jonson, who has"—  
done what, does the reader think ?—"condescended to quote  
his majesty's ridiculous book on *Demonology*" ! The reader has  
here the whole of the poet's offence : with respect to "his  
majesty," his book was not more "ridiculous" than any of  
the others quoted on the subject ; and as Jonson collected  
his authorities merely in obedience to the commands of the  
Prince, there seems no violent strain of flattery in barely citing  
the book of his father for a popular story.



*And make his bridle a bottom of thread,  
To roll up how many miles you have rid.  
Quickly come away ;  
For we all stay.*

Nor yet ! nay, then,  
We'll try her agen,

3 Charm. *The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad,  
And so is the cat-a-mountain,  
The ant and the mole sit both in a hole,  
And the frog peeps out o' the fountain ;  
The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels play,  
The spindle is now a turning ;  
The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,  
But all the sky is a burning :  
The ditch is made,<sup>m</sup> and our nails the spade,*

brought to execution) from the hand of justice. It was a tale when I went to school ; and somewhat there is like it in *Mart. Delr. Disqu. Mag. lib. 2. quæst. 6.* of one Zÿti, a Bohemian, that, among other his dexterities, *aliquoties equis rhedariis vectum, gallis gallinaceis ad epirrhedium suum alligatis, subsequabatur.*

<sup>1</sup> All this is but a periphrasis of the night, in their charm, and their applying themselves to it with their instruments, whereof the spindle in antiquity was the chief : and beside the testimony of Theocritus, in *Pharmaceutria* (who only used it in amorous affairs) was of special act to the troubling of the moon. To which Martial alludes, *lib. 9. ep. 30. Quæ nunc Thessalico Lunam deducere rhombo, &c.* And *lib. 12. ep. 57. Cum secta Colcho Luna vapulat rhombo.*

<sup>m</sup> This rite also of making a ditch with their nails is frequent with our witches, whereof see *Bodin. Remig. Delr. Malleus Mal. Godelman. l. 2. de Lamiis*, as also the antiquity of it most vividly exprest by *Hor. Satyr. 8. lib. 1.* where he mentions the pictures, and the blood of a black lamb. All which are yet in use with our modern witchcraft. *Scalpere terram* (speaking of Canidia and Sagana)

*Unguibus, et pullam divellere mordicus agnam  
Cæperunt : cruor in fossam confusus, ut inde  
Maneis elicerent animas responsa daturas.  
Lanea et effigies erat, altera cerea, &c.*



*With pictures full, of wax and of wool ;  
 Their livers I stick, with needles quick ;  
 There lacks but the blood, to make up the flood.  
 Quickly, dame, then bring your part in,  
 Spur, spur upon little Martin,"*

And then by and by,

———— *Serpentes atque videres  
 Infernas errare caneis, Lunamque rubentem,  
 Ne foret his testis, post magna latere sepulchra.*

Of this ditch Homer makes mention in Circe's speech to Ulysses, *Odyss. K.* about the end, *Βοθρον ὀρύξαι*, &c. And *Ovid. Metam. lib. 7.* in Medea's magic,

*Haud procul egesta scrobibus tellure duabus  
 Sacra facit, cultrosque in gutture velleris atri  
 Conjicit, et patulas perfundit sanguine fossas.*

And of the waxen images, in Hypsipyle's epistle to Jason, where he expresseth that mischief also of the needles :

*Devovet absentes, simulacraque cerea fingit ;  
 Et miserum tenues in jecur urget acus.*

*Bodin. Dæmon. lib. 2. cap. 8.* hath, (beside the known story of king Duffe out of Hector Boetius) much of the witches later practice in that kind, and reports a relation of a French ambassador's, out of England, of certain pictures of wax, found in a dunghill near Islington, of our late queen's: which rumour I myself (being then very young) can yet remember to have been current.

" Their little Martin is he that calls them to their conventicles, which is done in a human voice, but coming forth, they find him in the shape of a great buck goat, upon whom they ride to their meetings, *Delr. Disq. Mag. quæst. 16. lib. 2.* And *Bod. Dæmon. lib. 2. cap. 4.* have both the same relation from Paulus Grillandus, of a witch. *Adveniente nocte et hora vocabatur voce quadam velut humana ab ipso Dæmone, quem non vocant Dæmonem, sed Magisterulum, aliæ Magistrum Martinettum, sive Martinellum. Quæ sic evocata, mox sumebat pyxidem unctionis et linebat corpus suum in quibusdam partibus et membris, quo linito exibat ex domo, et inveniebat Magisterulum suum in forma hirci illam expectantem apud ostium, super quo mulier equitabat, et applicare solebat fortiter manus ad crineis, et statim hircus ille adscendebat per aerem, et brevissimo tempore deferrebat ipsam, &c.*



*Merrily, merrily, make him sail,  
A worm in his mouth, and a thorn in his tail,  
Fire above, and fire below,  
With a whip in your hand, to make him go.*

O, now she's come !  
Let all be dumb.

*At this the DAME ° entered to them, naked-armed,  
barefooted, her frock tucked, her hair knotted, and  
folded with vipers ; in her hand a torch made of  
a dead man's arm, lighted, girded with a snake.  
To whom they all did reverence, and she spake,  
uttering, by way of question, the end wherefore  
they came.†*

° This Dame I make to bear the person of Ate, or Mischief, (for so I interpret it) out of Homer's description of her, *Il. A* where he makes her swift to hurt mankind, strong, and sound of her feet ; and *Iliad. T.* walking upon men's heads ; in both places using one and the same phrase to signify her power, *Βλαπτοῦσ' ἀνθρώπους*, *Lædens homines*. I present her barefooted, and her frock tucked, to make her seem more expédite, by Horace's authority, *Sat. 8. lib. 1. Succinctam vadere pallâ Canidiam pedibus nudis, passoque capillo*. But for her hair, I rather respect another place of his, *Epod. lib. ode 5.* where she appears *Canidia brevibus implicata viperis Crineis, et incomptum caput*. And that of Lucan, *lib. 6.* speaking of Erichtho's attire,

*Discolor, et vario Furialis cultus amictu  
Induitur, vultusque aperitur crine remoto,  
Et coma vipereis substringitur horrida sertis.*

For her torch, see *Remig. lib. 2. cap. 3.*

† Which if it had been done either before, or otherwise, had not been so natural. For to have made themselves their own decipherers, and each one to have told upon their entrance *what they were, and whither they would*, had been a piteous hearing, and utterly unworthy any quality of a poem : wherein a writer should always trust somewhat to the capacity of the spectator, especially at these spectacles ; where men, beside inquiring eyes, are understood to bring quick ears, and not those sluggish ones of porters and mechanics, that must be bored through at every act with narrations.



*Dame.* Well done, my Hags! <sup>1</sup> And come we  
fraught with spite,  
To overthrow the glory of this night?  
Holds our great purpose?

*Hag.* Yes.

*Dame.* But wants there none  
Of our just number?

*Hags.* Call us one by one,  
And then our dame shall see.

*Dame.* First, then advance,<sup>2</sup>  
My drowsy servant, stupid Ignorance,

<sup>1</sup> *Well done, my hags!*] In *Macbeth*, Hecate says to the Witches, "O, well done!" upon which important resemblance, Mr. Steevens thus expatiates. "The attentive reader will observe that, in the *Masque of Queens*, old Ben has exerted his strongest powers, to rival the incantation of Shakspeare's" (Middletton's) "Witches, and the final address of Prospero to the aërial spirits under his command." Now let *Macbeth* have been written when it may, Steevens well knew that the *Tempest* was one of Shakspeare's latest plays, and was not in existence till many years after this period; (1609;) if, therefore, any rivalry be found between the parting speech of Prospero, and the awful invocation of the dame, (p. 133,) the "jealousy" must be attributed, however harshly it may sound, to Shakspeare.

With respect to the invidious comparison elsewhere instituted between the Hecate of Shakspeare and this of Jonson, it is founded on sheer ignorance. The dame of the latter is not Hecate, but *Ate*, as he himself expressly calls her. But be she who she may, she is as superior (if the truth must be told) to the Hecate of *Macbeth*, as *Macbeth* is superior to every other tragedy.

<sup>2</sup> In the chaining of these vices, I make as if one link produced another, and the Dame were born out of them all, so as they might say to her, *Sola tenes scelerum quicquid possedimus omnes*. Nor will it appear much violenced, if their series be considered, when the opposition to all virtue begins out of Ignorance, that Ignorance begets Suspicion, (for Knowledge is ever open and charitable) that Suspicion, Credulity, as it is a vice; for being a virtue, and free, it is opposite to it: but such as are jealous of themselves, do easily credit any thing of others whom they



Known by thy <sup>12</sup>scaly vesture; and bring on—  
Thy fearful sister, wild Suspicion,

[*As she names them they come forward.*  
Whose eyes do never sleep; let her knit hands  
With quick Credulity, that next her stands,  
Who hath but one ear, and that always ope;  
Two-faced Falsehood follow in the rope;  
And lead on Murmur, with the cheeks deep hung;  
She, Malice, whetting of her forked tongue;  
And Malice, Impudence, whose forehead's lost;  
Let Impudence lead Slander on, to boast  
Her oblique look; and to her subtle side,  
Thou, black-mouth'd Execration, stand applied;  
Draw to thee Bitterness, whose pores sweat gall;  
She, flame-ey'd Rage; Rage, Mischief.

*Hags.* Here we are all.

*Dame.* Join now our hearts, we faithful oppos-  
sites<sup>r</sup>

To Fame and Glory. Let not these bright nights

hate. Out of this Credulity springs Falsehood, which begets  
Murmur: and that of Murmur presently grows Malice, which  
begets Impudence: and that Impudence, Slander: that Slander,  
Execration: Execration, Bitterness: Bitterness, Fury: and  
Fury, Mischief. Now for the personal presentation of them,  
the authority in poetry is universal. But in the absolute Clau-  
dian, there is a particular and eminent place, where the poet  
not only produceth such persons, but almost to a like purpose,  
in *Ruf. lib. 1.* where Alecto, envious of the times,

——— *infernæ ad limina tetra sorores*

*Concilium deformæ vocat, glomerantur in unum*

*Innumeræ pestes Erebi, quascunque sinistro*

*Nox genuit fœtu: nutrix discordia belli,*

*Imperiosa fames, leto vicina senectus,*

*Impatiensque sui morbus, livorque secundis*

*Anxius, et scisso mœrens velamine luctus,*

*Et timor, et cæco præceps audacia vultu:*

with many others, fit to disturb the world, as ours the night.

<sup>r</sup> Here again by way of irritation, I make the dame pursue



Of honour blaze, thus to offend our eyes ;  
 Shew ourselves truly envious, and let rise  
 Our wonted rages : do what may beseem  
 Such names, and natures ; Virtue else will deem  
 Our powers decreas'd, and think us banish'd  
 earth,

No less than heaven. All her antique birth,  
 As Justice, Faith, she will restore ; and, bold  
 Upon our sloth, retrieve her Age of gold.  
 We must not let our native manners, thus,  
 Corrupt with ease. Ill lives not, but in us.  
 I hate to see these fruits of a soft peace,  
 And curse the piety gives it such increase.  
 Let us disturb it then,\* and blast the light ;  
 Mix hell with heaven, and make nature fight  
 Within herself ; loose the whole hinge of  
 things ;

And cause the ends run back into their springs.

the purpose of their coming, and discover their natures more largely : which had been nothing, if not done as doing another thing, but *moratio circa vilem patulumque orbem* ; than which, the poet cannot know a greater vice ; he being that kind of artificer, to whose work is required so much exactness, as indifferency is not tolerable.

\* These powers of troubling nature, frequently ascribed to witches, and challenged by themselves wherever they are induced, by Homer, Ovid, Tibullus, Pet. Arbiter, Seneca, Lucan, Claudian, to whose authorities I shall refer more anon. For the present, hear *Socrat. in Apul. de Asin. aureo, l. 1.* describing Meroe the witch. *Saga et divinipotens cælum deponere, terram suspendere, fontes durare, monteis diluere, manes sublimare, deos infimare, sidera extinguere, tartarum ipsum illuminare :* and *l. 2.* Byrrhena to Lucius, of Pamphile. *Maga primi nominis, et omnis carminis sepulcralis magistra creditur, quæ surculis et lapillis, et id genus frivolis inhalatis, omnem istam lucem mundi sideralis, imis tartari et in vetustum chaos mergit :* as also this latter of Remigius, in his most elegant arguments before his *Dæmonolatria*. *Quà possit evertere funditus orbem, Et maneis superis miscere, hæc unica cura est.* And Lucan. *Quarum quicquid non creditur, ars est.*



*Hags.* What our Dame bids us do,  
We are ready for.

*Dame.* Then fall to.  
But first relate me,<sup>c</sup> what you have sought,  
Where you have been, and what you have brought.

1 *Hag.* I have been all day, looking after<sup>d</sup>  
A raven, feeding upon a quarter;  
And, soon, as she turn'd her beak to the south,  
I snatch'd this morsel out of her mouth.

<sup>c</sup> This is also solemn in their witchcraft, to be examined, either by the devil or their dame, at their meetings, of what mischief they have done: and what they can confer to a future hurt. See *M. Philippo Ludwigus Elich. Dæmonomagiæ lib. quæst. 10.* But *Remigius*, in the very form, *lib. 1. Dæmonolat. c. 22. Quemadmodum solent heri in villicis procuratoribus, cum eorum rationes expendunt, segnitiam negligentiamque durius castigare; ita Dæmon, in suis comitiis, quod tempus examinandis cujusque rebus atque actionibus ipse constituit, eos pessimè habere consuevit, qui nihil afferunt quo se nequiores ac flagitiis cumulatiores doceant. Nec cuiquam adeo impune est, si à superiore conventu nullo se scelere novo obstrinxerit; sed semper oportet, qui gratus esse volet in alium, novum aliquod facinus fecisse:* And this doth exceedingly solicit them all, at such times, lest they should come unprepared. But we apply this examination of ours to the particular use; whereby, also, we take occasion, not only to express the things (as vapours, liquors, herbs, bones, flesh, blood, fat, and such like, which are called *Media magica*) but the rites of gathering them, and from what places, reconciling as near as we can, the practice of antiquity to the neoteric, and making it familiar with our popular witchcraft.

<sup>d</sup> For the gathering pieces of dead flesh, *Cornel. Agrip. de occult. Philosoph. lib. 3. cap. 42. and lib. 4. cap. ult. observes,* that the use was to call up ghosts and spirits, with a fumigation made of that (and bones of carcasses) which I make my witch here, not to cut herself, but to watch the raven, as *Lucan's Erichtho, lib. 6:*

*Et quodcunque jacet nuda tellure cadaver  
Ante feras volucresque sedet: nec carpere membra  
Vult ferro manibusque suis, morsusque luporum  
Expectat siccis raptura à faucibus artus.*



*2 Hag.* I have been gathering wolves hairs,  
The mad dog's foam, and the adder's ears;  
The spurging of a dead-man's eyes,  
And all since the evening star did rise.

*3 Hag.* I last night lay all alone  
On the ground, to hear the mandrake groan;  
And pluck'd him up, though he grew full low;  
And, as I had done, the cock did crow.

As if that piece were sweeter which the wolf had bitten, or the raven had pick'd, and more effectuous: and to do it, at her turning to the south, as with the prediction of a storm. Which, though they be but minutes in ceremony, being observed, make the act more dark and full of horror.

*2. Spuma canum, lupi crines, nodus hyenæ, oculi draconum, serpentis membrana, aspidis aures, are all mentioned by the ancients in witchcraft. And Lucan particularly, lib. 6.*

*Huc quicquid fœtu genuit natura sinistro  
Miscetur, non spuma canum, quibus unda timori est,  
Viscera non lyncis, non duræ nodus hyenæ  
Defuit, &c.*

And Ovid. *Metamorph. lib. 7.* reckons up others. But for the spurging of the eyes, let us return to Lucan, in the same book, which piece (as all the rest) is written with an admirable height.

*Ast ubi servantur saxis, quibus intimus humor  
Ducitur, et tracta durescunt tabe medullæ  
Corpora, tunc omneis avidè desævît in artus,  
Immersitque manus oculis, gaudetque gelatos  
Effodisse orbeis, et siccæ pallida rodit  
Excrementa manus.*

*3. Pliny writing of the mandrake, Nat. Hist. l. 25. c. 13. and of the digging it up, hath this ceremony, Cavent effossuri contrarium ventum, et tribus circulis ante gladio circumscribunt, postea fodiunt ad occasum spectantes. But we have later tradition, that the forcing of it up is so fatally dangerous, as the groan kills, and therefore they do it with dogs, which I think but borrowed from Josephus's report of the root Baæras, lib. 7. de Bel. Judaic. Howsoever, it being so principal an ingredient in their magic, it was fit she should boast, to be the plucker up of it herself. And, that the cock did crow, alludes to a prime circumstance*



4 *Hag.* And I have been choosing out this scull,  
From charnel houses, that were full;  
From private grots, and public pits;  
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 *Hag.* Under a cradle I did creep,  
By day; and when the child was asleep,  
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,  
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

in their work: for they all confess, that nothing is so cross, or baleful to them in their nights, as that the cock should crow before they have done. Which makes that their little masters or martinets, whom I have mentioned before, use this form in dismissing their conventions. *Eja, facessite properè hinc omnes, nam jam galli canere incipiunt.* Which I interpret to be, because that bird is the messenger of light, and so, contrary to their acts of darkness. See *Remig. Dæmonolat. lib. 1. cap. 4.* where he quotes that of *Apollonius, de umbra Achillis, Philostr. lib. 4. cap. 5.* And *Euseb. Cæsariens. in confutat. contra Hierocl. 4. de gallicinio.*

4. I have touched at this before, in my note upon the first, of the use of gathering flesh, bones, and skulls: to which I now bring that piece of *Apuleius, lib. 3. de Asino aureo, of Pamphile. Priusque apparatu solito instruxit feralem officinam, omne genus aromatis, et ignorabiliter laminis literatis, et infælicium navium durantibus clavis defletorum, sepultorum etiam cadaverum expositis multis admodum membris, hic nares et digiti, illic carnosi clavi pendentium, alibi trucidatorum servatus cruor, et extorta dentibus ferarum trunca calvaria:* And, for such places, *Lucan* makes his witch to inhabit them, *lib. 6. Desertaque busta Incolit, et tumulos expulsis obtinet umbris.*

5. For this rite, see *Barthol. de Spina, quæst. de Strigibus, cap. 8. Mal. Malefic. tom. 2.* where he disputes at large the transformation of witches to cats, and their sucking both their spirits and the blood, calling them *Striges*, which *Godelman, lib. de Lamiis*, would have à *stridore, et avibus fædissimis ejusdem nominis*, which I the rather incline to, out of *Ovid's* authority. *Fast. lib. 6.* where the poet ascribes to those birds, the same almost that these do to the witches,

*Nocte volant, puerosque petunt nutricis egenteis,*

*Et vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis:*

*Carpere dicuntur lactentia viscera rostris,*

*Et plenum poto sanguine guttur habent.*



6 *Hag.* I had a dagger: what did I with that?  
Kill'd an infant to have his fat.

A piper it got, at a church-ale, *Deep*  
I bade him again blow wind in the tail.

7 *Hag.* A murderer, yonder, was hung in chains,  
The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins;  
I bit off a sinew; I clipp'd his hair,  
I brought off his rags that danced in the air.

6. Their killing of infants is common, both for confection of their ointment (whereto one ingredient is the fat boiled, as I have shewed before out of Paracelsus and Porta) as also out of a lust to do murder. *Sprenger in Mal. Malefic.* reports that a witch, a midwife in the diocese of Basil, confessed to have killed above forty infants (ever as they were new born, with pricking them in the brain with a needle) which she had offered to the devil. See the story of the three witches in *Rem. Dæmonol. lib. cap. 3*, about the end of the chapter. And M. Philippo Ludwigus Elich. *Quæst. 8*. And that it is no new rite, read the practice of Canidia, *Epod. Horat. lib. ode 5*. and Lucan, *lib. 6*. whose admirable verses I can never be weary to transcribe:

*Nec cessant à cæde manus, si sanguine vivo  
Est opus, erumpat jugulo qui primus aperto.  
Nec refugit cædes, vivum si sacra cruorem  
Extaque funereæ poscunt trepidantia mensæ.  
Vulnere si ventris, non quâ natura vocabat,  
Extrahitur partus calidis ponendus in aris;  
Et quoties sævis opus est, et fortibus umbris  
Ipsa facit maneis. Hominum mors omnis in usu est.*

7. The abuse of dead bodies in their witchcraft, both Porphyrio and Psellus are grave authors of. The one *lib. de sacrif. de vero cultu*. The other *lib. de Dæmo.* which Apuleius toucheth too, *lib. 2. de Asin. aureo*. But Remigius, who deals with later persons, and out of their own mouths, *Dæmonol. lib. 2. cap. 3*. affirms, *Hæc et nostræ ætatis maleficis hominibus moris est facere, præsertim si cujus supplicio affecti cadaver exemplo datum est, et in crucem sublatum. Nam non solum inde sortilegiis suis materiam mutuuntur: sed et ab ipsis carnificinæ instrumentis, reste, vinculis, palo, ferramentis. Siquidem iis vulgi etiam opinione inesse ad incantationes magicas vim quandam et potestatem.* And to this place, I



8. *Hag*. The screech-owl's eggs, and the feathers black,  
The blood of the frog, and the bone in his back,  
I have been getting; and made of his skin  
A purset, to keep sir Cranion in.

9 *Hag*. And I have been plucking, plants among,  
Hemlock, henbane, adder's-tongue, *L. epipactis*,  
Night-shade, moon-wort, libbard's-bane;  
And twice, by the dogs, was like to be ta'en.

10 *Hag*. I, from the jaws of a gardener's bitch, *frindin*,  
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch:  
Yet went I back to the house again,  
Kill'd the black cat, and here's the brain.

dare not, out of religion to the divine Lucan, but bring his verses from the same book.

*Laqueum nodosque nocenteis  
Ore suo rupit, pendentia corpora carpsit,  
Abrasitque cruces, percussaue viscera nimbis  
Vulsit, et, incoctas admissis sole medullas.  
Insertum manibus chalybem nigramque per artus  
Stillantis tabi saniem, virusque coactum  
Sustulit, et nervo morsus retinente pependit.*

8. These are Canidia's furniture, in *Hora. Epod. lib. ode 5.*  
*Et uncta turpis ova ranæ sanguine, plumamque nocturnæ strigis.*  
And part of Medea's confection in *Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 7.* *Strigis infames, ipsis cum carnibus, alas.* That of the skin (to make a purse for her fly) was meant ridiculous, to mock the keeping of their familiars.

9. *Cicuta, hyoscyamus, ophioglosson, solanum, martagon, doronicum, aconitum*, are the common venefical ingredients remembered by Paracelsus, Porta, Agrippa, and others; which I make her to have gathered, as about a castle, church, or some vast building (kept by dogs) among ruins and wild heaps.

10. *Ossa ab ore rapta jejunæ canis*, Horace gives Canidia, in the place before quoted. Which *jejunæ*, I rather change to gardener's, as imagining such persons to keep mastiffs for the defence of their grounds, whither this hag might also go for simples: where, meeting with the bones, and not content with them, she would



11. *Hag.* I went to the toad breeds under the wall,  
 I charm'd him out, and he came at my call;  
 I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before,  
 I tore the bat's wing: what would you have more?

\* *Dame.* Yes, I have brought, to help our vows,  
 Horned poppy, cypress boughs, *yellow flowers*  
 The fig-tree wild that grows on tombs,  
 And juice that from the larch-tree comes,  
 The basilisk's blood, and the viper's skin:  
 And now our orgies let us begin.

yet do a domestic hurt, in getting the cat's brains: which is another special ingredient; and of so much more efficacy, by how much blacker the cat is, if you will credit *Agr. Cap. de suffitibus*.

11. These also, both by the confessions of witches, and testimony of writers, are of principal use in their witchcraft. The toad mentioned in *Virg. Geor. lib. 1. Inventusque canis Bufo*. Which by Pliny is called *Rubeta*, *Nat. Hist. l. 32. c. 5.* and there celebrated for the force in magic. Juvenal toucheth at it twice within my memory, *Satyr. 1. and 6*; and of the owl's eyes, see *Corn. Agrip. de occult. Philosoph. l. 1. c. 15.* As of the bat's blood and wings there: and in the 25th chapter with *Bapt. Porta, l. 2. c. 26.*

12. After all their boasted labours, and plenty of materials, as they imagine, I make the dame not only to add more, but stranger, and out of their means to get, (except the first, *Papaver cornutum*, which I have touch'd at in the confection,) as *Sepulchris caprificos erutas, et cupressos funebreis*, as Horace calls them, where he arms Canidia, *Epod. lib. ode 5.* Then *Agaricum Laricis*, of which see *Porta, lib. 2. de Nat. Mag. against Pliny.* And *Basilisci, quem et Saturni sanguinem vocant venifici, tantasque vires habere ferunt.* *Cor. Agrip. de occult. Philos. l. 1. c. 42.* With the viper remembered by *Lucan; lib. 6.* and the skins of serpents.

*Innataque rubris*

*Æquoribus custos pretiosæ vipera conchæ,*

*Aut viventis adhuc Lybicæ membrana cerastæ.*

And *Ovid. lib. 7.*

*Nec defuit illis*

*Squamea ciniphei tenuis membrana chelydri.*



*Here the Dame put herself in the midst of them, and began her following Invocation ;<sup>u</sup>*

You<sup>\*</sup> fiends and furies, (if yet any be  
Worse than ourselves,) you that have quaked to see  
These<sup>y</sup> knots untied, and shrunk, when we have  
charm'd.

You, that to arm us, have yourselves disarm'd,  
And to our powers resign'd your whips and  
brands

When we went forth, the scourge of men and lands.  
You that have seen me ride, when Hecate  
Durst not take chariot ; when the boisterous sea,  
Without a breath of wind, hath knock'd the sky ;  
And that hath thunder'd, Jove not knowing why :  
When we have set the elements at wars,  
Made midnight see the sun, and day the stars ;  
When the wing'd lightning, in the course hath  
staid ;

And swiftest rivers have run back, afraid,

<sup>u</sup> Wherein she took occasion to boast all the power attributed to witches by the ancients, of which every poet (or the most) do give some : Homer to Circe, in the *Odyss.* Theocritus to Simatha, in *Pharmaceutria* ; Virgil to Alpheus, in his *Eclogue*, Ovid to Dipsas, in *Amor.* to Medea and Circe, in *Metamorph.* Tibullus to Saga ; Horace to Canidia, Sagana, Veia, Folia ; Seneca to Medea, and the nurse, in *Herc. Cete.* Petr. Arbiter to his Saga, in *Frag.* and Claudian to Megæra, lib. 1. in *Rufinum* ; who takes the habit of a witch, as they do, and supplies that historical part in the poem, beside her moral person of a Fury ; confirming the same drift in ours.

<sup>\*</sup> These invocations are solemn with them, whereof we may see the forms in *Ovid. Metam. lib. 7.* in *Sen. Trag. Med.* in *Luc. lib. 6.* which of all is the boldest and most horrid, beginning, *Eumenides, Stygiumque nefas, pœnæque nocentum, &c.*

<sup>y</sup> The untying of their knots is, when they are going to some fatal business ; Sagana is presented by Horace : *Expedita, per totum domum spargens Avernaleis aquas, horret capillis ut marinus asperis echinus, aut currens aper.*



To see the corn remove, the groves to range,  
 Whole places alter, and the seasons change;  
 When the pale moon, at the first voice down fell  
 Poison'd, and durst not stay the second spell.  
 You, that have oft been conscious of these sights;  
 And thou,<sup>2</sup> three-formed star, that on these nights  
 Art only powerful, to whose triple name  
 Thus we incline, once, twice, and thrice the same;  
 If now with rites profane, and foul enough,  
 We do invoke thee; darken all this roof,  
 With present fogs: exhale earth's rot'nest va-  
 pours,  
 And strike a blindness through these blazing  
 tapers. *Lump, fumbled*

Come, let a murmuring charm resound,  
 The whilst we<sup>a</sup> bury all i' the ground.  
 But first, see every<sup>b</sup> foot be bare;  
 And every knee.

*Hag.* Yes, Dame, they are.

4 Charm. *Deep, O deep we lay thee to sleep;*

<sup>2</sup> Hecate, who is called Trivia, and Triformis, of whom *Virgil, Æneid. lib. 4. Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ.* She was believed to govern in witchcraft; and is remembered in all their invocations: see *Theocr. in Pharmaceut. χαῖρ' Ἐκάτα δασπλήτι*, and *Medea in Senec. Meis vocata sacris noctium sidus veni, pessimos induta vultus: fronte non und' minax.* And *Ericht. in Luc. Persephone, nostræque Hecatis pars ultima, &c.*

<sup>a</sup> This rite of burying their materials is often confest in *Remigius*, and described amply in *Hor. Sat. 8. lib. 1. Utque lupi barbam variæ cum dente colubræ abdiderint furtim terris, &c.*

<sup>b</sup> The ceremony also, of baring their feet, is expressed by *Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 7. as of their hair:*

*Egreditur tectis vestes induta recinctas,  
 Nuda pedem, nudos humeris infusa capillos.*

And *Horat. ibid. Pedibus nudis passoque capillo.* And *Senec. in tragæd, Med. Tibi more gentis, vinculo solvens comam, secreta nudo nemora lustravi pede.*

<sup>c</sup> Here they speak, as if they were creating some new fea-



*We leave thee drink by, if thou chance to be dry ;  
Both milk and blood, the dew and the flood.  
We breathe in thy bed, at the foot and the head ;  
We cover thee warm, that thou take no harm :  
And when thou dost wake,*

*Dame earth shall quake,  
And the houses shake,  
And her belly shall ake,  
As her back were brake,  
Such a birth to make,  
As is the blue drake :  
Whose form thou shalt take.*

*Dame.* Never a star yet shot !  
Where be the ashes ?

*Hag.* Here in the pot.

ture, which the devil persuades them to be able to do often, by the pronouncing of words and pouring out of liquors on the earth. Hear what Agrippa says, *De occul. Phil. lib. 4*, near the end. *In evocationibus umbrarum fumigamus cum sanguine recenti, cum ossibus mortuorum, et carne, cum ovis, lacte, melle, oleo, et similibus, quæ aptum medium tribuunt animabus, ad sumenda corpora ;* and a little before. *Namque animæ cognitis mediis, per quæ quondam corporibus suis conjungebantur, per similes vapores, liquores, nidoresque facile alliciuntur.* Which doctrine he had from Apuleius, without all doubt or question, who in *lib. 3. de Asin. aureo*, publisheth the same. *Tunc decantatis spirantibus fibris litat vario lactice ; nunc rore fontano, nunc lacte vaccino, nunc melle montano, libet et mulsâ. Sic illos capillas in mutuos nexus obditos, atque nodatos, cum multis odoribus dat vivis carbonibus adolendos. Tunc protinus inexpugnabili magicæ disciplinæ protestate, et cæca numinum coactorum violentia illa corpora quorum fumabant stridentes capilli, spiritum mutuuntur humanum et sentiunt, et audiunt, et ambulant. Et qua nidor suarum ducebat exuviarum veniunt.* All which are mere arts of Satan, when either himself will delude them with a false form, or troubling a dead body, makes them imagine these vanities the means : as, in the ridiculous circumstances that follow, he doth daily.



*Dame.* <sup>d</sup>Cast them up; and the flint-stone *Fairy-stone*  
Over the left shoulder bone;  
Into the west.

*Hag.* It will be best.

5 Charm. *The sticks are across, there can be no loss,*

*The sage is rotten, the sulphur is gotten  
Up to the sky, that was in the ground.*

*Follow it then, with our rattles, round;*

*Under the bramble, over the brier, *fugate**

*A little more heat will set it on fire:*

*Put it in mind to do it kind,*

*Flow water and blow wind.*

*Rouncy is over, Robble is under, *Aut**

*A flash of light, and a clap of thunder,*

*A storm of rain, another of hail.*

*We all must home in the egg-shell sail;*

*The mast is made of a great pin,*

*The tackle of cobweb, the sail as thin,*

*And if we go through and not fall in——*

<sup>d</sup> This throwing of ashes and sand, with the flint-stone, cross-sticks, and burying of sage, &c. are all used (and believed by them) to the raising of storm and tempest. See *Remig. lib. 1. Dæmon. cap. 25. Nider. Formicari. cap. 4. Bodin. Dæmon. lib. 2. cap. 8. And here Codelman. lib. 2. cap. 6. Nam quando Dæmoni grandines ciendi potestatem facit Deus, tum maleficas instruit; ut quandoque silices post tergum in occidentem versus projiciant, aliquando ut arenam aquæ torrentis in aërem conjiciant, plerumque scopas in aquam intingant, cælumque versus spargunt, vel fossulâ factâ et lotio infuso, vel aquâ digitum moveant: subinde in ollâ porcorum pilos bulliant, nonnunquam trabes vel ligna in ripa transversè collocent, et alia id genus deliramenta efficiant.* And when they see the success, they are more confirmed, as if the event followed their working. The like illusion is of their phantasie, in sailing in egg-shells, creeping through augur-holes, and such like, so vulgar in their confessions.



/ *Dame.* <sup>e</sup> Stay, all our charms do nothing win  
 Upon the night; our labour dies,  
 Our magic feature will not rise —  
 Nor yet the storm! we must repeat  
 More direful voices far, and beat  
 The ground with vipers, till it sweat.

6 Charm. *Bark dogs, wolves howl,  
 Seas roar, woods roll,  
 Clouds crack, all be black,  
 But the light our charms do make.*

*Dame.* Not yet! my rage begins to swell;  
 Darkness, Devils, Night and Hell,  
 Do not thus delay my spell.  
 I call you once, and I call you twice;  
 I beat you again, if you stay my thrice:  
 Thorough these crannies where I peep,  
 I'll let in the light to see your sleep.<sup>f</sup>

<sup>e</sup> This stop, or interruption shewed the better, by causing that general silence, which made all the following noises, enforced in the next charm, more direful, first imitating that of Lucan. *Miratur Erichtho Has fatis licuisse moras; irataque morti Verberat immotum vivo serpente cadaver.*

6. And then their barking, howling, hissing, and confusion of noise expressed by the same author, in the same person.

*Tunc vox Lethæos cunctis pollentior herbis  
 Excantare deos, confundit murmura primùm  
 Dissona, et humanæ multum discordia linguæ.  
 Latratus habet illa canum, gemitusque luporum,  
 Quod trepidus bubo, quod strix nocturna queruntur,  
 Quod strident ululantque feræ, quod sibilat anguis  
 Exprimit, et planctus illisæ cautibus undæ,  
 Sylvarumque sonum, fractæque tonitrua nubis.  
 Tot rerum vox una fuit.*

See Remig. too, *Dæmonolat. lib. 1. cap. 19.*

<sup>f</sup> This is one of their common menaces, when their magic receives the least stop. Hear Erichtho again, *ibid.*



And all the secrets of your sway  
 Shall lie as open to the day,  
 As unto me. Still are you deaf!  
 Reach me a bough,<sup>f</sup> that ne'er bare leaf,  
 To strike the air; and Aconite,<sup>g</sup>  
 To hurl upon this glaring light;  
 A rusty knife,<sup>h</sup> to wound mine arm;  
 And as it drops I'll speak a charm,  
 Shall cleave the ground, as low as lies  
 Old shrunk-up Chaos, and let rise,  
 Once more, his dark and reeking head,  
 To strike the world, and nature dead,  
 Until my magic birth be bred.

x 7 Charm. *Black go in, and blacker come out;  
 At thy going down, we give thee a shout.  
 Hoo!*<sup>i</sup>

*Tibi pessime mundi  
 Arbiter immittam ruptis Titana cavernis,  
 Et subito feriere die.*

And a little before to Proserpina:

*Eloquar immenso terræ sub pondere quæ te  
 Contineant, Ennæ, dapes, &c.*

<sup>f</sup> That wither'd straight, as it shot out, which is called *ramus feralis*, by some, and *tristis* by *Senec. Trag. Med.*

<sup>g</sup> A deadly poisonous herb, feigned by *Ovid. Metam. lib. 7.* to spring out of Cerberus's foam. *Pliny* gives it another beginning of name. *Nat. Hist. lib. 27. cap. 3.* *Nascitur nudis cautibus, quas aconas vocant, et inde aconitum dixere, nullo juxta ne pulvere quidem nutriente.* Howsoever the juice of it is like that liquor which the devil gives witches to sprinkle abroad, and do hurt, in the opinion of all the magic masters.

<sup>h</sup> A rusty knife I rather give her, than any other, as fittest for such a devilish ceremony, which *Seneca* might mean by *sacro cultro* in the tragedy, where he arms *Medea* to the like rite, (for any thing I know,) *Tibi nudato pectore Mænas, sacro feriam brachia cultro: manet noster sanguis ad aras.*

<sup>i</sup> These shouts and clamours, as also the voice *har, kar,* are very particular with them, by the testimony of *Bodin, Remig. Delrio,* and *M. Phil. Ludwigus Elich.* who out of them reports



*At thy rising again, thou shalt have two,  
And if thou dost what we would have thee do,  
Thou shalt have three, thou shalt have four,  
Thou shalt have ten, thou shalt have a score.*

Hoo ! Har ! Har ! Hoo !

8 Charm. *A cloud of pitch, a spur and a switch,*  
*To haste him away, and a whirlwind play,*  
*Before and after, with thunder for laughter,*  
*And storms for joy, of the roaring boy ;*  
*His head of a drake, his tail of a snake.*

9 Charm. *About, about, and about,*  
*Till the mist arise, and the lights fly out,*  
*The images neither be seen, nor felt ;*  
*The woollen burn, and the waxen melt :*  
*Sprinkle your liquors upon the ground,*  
*And into the air ; around, around.*

*Around, around,*

*Around, around,*

*Till a music sound,<sup>k</sup>*

it thus. *Tota turba colluviesque pessima fescenninos in honorem  
Dæmonum cantat obscœnissimos : hæc canit Har. Har. Illa, Diabole,  
Diabole, salta huc, salta illuc ; altera, Lude hic, lude illic ; alia,  
Sabaoth, sabaoth, &c. Imo clamoribus, sibilis, ululatibus, popysmis  
furit, ac debacchatur : pulveribus, vel venenis acceptis, quæ homini-  
bus pecudibusque spargant.*

<sup>k</sup> Nor do they want music, and in a strange manner given them by the devil, if we credit their confessions in *Remig. Dæm. lib. 1. cap. 19.* Such as the *Syrbenæan* Quires were, which *Athenæus* remembers out of *Clearchus, Deipnos. lib. 15,* where every one sung what he would, without hearkening to his fellow ; like the noise of divers oars, falling in the water. But be patient of *Remigius's* relation. *Miris modis illic miscentur, ac turbantur omnia, nec ullâ oratione satis exprimi queat, quàm strepant sonis inconditis, absurdis, ac discrepantibus. Canit hic Dæmon ad tibiam, vel verius ad contum, aut baculum aliquod, quod fortè humi repertum, buccæ seu tibiam admovet Ille pro lyra equi calvariam pulsatur, ac digitis concrepat. Alius fuste vel clavâ graviore quercum tundit, unde exauditur sonus, ac boatus veluti tympanorum vehementius pulsato-*



*And the pace be found,<sup>4</sup>  
To which we may dance,  
And our charms advance.*

*rum. Intercinunt raucide, et composito ad litui morem clangore  
Dæmones, ipsumque cælum fragosa aridaque voce feriunt.*

<sup>4</sup> Our author is so great a magic master in this device, and has so well illustrated the design in his own comment, that he has left his editors nothing to add upon the subject. It can only be observed, that all these spectacles were undoubtedly received as true facts, on the authority of the Sovereign then present; who had endeavoured, by his own book of *Dæmonology*, to unriddle the whole system of witchcraft, and persuade his people into the firm belief of the superstitions and charms said to be practised by witches at their nightly meetings. WHAL.

“Just before this Masque was written, (says Percy, *Antient Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 199,) a parcel of learned wiseacres, with our British Solomon, James I, at their head, had busied themselves on this subject,” &c. That Percy, who ought to have observed some decorum, should copy the miserable cant of the Puritans, and sneer at the understanding of James, under a scripture name, is to be regretted. If James was so termed by his new subjects, it was not on account of any fancied wisdom in him, but of his pacific nature: He always desired that there might be peace in his days, and he *therefore* took the title of Rex Pacificus. But Percy is full of blunders: instead of *just before*, James wrote his *Dæmonology* nearly twenty years before the *Masque of Queens* appeared, and instead of being “at the head,” he was at the tail of the writers on this subject. The great misfortune of James was—an insatiate and unkingly curiosity: he always suspected imposture, and would needs search into the truth of every thing himself. He wanted not sagacity, and was complimented with more than he possessed; but this was a misfortune not peculiar to this poor king. His prying disposition undoubtedly led him, at times, into unpleasant and even ridiculous situations; but, as he was always in earnest, it sometimes conduced to good. His personal examination of demoniacs and witches, for example, led to a renunciation of his belief in witchcraft, &c. “The frequency of the forgery (Fuller says) produced such an alteration at length in the king’s judgment, that receding from what he had advanced in his *Demonology*, he grew first diffident of, and then flatly denied, the workings of witches and devils, as but falsehoods and delusions.” *Church Hist.* book x. p. 73. Would that his persecutors had always shewn themselves as open to conviction!



*At which, with a strange and sudden music, they fell into a magical dance,<sup>1</sup> full of preposterous change and gesticulation.<sup>m</sup>* 181:4

With respect to Jonson, his opinion of the popular creed is well known. There is no more necessity for supposing that he believed in witchcraft, than that he believed in the Gods of Greece and Rome. He cites his authorities in both cases; but with no further aim in either than to justify himself as a poet; except, in the present instance, to gratify prince Henry, who had laid his command upon him to collect and publish his authorities.

One word more. From the clamour raised against James, it would seem as if the commentators thought that neither witches nor laws against them existed before this young prince (he was but little turned of twenty) published his *Dæmonological* treatise. But witchcraft had been declared a capital crime in this country ages before his accession to the throne, and his doings in the way of punishment were mere piddling to the wholesale hangings and burnings of the republicans. The "godly" drove on at a merry rate, and experienced none of the "compunctious visitings" which so often restrained the hand of James. "In the collection that I have made (says the good Dr. Hutchinson) it is observable that in 103 years, from the statute against witchcraft in the 33d of Henry VIII, till 1644, (long after the death of James) when we were in the midst of our civil wars, I find but about fifteen executed. But in the sixteen years following, while the Government was in other hands, there were an hundred and nine, if not more, condemned and hanged"! *Hist. Essay on Witchcraft*, p. 68.

<sup>1</sup> The manner also of their dancing is confest in *Bodin. lib. 2. cap. 4.* And *Remig. lib. 1. cap. 17 and 18.* The sum of which *M. Phil. Lud. Elich*, relates thus, in his *Dæmonom. quæst. 10.* *Tripudiis interdum intersunt facie liberâ et apertâ, interdum obductâ larvâ, linteo, cortice, reticulo, peplo, vel alio velamine, aut farri-nario excerniculo involutâ.* And a little after, *Omnia fiunt ritu absurdissimo, et ab omni consuetudine hominum alienissimo, dorsis invicem obversis, et in orbem junctis manibus, saltando circumeunt perinde sua jactantes capita, ut qui æstro agitantur.* Remigius adds out of the confession of *Sibylla Morelia*, *Gyrum semper in lævam progredi.* Which Pliny observes in the priests of Cybele, *Nat. Hist. lib. 28. cap. 2.* and to be done with great religion. Bodin adds, that they use brooms in their hands, with which we armed our witches; and here we leave them.

<sup>m</sup> But most applying to their property: who at their meet-



*In the heat of their dance, on the sudden was heard a sound of loud music, as if many instruments had made one blast; with which not only the hags themselves, but the hell into which they ran, quite vanished, and the whole face of the scene altered, scarce suffering the memory of such a thing; but in the place of it appeared a glorious and magnificent building, figuring the HOUSE OF FAME, in the top of which were discovered the twelve Masquers, sitting upon a throne triumphal, erected in form of a pyramid, and circled with all store of light. From whom a person by this time descended, in the furniture of Perseus, and expressing heroic and masculine Virtue, began to speak.*

### HEROIC VIRTUE.

So should, at Fame's loud sound, and Virtue's sight,  
 All dark and envious witchcraft fly the light.  
 I<sup>a</sup> did not borrow Hermes' wings, nor ask  
 His crooked sword, nor put on Pluto's casque,  
 Nor on mine arm advanced with Pallas' shield,  
 (By which, my face avers'd, in open field  
 I slew the Gorgon) for an empty name:  
 When Virtue cut off Terror, he gat Fame.

ings do all things contrary do the custom of men, dancing back to back, and hip to hip, their hands joined, and making their circles backward, to the left-hand, with strange phantastic motions of their heads and bodies. All which were excellentl imitated by the maker of the dance, M. Hierome Herne, whose right it is here to be named.

<sup>a</sup> The ancients expressed a brave and masculine virtue in three figures (of Hercules, Perseus, and Bellerophon.) Of which we choose that of Perseus, armed as we have described him out of *Hesiod. Scut. Herc.* See Apollodor. the grammarian, *lib. 2. de Perseo.*



And if, when Fame was gotten, Terror died,  
 What black Erynnis, or more hellish Pride,  
 Durst arm these hags, now she is grown and great,  
 To think they could her glories once defeat?  
 I was her parent, and I am her strength.  
 Heroic Virtue sinks not under length  
 Of years, or ages; but is still the same,  
 While he preserves, as when he got good fame.  
 My daughter, then, whose glorious house you see  
 Built all of sounding brass, whose columns be  
 Men-making poets, and those well-made men,  
 Whose strife it was to have the happiest pen  
 Renown them to an after-life, and not  
 With pride to scorn the muse, and die forgot;  
 She, that enquireth into all the world,  
 And hath about her vaulted palace hurl'd  
 All rumours and reports, or true, or vain,  
 What utmost lands, or deepest seas contain,  
 But only hangs great actions on her file;  
 She, to this lesser world, and greatest isle,  
 To-night sounds honour, which she would have  
 seen

In yond' bright bevy, each of them a queen. *107. j.*  
 Eleven of them are of times long gone.\*

\* PENTHESILEA, the brave Amazon,

---

\* And here we cannot but take the opportunity  
 to make some more particular description of their  
 scene, as also of the persons they presented;  
 which, though they were disposed rather by  
 chance, than election, yet it is my part to justify  
 them all: and then the lady that will own her  
 presentation, may.

\* To follow, therefore, the rule of chrono-  
 logy, which I have observed in my verse, the

\* At the conclusion of the speech which follows this, the



Swift-foot CAMILLA,<sup>2</sup> queen of Volscia,  
Victorious THOMYRIS<sup>3</sup> of Scythia,

---

most upward in time was PENTHESILEA. She was queen of the Amazons, and succeeded Otrera, or (as some will) Orithya; she lived and was present at the siege of Troy, on their part, against the Greeks, and (as Justin gives her testimony) *Inter fortissimos viros, magna ejus virtutis documenta extitere.* She is no where named but with the preface of honour and virtue; and is always advanced in the head of the worthiest women. Diodorus Siculus<sup>o</sup> makes her the daughter of Mars. She was honoured in her death to have it the act of Achilles. Of which Propertius<sup>p</sup> sings this triumph to her beauty,

*Aurea cui postquam nudavit cassida frontem,  
Vicit victorem candida forma virum.*

<sup>2</sup> Next follows CAMILLA, queen of the Volscians, celebrated by Virgil,<sup>q</sup> than whose verses nothing can be imagined more exquisite, or more honouring the person they describe. They are these, where he reckons up those that came on Turnus's part, against Æneas:

author takes occasion to enter into a little history of the *Dramatis Personæ*. Knowledge of this kind, was gained at a greater expense of time in those days than in ours; and the poet might think perhaps that the ladies would not be unwilling to learn something in this way of the personages whom they presented. To prevent any little heart-burnings on the choice of Queens, the characters, it appears, were distributed by lot; and Jonson either could not or would not appropriate them. I have ventured to subjoin the histories to the names, respectively, instead of giving them, continuously, in the text.

<sup>o</sup> *Hist. lib. 2.*

<sup>p</sup> *Lib. 3. eleg. 10.*

<sup>q</sup> *Æneid. lib. 7.*



Chaste ARTEMISIA,<sup>4</sup> the Carian dame,  
And fair-hair'd BERONICE,<sup>5</sup> Egypt's fame,

*Hos super advenit Volsca de gente Camilla,  
Agmen agens equitum, et florenteis ære catervas,  
Bellatrix. Non illa colo, calathisve Minervæ  
Fæmineas assueta manus, sed prælia virgo  
Dura pati, cursuque pedum prævertere ventos.  
Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret  
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas:  
Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumentis,  
Ferret iter, celeris nec tingeret æquore plantas.*

And afterwards tells her attire and arms, with the admiration that the spectators had of her. All which, if the poet created out of himself, without nature, he did but shew how much so divine a soul could exceed her.

<sup>3</sup> The third lived in the age of Cyrus, the great Persian monarch, and made him leave to live, THOMYRIS, queen of the Scythians, or Massagets. A heroine of a most invincible and unbroken fortitude: who, when Cyrus had invaded her, and taking her only son, (rather by treachery than war, as she objected,) had slain him; not touched with the grief of so great a loss, in the juster comfort she took of a great revenge, pursued not only the occasion and honour of conquering so potent an enemy, with whom fell two hundred thousand soldiers: but (what was right memorable in her victory) left not a messenger surviving of his side to report the massacre. She is remembered both by Herodotus,<sup>r</sup> and Justin,<sup>s</sup> to the great renown and glory of her kind, with this elegy: *Quod potentissimo*

<sup>r</sup> *In Clio.*

<sup>s</sup> *Epit. lib. 1.*



HYPsicRATEA,<sup>6</sup> glory of Asia,  
CANDACE,<sup>7</sup> pride of Ethiopia,

---

*Persarum Monarchæ bello congressa est, ipsumque et vita et castris spoliavit, ad justè ulciscendum filii ejus indignissimam mortem.*

<sup>4</sup>The fourth was honoured to life in time of Xerxes, and was present at his great expedition into Greece; ARTEMISIA, the queen of Caria: whose virtue Herodotus,<sup>t</sup> not without some wonder, records. That a woman, a queen, without a husband, her son a ward, and she administering the government, occasioned by no necessity, but a mere excellence of spirit, should embark herself for such a war; and there so to behave her, as Xerxes, beholding her fight, should say: *Viri quidem extiterunt mihi feminae, feminae autem viri.*<sup>u</sup> She is no less renowned for her chastity, and love to her husband Mausolus,<sup>x</sup> whose bones (after he was dead) she preserved in ashes, and drank in wine, making herself his tomb; and yet built to his memory a monument, deserving a place among the seven wonders of the world, which could not be done by less than a wonder of women.

<sup>5</sup>The fifth was the fair-haired daughter of Ptolomæus Philadelphus, by the elder Arsinoë; who, married to her brother Ptolomæus, surnamed Evergetes, was after queen of Egypt. I find her written both BERONICE and BERENICE. This lady, upon an expedition of her new-wedded lord into Assyria, vowed to Venus, if he returned safe, and conqueror, the offering of her hair: which vow of her's (exacted by the suc-

<sup>t</sup> *In Polyhymn.*

<sup>u</sup> *Herod. in Urania.*

<sup>x</sup> *Val. Max. lib. 4. cap. 6. and A. Gel. lib. 10. cap. 18.*



The Britain honour, VOADICEA,<sup>8</sup>  
 The virtuous Palmyrene, ZENOBIAS,<sup>9</sup>

---

cess) she afterward performed. But her father missing it, and therewith displeased, Conon, a mathematician, who was then in household with Ptolomy, and knew well to flatter him, persuaded the king that it was taken up to heaven, and made a constellation; shewing him those seven stars, *ad caudam Leonis*, which are since called *Coma Berenices*. Which story then presently celebrated by Callimachus, in a most elegant poem, Catullus more elegantly converted: wherein they call her the magnanimous even from a virgin: Alluding (as Hyginus<sup>7</sup> says) to a rescue she made of her father in his flight, and restoring the courage and honour of his army, even to a victory. Their words are,

*Cognōram à parva virgine magnanimam.*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>6</sup> The sixth, that famous wife of Mithridates, and queen of Pontus, HYPsicRATEA, no less an example of virtue than the rest; who so loved her husband, as she was assistant to him in all labours and hazard of the war, in a masculine habit. For which cause (as Valerius Maximus<sup>1</sup> observes) she departed with the chief ornament of her beauty. *Tonsis enim capillis, equo se et armis assuefecit, quo facilius laboribus et periculis ejus interesset.* And afterward, in his flight from Pompey, accompanied his misfortune, with a mind and body equally unwearied. She is so solemnly registered by that grave author, as a

<sup>7</sup> *Astronom. lib. 2. in. Leo.*

<sup>2</sup> *Catul. de Coma Beronic.*

<sup>1</sup> *Lib. 4. cap. 6. de amor. conjug.*



The wise and warlike Goth, AMALASUNTA,<sup>10</sup>  
 The bold VALASCA<sup>11</sup> of Bohemia;

---

notable precedent of marriage loyalty and love: virtues that might raise a mean person to equality with a queen; but a queen to the state and honour of a deity.

<sup>7</sup> The seventh, that renown of Ethiopia, CANDACE: from whose excellency the succeeding queens of that nation were ambitious to be called so. A woman of a most haughty spirit against enemies, and a singular affection to her subjects. I find her celebrated by Dion,<sup>b</sup> and Pliny,<sup>c</sup> invading Egypt in the time of Augustus: who, though she were enforced to a peace by his lieutenant Petronius, doth not the less worthily hold her place here; when every where this elogy remains of her fame: that she was *maximi animi mulier, tantique in suos meriti, ut omnes deinceps Æthiopium reginæ ejus nomine fuerint appellatæ*. She governed in Meroë.

<sup>8</sup> The eighth, our own honour, VOADICEA, or BOADICEA; by some Bunduica, and Bunduca, queen of the Iceni, a people that inhabited that part of our island which was called East-Anglia, and comprehended Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge, and Huntingdon shires. Since she was born here at home, we will first honour her with a home-born testimony; from the grave and diligent Spenser:<sup>d</sup>

---

*Bunduca Britoness,  
 Bunduca, that victorious conqueress,  
 That lifting up her brave heroic thought*

<sup>b</sup> *Hist. Rom. lib. 54.*

<sup>c</sup> *Nat. Hist. lib. 6. cap. 29.*

<sup>d</sup> *Ruins of Time.*



These, in their lives, as fortunes, crown'd the  
choice  
Of womankind, and 'gainst all opposite voice

---

'Bove woman's weakness, with the Romans fought;  
Fought, and in field against them thrice prevail'd, &c.

To which see her orations in story, made by Tacitus<sup>e</sup> and Dion:<sup>f</sup> wherein is expressed all magnitude of a spirit, breathing to the liberty and redemption of her country. The latter of whom, doth honest her beside with a particular description: *Bunduica Britannica fœmina, orta stirpe regia, quæ non solùm eis cum magna dignitate præfuit, sed etiam bellum omne administravit; cujus anima virilis potius quàm muliebris erat.* And afterwards, *Fœmina, forma honestissima, vultu severo, &c.* All which doth weigh the more to her true praise, in coming from the mouths of Romans, and enemies. She lived in the time of Nero.

<sup>9</sup> The ninth, in time, but equal in fame, and (the cause of it) virtue, was the chaste ZENOBIÀ, queen of the Palmyrenes, who, after the death of her husband Odenatus, had the name to be reckoned among the thirty that usurped the Roman empire from Galienus. She continued a long and brave war against several chiefs; and was at length triumphed on by Aurelian: but, *ea specie, ut nihil pompabilius P. Rom. videretur.* Her chastity was such, *ut ne virum suum quidem sciret, nisi tentatis conceptionibus.* She lived in a most royal manner, and was adored to the custom of the Persians. When she made orations

<sup>e</sup> *Annal. lib. 14.*

<sup>f</sup> *Epit. Joan. Xiphilin. in Ner.*



Made good to time, had, after death, the claim  
To live eterniz'd in the House of Fame.

---

to her soldiers, she had always her casque on. A woman of a most divine spirit, and incredible beauty. In Trebellius Pollio<sup>8</sup> read the most notable description of a queen and her, that can be uttered with the dignity of an historian.

<sup>10</sup> The tenth, succeeding, was that learned and heroic AMALASUNTA, queen of the Ostrogoths, daughter to Theodoric, that obtained the principality of Ravenna and almost all Italy. She drove the Burgundians and Almaines out of Liguria, and appeared in her government rather an example than a second. She was the most eloquent of her age, and cunning in all languages of any nation that had commerce with the Roman empire. It is recorded of her,<sup>9</sup> that *Sine veneratione eam viderit nemo, pro miraculo fuerit ipsam audire loquentem. Tantaque illi in discernendo gravitas, ut criminis convicti, cum plecterentur, nihil sibi acerbum pati viderentur.*

<sup>11</sup> The eleventh was that brave Bohemian queen, VALASCA, who, for her courage, had the surname of Bold: that to redeem herself and her sex from the tyranny of men, which they lived in, under Primislaus, on a night, and at an hour appointed, led on the women to the slaughter of their barbarous husbands and lords. And possessing themselves of their horses, arms, treasure, and places of strength, not only ruled the rest, but lived many years after with the liberty and fortitude of Amazons. Celebrated

<sup>8</sup> *In trigin. Tyrann.*

<sup>9</sup> *M. Anton. Cocci. Sabel. (out of Cassiod.) Ennead. 7. lib. 2.*



Where hourly hearing (as what there is old?)  
 The glories of BEL-ANNA<sup>12</sup> so well told,  
 Queen of the Ocean; how that she alone  
 Possest all virtues, for which one by one  
 They were so fam'd: and wanting then a head  
 To form that sweet and gracious pyramid

---

by Raphael Volateranus,<sup>1</sup> and in an elegant tract of an Italian<sup>k</sup> in Latin, who names himself Philalethes, *Polytopiensis civis, inter præstantissimas foeminas.*

<sup>12</sup> The twelfth, and worthy sovereign of all, I make BEL-ANNA, royal queen of the ocean; of whose dignity and person, the whole scope of the invention doth speak throughout: which, to offer you again here, might but prove offence to that sacred modesty, which hears any testimony of others iterated with more delight than her own praise. She being placed above the need of such ceremony, and safe in her princely virtue, against the good or ill of any witness. The name of Bel-anna I devised, to honour hers proper by; as adding to it the attribute of Fair: and is kept by me in all my poems, wherein I mention her majesty with any shadow or figure. Of which, some may come forth with a longer destiny than this age commonly gives to the best births, if but helped to light by her gracious and ripening favour.\*

But here I discern a possible objection, arising

<sup>i</sup> *In Geograph. l. 2.*

<sup>k</sup> *Forcia. Quæst.*

\* This "birth" never came to light. It is evident, however, from other passages, that Jonson had made some progress in a work, intended to celebrate the ladies of Great Britain. Why it was not completed, or why it never appeared, it is now too late to guess.



Wherein they sit, it being the sov'reign place  
Of all that palace, and reserv'd to grace

---

against me ; to which I must turn : as, *How I can bring persons of so different ages, to appear properly together ? or why (which is more unnatural) with Virgil's Mezentius, I join the living with the dead ?* I answer to both these at once. Nothing is more proper ; nothing more natural. For these all live, and together, in their fame : and so I present them. Besides, if I would fly to the all-daring power of poetry, where could I not take sanctuary ? or in whose poem ? For other objections, let the looks and noses of judges hover thick ; so they bring the brains : or if they do not, I care not. When I suffered it to go abroad, I departed with my right : and now, so secure an interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise nor dispraise shall affect me.

There rests only that we give the description we promised of the scene, which was the house of Fame. The structure and ornament of which (as is profest before) was entirely master Jones's invention and design. First, for the lower columns, he chose the statues of the most excellent poets, as Homer, Virgil, Lucan, &c. as being the substantial supporters of Fame. For the upper, Achilles, Æneas, Cæsar, and those great heroes, which these poets had celebrated. All which stood as in massy gold. Between the pillars, underneath, were figured land-battles, sea-fights, triumphs, loves, sacrifices, and all magnificent subjects of honour, in brass, and heightened with silver. In which he profest to follow that noble description made by Chaucer of the place. Above were sited the masquers,



The worthiest queen: these, without envy' on her,  
 In life, desired that honour to confer,  
 Which, with their death, no other should enjoy.  
 She this embracing with a virtuous joy,

---

over whose heads he devised two eminent figures of Honour and Virtue for the arch. The friezes, both below and above, were filled with several-coloured lights, like emeralds, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, &c. the reflex of which, with our lights, placed in the concave, upon the masquers' habits, was full of glory. These habits had in them the excellency of all device and riches; and were worthily varied by his invention, to the nations whereof they were queens. Nor are these alone his due; but divers other accessions to the strangeness and beauty of the spectacle: as the hell, the going about of the chariots, and binding the witches, the turning machine, with the presentation of Fame. All which I willingly acknowledge for him:<sup>2</sup> since it is a virtue planted in good natures, that what respects they wish to obtain fruitfully from others, they will give ingenuously themselves.

<sup>2</sup> *All which I willingly acknowledge, for him, &c.]* A man of greater liberality than Jonson, probably, never existed. He speaks of his associates, not only with candour, but with a warmth of praise, and even of affection, that cannot be surpassed. To Inigo Jones, he shews peculiar kindness; he frequently goes out of his way, and enlarges upon the machinery of his Masques, with an evident view to recommend him to the notice of the court. And his return for all this, is—to be taxed with “detraction” on all occasions, and to have his name held up by the commentators on our old dramatists, as synonymous with envy, and every hateful and malignant passion.

Two and twenty years indeed, after this period, Jonson and Jones fell at variance, and the former, who was then bedridden, wrote a series of verses against the latter, more remarkable for



Far from self-love, as humbling all her worth  
 To him that gave it, hath again brought forth  
 Their names to memory ; and means, this night,  
 To make them once more visible to light :  
 And to that light, from whence her truth of  
 spirit

Confesseth all the lustre of her merit.

To you, most royal and most happy king,  
 Of whom Fame's house in every part doth ring  
 For every virtue, but can give no increase :  
 Not, though her loudest trumpet blaze your  
 peace.

Lo you, that cherish every great example  
 Contracted in yourself ; and being so ample  
 A field of honour, cannot but embrace  
 A spectacle, so full of love, and grace  
 Unto your court : where every princely dame  
 Contends to be as bounteous of her fame  
 To others, as her life was good to her.  
 For by their lives they only did confer  
 Good on themselves ; but, by their fame, to yours,  
 And every age, the benefit endures.

*Here the throne wherein they sat, being machina  
 versatilis, suddenly changed ; and in the place of  
 it appeared Fama bona, as she is described (in  
 Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa) attired in white, with  
 white wings, having a collar of gold about her  
 neck, and a heart hanging at it : which Orus*

caustic wit than poetry. But what is there in the character of  
 Jones to induce any candid mind to believe that the satire was  
 entirely unprovoked on his part, or that the veteran bard was  
 not well founded in some part of his complaint ? Inigo was at  
 least as captious as Ben was warm, and there were faults pro-  
 bably on both sides.

Be this as it may ; it is but justice to give the poet credit for  
 the frankness with which he here compliments his assistants in  
 the scene.

*with Malin  
 Inigo Jones*



*Apollo, in his hierogl. interprets the note of a good Fame. In her right-hand she bore a trumpet, in her left an olive-branch : and for her state, it was, as Virgil<sup>n</sup> describes her, at the full, her feet on the ground, and her head in the clouds. She, after the music had done, which waited on the turning of the machine, called from thence to Heroic Virtue, and spake this following speech.*

*F A M E.*

Virtue, my father and my honour ; thou  
That mad'st me good as great ; and dar'st avow  
No Fame for thine but what is perfect : aid,  
To-night, the triumphs of thy white-wing'd maid.  
Do those renowned queens all utmost rites  
Their states can ask. This is a night of nights.  
In mine own chariots let them, crowned, ride ;  
And mine own birds and beasts, in geers applied  
To draw them forth. Unto the first car tie  
Far-sighted eagles, to note Fame's sharp eye.  
Unto the second, griffons, that design  
Swiftness and strength, two other gifts of mine.  
Unto the last, our lions, that imply  
The top of graces, state, and majesty.  
And let those hags be led as captives, bound  
Before their wheels, whilst I my trumpet sound.

*At which the loud music sounded as before, to give the masquers time of descending.*

---

By this time, imagine the masquers descended ; and again mounted into three triumphant chariots, ready to come forth. The first four were drawn with eagles, (whereof I gave the reason,

<sup>n</sup> *Æneid.* 4.



as of the rest, in Fame's speech) their four torch-bearers attending on the chariots sides, and four of the hags bound before them. Then followed the second, drawn by griffons, with their torch-bearers, and four other hags. Then the last, which was drawn by lions, and more eminent, wherein her Majesty was) and had six torch-bearers more, peculiar to her, with the like number of hags. After which, a full triumphant music, singing this SONG, while they rode in state about the stage :

*Help, help, all tongues, to celebrate this wonder :*

*The voice of Fame should be as loud as thunder.*

*Her house is all of echo made,*

*Where never dies the sound ;*

*And as her brow the clouds invade,*

*Her feet do strike the ground.*

*Sing then, good Fame that's out of Virtue born :*

*For, who doth Fame neglect, doth Virtue scorn.*

Here they lighted from their chariots, and danced forth their first dance : then a second, immediately following it : both right curious, and full of subtle and excellent changes, and seemed performed with no less spirits, than of those they personated. The first was to the cornets, the second to the violins. After which, they took out the men, and danced the measures ; entertaining the time, almost to the space of an hour, with singular variety : when, to give them rest, from the music which attended the chariots, by that most excellent tenor voice, and exact singer (her Majesty's servant, master Jo. Allin) this ditty was sung :

*When all the ages of the earth*

*Were crown'd, but in this famous birth ;*



*And that, when they would boast their store  
Of worthy queens, they knew no more :  
How happier is that age, can give  
A queen, in whom all they do live !*

After it, succeeded their third dance ; than which, a more numerous composition could not be seen : graphically disposed into letters, and honouring the name of the most sweet and ingenious prince, CHARLES duke of York. Wherein, beside that principal grace of perspicuity, the motions were so even and apt, and their expression so just, as if mathematicians had lost proportion, they might there have found it. The author was master Thomas Giles. After this, they danced galliards and corrantos. And then their last dance, no less elegant in the place than the rest, with which they took their chariots again, and triumphing about the stage, had their return to the House of Fame celebrated with this last SONG ; whose notes (as the former) were the work and honour of my excellent friend, Alfonso Ferrabosco.

*Who, Virtue, can thy power forget,  
That sees these live, and triumph yet ?  
Th' Assyrian pomp, the Persian pride,  
Greeks glory, and the Romans' dy'd :  
And who yet imitate  
Their noises tarry the same fate.  
Force greatness all the glorious ways  
You can, it soon decays ;  
But so good Fame shall never :  
Her triumphs, as their causes, are for ever.*

---



To conclude which, I know no worthier way of epilogue, than the celebration of who were the celebraters.

The QUEEN'S MAJESTY.

The Co. of ARUNDEL.

The Co. of DERBY.

The Co. of HUNTINGDON.<sup>1</sup>

The Co. of BEDFORD.

The Co. of ESSEX.<sup>2</sup>

The Co. of MONTGOMERY.

The Visc. of CRANBORNE.<sup>3</sup>

The La. ELIZ. GUILFORD.

The La. ANNE WINTER.

The La. WINDSOR.

The La. ANNE CLIFFORD.

<sup>1</sup> *The Countess of Huntingdon.*] This high-born lady (wife of Henry Hastings, fifth earl of Huntingdon) was Elizabeth, the daughter of Ferdinando Stanley, earl of Derby, by the lady who immediately precedes her in the list.

<sup>2</sup> *The Countess of Essex.*] This beautiful young creature (for she was not yet seventeen) was the unfortunate and guilty wife of Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, whose nuptials were celebrated with such splendor at Whitehall, and for whom Jonson composed the *Masque of Hymen*. She was the sister of the viscountess Cranborne mentioned below, and was, at this time, the pride and boast of the English court. Wilson blames her father for keeping her there during the absence of her husband, and hints, that she was too much admired by Prince Henry. At this period, however, nothing had happened to tarnish her name.

<sup>3</sup> *The Viscountess of Cranborne.*] Lady Catharine Howard, youngest daughter of Thomas earl of Suffolk, and recently married to William viscount Cranborne, son of that great statesman Robert Cecil, first earl of Salisbury. For the remaining names, see the preceding Masques.



THE  
SPEECHES

AT

PRINCE HENRY'S BARRIERS.



*Tethys!*

THE SPEECHES, &c.] Jonson has prefixed no date to these, and the *Masque of Oberon* which follows them; but the time is ascertained by the public records. On Monday the fourth of June, 1610, Henry, then in his sixteenth year, was created Prince of Wales with extraordinary pomp and solemnity. On the next day, (Tuesday,) the beautiful *Masque of Oberon* was performed, and on Wednesday the *Barriers* or Tilting. A very full account of the "formalities and shews," as they are called, on the Prince's creation, may be found in Winwood's *State Papers* (vol. iii. pp. 179—181.) In the *Masque*, which is said to have been "a most glorious one," it appears that some introductory matter (not absolutely connected with it) has been omitted. Of the *Barriers*, sir Ralph Winwood's correspondent (sir John Finnet) thus speaks. "The third and last day did not give place unto any of the former, either in stateliness of shew or sumptuousness in performance. The names of the TILTERS were these: the Duke of Lenox, the Earls of Arundell, Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery; the Lords Walden, Compton, Norris, North, Hay, and Dingwell; Sir Thomas Sommerset, Sir Thomas Howard, Sir Henry Carey, Sir Sigismond Alexander, and Mr. Henry Alexander. The Earl of Pembroke brought in two caparisons of peach-coullered velvet, embroidered all over with fair orientall pearls, and yet the Lord Walden carryed away the reputation of bravery" (splendour of apparel) "that day. But to speak generally of the court, I must truly confess unto you that I have not, in all my life, once seen so much riches in bravery as at thys time. Embroidered suits were so common, as the richest lace which was to be gotten seemed but a mean grace to the wearer."

The praise of superior skill at this course, is given in another place, to the earls of Pembroke and Montgomery and the duke of Lenox. Pembroke was eminent in every accomplishment, as well as virtue; and from the incidental notices of his brother Philip, which occur in all the court correspondence of the time, it is difficult to believe that he was so wretched a creature as later writers choose to represent him. Illiterate he assuredly was, but he excelled in all polite and manly exercises; and it is somewhat to his praise that though he continued a most distinguished favourite to the last moment of the king's existence, he provoked no ill-will, and excited no envy. His declining years were stained with ingratitude of the basest kind; and he was abandoned to merited disgrace and contempt.

It was, I believe, at these Barriers, that Carr laid the foundation of his surprising fortune. He was pitched upon by lord Dingwell (Hume says, by lord Hay) on account of his youth and beauty, to present him, in quality of his page, with his lance and shield. In approaching the lists for this purpose, he was thrown from his horse, and taken up with a broken leg. The rest is matter of history, and too well known.



# PRINCE HENRY'S BARRIERS.

---

*The LADY OF THE LAKE discovered.<sup>1</sup>*

*Lady.* A silence, calm as are my waters, meet  
Your rais'd attentions, whilst my silver feet  
Touch on the richer shore; and to this seat  
Vow my new duties, and mine old repeat.

Lest any yet should doubt, or might mistake  
What nymph I am, behold the ample Lake  
Of which I'm styled; and near it MERLIN's tomb,  
Grave of his cunning, as of mine the womb.

By this it will not ask me to proclaim  
More of myself, whose actions, and whose name  
Were so full feign'd in British ARTHUR's court;  
No more than it will fit me to report

What hath before been trusted to our 'squire  
Of me, my knight, his fate, and my desire  
To meet, if not prevent, his destiny,

And style him to the court of Britany;  
Now when the island hath regain'd her fame  
Intire, and perfect, in the ancient name,  
And that a monarch equal good and great,  
Wise, temperate, just, and stout, CLAIMS AR-  
THUR'S SEAT.\*

Did I say equal? O too prodigal wrong  
Of my o'er-thirsty and unequal tongue!

<sup>1</sup> *The Lady of the Lake.*] Alluding to the old romance of *Sir Lancelot and the Lady of the Lake.* WHAL.

\* CLAIMS ARTHUR'S SEAT.] See the additions to the *Masque of Pleasure reconciled to Virtue*, "for the honour of Wales."



How brighter far than when our Arthur liv'd,  
 Are all the glories of this place reviv'd !  
 What riches do I see ; what beauties here !  
 What awe, what love, what reverence, joy, and  
 fear !

What ornaments of counsel as of court !  
 All that is high, or great, or can comport  
 Unto the style of majesty, that knows  
 No rival, but itself, this place here shows.  
 Only the house of Chivalry (howe'er  
 The inner parts and store be full, yet here  
 In that which gentry should sustain) decay'd,  
 Or rather ruin'd seems ; her buildings laid  
 Flat with the earth, that were the pride of time,  
 And did the barbarous Memphian heaps out-  
 climb.

Those obelisks and columns broke, and down,  
 That struck the stars, and rais'd the British crown  
 To be a constellation :<sup>2</sup> shields and swords,  
 Cobwebb'd, and rusty ; not a helm affords  
 A spark of lustre, which were wont to give  
 Light to the world, and made the nation live ;  
 When in a day of honour fire was smit  
 To have put out Vulcan's, and have lasted yet.

<sup>2</sup> ———— *Shields and swords,  
 Cobwebb'd and rusty ; not a helm affords  
 A spark of lustre, which were wont to give  
 Light to the world, and made the nation live.]* There is a  
 great similitude between these verses, and those of the poet  
 Bacchylides, in his delicate *Hymn to Peace*:

Ἐν δὲ σιδαροδέτοισιν πόρπαξιν αἰθᾶν Ἀράχναν  
 Ἴσοι πέλονται· ἔγχεά τε λογχωλὰ  
 Ξίφεα τ' ἀμφακεα εὐρὺς δάμναται· χαλκέων  
 Οὐκέτι σαλπιγῶν κτυῶ.

O'er the bright concave shield, the spider spreads  
 Her dusty web ; and cankring rust devours  
 The two-edg'd falchion, and the pointed spear ;  
 Nor longer heard the brazen trumpet's sound. **WHAL.**



O, when this edifice stood great and high,  
 That in the carcase hath such majesty,  
 Whose very skeleton boasts so much worth,  
 What grace, what glories did it then send forth!  
 When to the structure went more noble names  
 Than the Ephesian temple lost in flames:  
 When every stone was laid by virtuous hands;  
 And standing so,—O that it yet not stands!  
 More truth of architecture there was blazed,  
 Than liv'd in all the ignorant Goths have razed.  
 There porticos were built, and seats for knights  
 That watch'd for all adventures, days and nights,  
 The niches fill'd with statues to invite  
 Young valours forth, by their old forms to fight.  
 With arcs triumphal for their actions done,  
 Out-striding the Colossus of the Sun.  
 And trophies, rear'd of spoiled enemies,  
 Whose tops pierc'd through the clouds, and hit  
 the skies.

ARTHUR, *discovered as a star above.*

*Arth.* And thither hath thy voice pierc'd. Stand  
 not mazed,  
 Thy eyes have here on greater glories gazed,  
 And not been frightened. I, thy Arthur, am  
 Translated to a star: and of that frame  
 Or constellation that was call'd of me  
 So long before, as showing what I should be,  
 Arcturus, once thy king, and now thy star.  
 Such the rewards of all good princes are!  
 Nor let it trouble thy design, fair dame,  
 That I am present to it with my flame  
 And influence; since the times are now devolv'd  
 That Merlin's mystic prophecies are absolv'd,  
 In Britain's name, the union of this isle,  
 And claim both of my sceptre and my style.



Fair fall his virtue, that doth fill that throne,  
 In which I joy, to find myself so' out-shone :  
 And for the greater, wish, men should him take,  
 As it is nobler to restore than make.

Proceed in thy great work ; bring forth thy  
 knight

Preserved for his times, that by the might  
 And magic of his arm he may restore  
 These ruin'd seats of virtue, and build more.  
 Let him be famous, as was Tristram, Tor,  
 Launcelot, and all our list of knighthood ; or  
 Who were before, or have been since : his name  
 Strike upon heaven, and there stick his fame.  
 Beyond the paths, and searches of the sun,  
 Let him tempt fate ; and when a world is won,  
 Submit it duly to this state, and throne,  
 Till time, and utmost stay make that his own.

But first receive this shield : wherein is  
 wrought

The truth that he must follow ; and (being taught  
 The ways from heaven) ought not be despised.  
 It is a piece, was by the fates devised  
 To arm his maiden valour ; and to show  
 Defensive arms th' offensive should forego.  
 Endow him with it, Lady of the Lake.  
 And for the other mysteries here, awake  
 The learned MERLIN ; when thou shut'st him  
 there,

Thou buried'st valour too, for letters rear  
 The deeds of honour high, and make them live.  
 If then thou seek to restore prowess, give  
 His spirit freedom ; then present thy knight :  
 For arms and arts sustain each others right.

*Lady.* My error I acknowledge, though too late  
 To expiate it ; there's no resisting fate.



Arise, great soul ! fame by surreption got  
May stead us for the time, but lasteth not.

O, do not rise with storm, and rage. [*Thunder,  
lightning, &c.*] Forgive  
Repented wrongs.<sup>3</sup> I'm cause thou now shalt live  
Eternally, for being deprest awhile,  
Want makes us know the price of what we avile.

MERLIN, *arising out of the tomb.*

*Mer.* I neither storm, nor rage ; 'tis earth ;  
blame her

That feels these motions when great spirits stir:  
She is affrighted, and now chid by heaven,  
Whilst we walk calmly on, upright and even.

Call forth the fair MELIADUS,<sup>4</sup> thy knight,  
They are his fates that make the elements fight,  
And these but usual throes, when time sends forth  
A wonder or a spectacle of worth.

At common births the world feels nothing new ;  
At these she shakes ; mankind lives in a few.

*Lady.* The heavens, the fates, and thy peculiar  
stars,  
Meliadus, shew thee ! and conclude all jars.

MELIADUS, *and his six assistants here discovered.*

<sup>3</sup> *Forgive repented wrongs, &c.*] All the world knows that this redoubtable conjurer was betrayed into a cavern, and shut up by the cruel craft of this lady. There is, as the reader must be aware, a perpetual allusion to the *Morte Arthur*, and the romances which have grown out of it.

<sup>4</sup> *Call forth the fair Meliadus.*] Meliadus is prince Henry. Drummond of Hawthornden styles him *Mæliades*, and gives us the following account of that title : “ *Mæliades*, prince of the Isles, the name which prince Henry himself, in the challenges of his martial sports and masquerades, was wont to use ; which in anagram maketh a word most worthy of such a knight as he was, *Miles à Deo.*” *Tears on the Death of Mæliades.* WHAL.



*Mer.* Ay, now the spheres are in their tunes  
again.

What place is this so bright that doth remain  
Yet undemolish'd? or but late built? O,  
I read it now; ST. GEORGE'S PORTICO!  
The supreme head of all the world, where now  
Knighthood lives honour'd with a crowned brow.  
A noble scene, and fit to shew him in  
That must of all worlds fame the garland win.

*Lady.* Does he not sit like Mars, or one that  
had  
The better of him, in his armour clad?  
And those his six assistants, as the pride  
Of the old Grecian heroes had not died?  
Or like Apollo, rais'd to the world's view,  
The minute after he the Python slew?

*Mer.* 'Tis all too little, Lady, you can speak.  
My thought grows great of him, and fain would  
break.  
Invite him forth, and guide him to his tent,  
That I may read this shield his fates present.

*Lady.* Glory of knights, and hope of all the  
earth,  
Come forth; your fostress bids; who from your  
birth

Hath bred you to this hour, and for this throne:  
This is the field to make your virtue known.—

If he were now, he says, to vow his fires  
Of faith, of love, of service, then his 'squires  
Had utter'd nothing for him: but he hopes  
In the first tender of himself, his scopes  
Were so well read, as it were no decor'm  
Where truth is studied, there to practise form.



*Mer.* No, let his actions speak him ; and this  
 shield  
 Let down from heaven, that to his youth will  
 yield  
 Such copy of incitement: not the deeds  
 Of antique knights, to catch their fellows' steeds,  
 Or ladies palfreys, rescue from the force  
 Of a fell giant, or some score to unhorse.  
 These were bold stories of our Arthur's age ;  
 But here are other acts ; another stage,  
 And scene appears ; it is not since as then :  
 No giants, dwarfs, or monsters here, but men.  
 His arts must be to govern, and give laws  
 To peace no less than arms. His fate here draws  
 An empire with it, and describes each state  
 Preceding there, that he should imitate.

First, fair Meliadus, hath she wrought an isle,  
 The happiest of the earth (which to your style  
 In time must add) and in it placed high  
 Britain, the only name made Cæsar fly.

Within the nearer parts, as apt, and due  
 To your first speculation you may view  
 The eye of justice shooting through the land,  
 Like a bright planet strengthen'd by the hand  
 Of first, and warlike Edward ; then th' increase  
 Of trades and tillage, under laws and peace,  
 Begun by him, but settled and promov'd  
 By the third hero of his name, who lov'd  
 To set his own a-work, and not to see  
 The fatness of his land a portion be  
 For strangers. This was he, erected first  
 The trade of clothing, by which art were nurs'd  
 Whole millions to his service, and relieved  
 So many poor, as since they have believed  
 The golden fleece, and need no foreign mine,  
 If industry at home do not decline.



To prove which true, observe what treasure  
here

The wise and seventh Henry heap'd each year,  
To be the strength and sinews of a war,  
When Mars should thunder, or his peace but jar.  
And here how the eighth Henry, his brave son,  
Builds forts, made general musters, train'd youth  
on

In exercise of arms, and girt his coast  
With strength; to which (whose fame no tongue  
can boast

Up to her worth, though all best tongues be glad  
To name her still) did great Eliza add  
A wall of shipping, and became thereby  
The aid, or fear, of all the nations nigh.  
These, worthiest Prince, are set you near to read,  
That civil arts the martial must precede:  
That laws and trade bring honours in and gain,  
And arms defensive a safe peace maintain.

But when your fate shall call you forth t'assure  
Your virtue more, though not to make secure,  
View here, what great examples she hath placed.

First, two brave Britain heroes, that were graced  
To fight their Saviour's battles, and did bring  
Destruction on the faithless; one a king,  
Richard, surnamed with the lion's heart,  
The other Edward, and the first, whose part  
(Then being but prince) it was to lead these wars  
In the age after, but with better stars.

For here though Cœur de Lion like a storm  
Pour on the Saracens, and do perform  
Deeds past an angel, arm'd with wrath and fire,  
Ploughing whole armies up, with zealous ire,  
And walled cities, while he doth defend  
That cause that should all wars begin and end;  
Yet when with pride, and for humane respect  
The Austrian colours he doth here deject



With too much scorn, behold at length how fate  
 Makes him a wretched prisoner to that state ;  
 And leaves him, as a mark of fortune's spight,  
 When princes tempt their stars beyond their light :  
 Whilst upright Edward shines no less than he,  
 Under the wings of golden victory,  
 Nor lets out no less rivers of the blood  
 Of infidels, but makes the field a flood,  
 And marches through it, with St. George's cross,  
 Like Israel's host to the Egyptians loss,  
 Through the Red Sea; the earth beneath him cold,  
 And quaking such an enemy to behold.  
 For which his temper'd zeal, see providence  
 Flying in here, and arms him with defence  
 Against th' assassinate made upon his life  
 By a foul wretch, from whom he wrests the knife,  
 And gives him a just hire : which yet remains  
 A warning to great chiefs, to keep their trains  
 About them still, and not, to privacy,  
 Admit a hand that may use treachery.

Nearer than these, not for the same high cause,  
 Yet for the next (what was his right by laws  
 Of nations due) doth fight that Mars of men  
 The black prince Edward, 'gainst the French,  
 who then

At Cressy field had no more years than you ;  
 Here his glad father has him in the view  
 As he is entering in the school of war,  
 And pours all blessings on him from afar  
 That wishes can ; whilst he, that close of day,  
 Like a young lion newly taught to prey,  
 Invades the herds, so fled the French, and tears  
 From the Bohemian crown the plume he wears,  
 Which after for his crest he did preserve  
 To his father's use, with this fit word, I SERVE.  
 But here at Poitiers he was Mars indeed.  
 Never did valour with more stream succeed



Than he had there ; he flow'd out like a sea  
 Upon their troops, and left their arms no way :  
 Or like a fire carried with high winds  
 Now broad, and spreading, by and by it finds  
 A vent upright, to look which way to burn ;  
 Then shoots along again, or round doth turn,  
 Till in the circling spoil it hath embraced  
 All that stood nigh, or in the reach to waste :  
 Such was his rage that day ; but then forgot,  
 Soon as his sword was sheath'd, it lasted not,  
 After the king, the dauphin, and French peers  
 By yielding to him, wisely quit their fears,  
 Whom he did use with such humanity,  
 As they complain'd not of captivity ;  
 But here to England without shame came in :  
 To be his captives, was the next to win.

Yet rests the other thunderbolt of war,  
 Harry the fifth, to whom in face you are<sup>s</sup>  
 So like, as fate would have you so in worth,  
 Illustrious prince. This virtue ne'er came forth,  
 But Fame flew greater for him, than she did  
 For other mortals ; Fate herself did bid  
 To save his life : the time it reach'd unto,  
 War knew not how to give him enough to do.

<sup>s</sup> *Harry the fifth, to whom in face you are*

*So like, as fate would have you so in worth.]* I do not remember this particular taken notice of by historians, in their description of prince Henry's person : the poet, however, would hardly have stretch'd the compliment so far, had it not been so in fact. WHAL.

It is noticed, though it escaped Whalley. The courtiers are said to have made the observation with a view to please the Queen. This is mere ill nature. At any rate, as far as personal beauty was concerned, Henry the fifth might have taken the compliment without offence.

Jonson has omitted the machinery, which must have been very magnificent ; but it is probable that Merlin pointed with his wand to some moving scenery, on which the events detailed by him, were depicted.



His very name made head against his foes.  
And here at Agincourt, where first it rose,  
It there hangs still a comet over France,  
Striking their malice blind, that dare advance  
A thought against it, lighten'd by your flame  
That shall succeed him both in deeds and name.

I could report more actions yet of weight  
Out of this orb, as here of eighty-eight,  
Against the proud Armada, styled by Spain  
The INVINCIBLE ; that cover'd all the main,  
As if whole islands had broke loose, and swam,<sup>6</sup>  
Or half of Norway with her fir trees came  
To join the continents, it was so great ;  
Yet by the auspice of Eliza beat :  
That dear-beloved of heaven,<sup>7</sup> whom to preserve  
The winds were call'd to fight, and storms to serve.  
One tumour drown'd another, billows strove  
T' out-swell ambition, water air out-drove :  
Though she not wanted, on that glorious day,  
An ever-honour'd Howard to display

<sup>6</sup> *As if whole islands had broke loose and swam,]*

*Pelago credas innare revulsas  
Cycladas aut montes concurrere montibus altas.*

VIRGIL. *Æneid.* 8.

<sup>7</sup> *That dear-belov'd of heav'n, whom to preserve*

*The winds were call'd to fight, and storms to serve.]* Historians have not omitted to take notice of the violent storm, which the Spanish *Armada* met with, as it drew near the English coast, which dispersed the fleet, and destroyed many of its best vessels. This was at that time apprehended as a providential interposal of heaven, nor were the queen or nation wanting in their just acknowledgments : for a medal was struck, which had on the reverse of it a navy in a storm with this inscription, *Flavit ventis, et dissipati sunt*. Our poet has expressed this circumstance from Claudian :

*O nimium dilecte Deo, cui fundit ab antro  
Æolus armatas hyemes, cui militat æther,  
Et conjurati veniunt ad classica venti.* WHAL.



St. George's ensign ; and of that high race  
 A second, both which plied the fight and chase :  
 And sent first bullets, then a fleet of fire,  
 Then shot themselves like ordnance ; and a tire  
 Of ships for pieces, through the enemies moon,  
 That waned before it grew : and now they soon  
 Are rent, spoil'd, scatter'd, tost with all disease,  
 And for their thirst of Britain drink the seas.  
 The fish were never better fed than then,  
 Although at first they fear'd the blood of men  
 Had chang'd their element, and Neptune shook,  
 As if the Thunderer had his palace took.

So here in Wales, Low Countries, France and  
 Spain,  
 You may behold, both on the land and main,  
 The conquest got, the spoils, the trophies rear'd  
 By British kings, and such as noblest heard  
 Of all the nation, which may make to invite  
 Your valour upon need, but not to incite  
 Your neighbour princes, give them all their due,  
 And be prepared if they will trouble you.  
 He doth but scourge himself, his sword that draws  
 Without a purse, a counsel, and a cause.

But all these spurs to virtue, seeds of praise,  
 Must yield to this that comes. Here's one will  
 raise

Your glory more, and so above the rest,  
 As if the acts of all mankind were prest  
 In his example. Here are kingdoms mix'd  
 And nations join'd, a strength of empire fix'd  
 Conterminate with heaven ; the golden vein  
 Of Saturn's age is here broke out again.  
 Henry but join'd the roses, that ensign'd  
 Particular families, but this hath join'd  
 The rose and thistle, and in them combined  
 A union, that shall never be declined.



Ireland, that more in title, than in fact,  
 Before was conquer'd, is his laurels act !  
 The wall of shipping by Eliza made,  
 Decay'd (as all things subject are to fade)  
 He hath new-built, or so restored, that men  
 For noble use, prefer it afore then :  
 Royal and mighty James, whose name shall set  
 A goal for all posterity to sweat,  
 In running at, by actions hard and high :  
 This is the height at which your thoughts must fly.  
 He knows both how to govern, how to save,  
 What subjects, what their contraries should have,  
 What can be done by power, and what by love,  
 What should to mercy, what to justice move :  
 All arts he can, and from the hand of Fate  
 Hath he enforced the making his own date.  
 Within his proper virtue hath he placed  
 His guards 'gainst Fortune, and there fixed fast  
 The wheel of chance, about which kings are  
 hurl'd,  
 And whose outrageous raptures fill the world.

*Lady.* Ay, this is he, Meliadus, whom you  
 Must only serve, and give yourself unto ;  
 And by your diligent practice to obey  
 So wise a master, learn the art of sway.

Merlin, advance the shield upon his tent.  
 And now prepare, fair knight, to prove the event  
 Of your bold Challenge. Be your virtues steel'd,  
 And let your drum give note you keep the field.  
[Drum beats.

—Is this the land of Britain so renown'd  
 For deeds of arms, or are their hearings drown'd  
 That none do answer ?

*Mer.* Stay, methinks I see  
 A person in yon cave. Who should that be ?



I know her ensigns now; 'tis CHIVALRY  
 Possess'd with sleep, dead as a lethargy:  
 If any charm will wake her, 'tis the name  
 Of our Meliadus. I'll use his fame.

Lady, Meliadus, lord of the isles,  
 Princely Meliadus, and whom fate now styles  
 The fair Meliadus, hath hung his shield  
 Upon his tent, and here doth keep the field,  
 According to his bold and princely word;  
 And wants employment for his pike and sword.

CHIVALRY, *coming forward.*

*Chi.* Were it from death, that name would wake  
 me. Say,  
 Which is the knight? O, I could gaze a day  
 Upon his armour that hath so reviv'd  
 My spirits, and tells me that I am long-liv'd  
 In his appearance. Break, you rusty doors,  
 That have so long been shut, and from the shores  
 Of all the world, come, knighthood, like a flood  
 Upon these lists, to make the field here good,  
 And your own honours, that are now call'd forth  
 Against the wish of men to prove your worth!

---

## THE BARRIERS.<sup>2</sup>

---

*After which MERLIN speaks to the Prince.*

*Mer.* Nay, stay your valour, 'tis a wisdom high  
 In princes to use fortune reverently.

<sup>2</sup> This part of the solemnity is silently passed over by Jonson; and indeed, he seldom enters, at any length, into the accompaniments of his Masques and Entertainments, unless for the sake



He that in deeds of arms obeys his blood,  
Doth often tempt his destiny beyond good.

of bearing witness to the merits of Inigo Jones, Ferrabosco, Giles, and others associated in the embellishment of his labours. "Yet," says Warton, "while Milton gives only the soliloquy of the Genius, and the three songs, of his *Arcades*, in many of Jonson's Masques, the poet rarely appears, amidst a cumbersome exhibition of heathen gods and mythology"! Todd's Milton, vol. v. p. 146. *No sighs but of Jonson's raising!* Whoever is right, he is sure to be found in the wrong. No absurdity is so gross, no violation of truth so glaring, as not to be gladly received when the object of it is to decry his talents, and injure his reputation. The falshood once hazarded, is repeated by every mouth; and the cause of literature is stupidly supposed to be promoted by combining for the degradation of one of its brightest ornaments.

To return to the BARRIERS. "The prince (says Arthur Wilson) now growing manly, being in his sixteenth year, put forth himself in a more heroic manner, than was usual with princes of his time, by Tiltings, Barriers, and other exercises on horseback, the martial discipline of gentle peace." *Life of James*, p. 52. And it appears from a very curious passage in the Prince's life, written by sir Charles Cornwallis, that a grand rehearsal of the present Tilt had taken place some time before.

"The 16 yeare of his age, being to come to the time of his  
"investment in the Principallitie of Wales and Cornewall; he  
"did advance his own title and right so farre, as with modestie  
"he might: which presently was gently and lovingly enter-  
"tained, and granted of his Majestie, with the consent of the  
"Right Honourable, the High Court of Parliament: the fourth  
"of *June* following, being appointed for that solemne action,  
"the *Christmas* before which, his Highnesse not onely for his  
"owne recreation, but also that the world might know, what  
"a brave Prince they were likely to enjoy, under the name of  
"*Meliades, Lord of the Isles*, (an ancient title due to the first  
"borne of Scotland) did in his name, by some appointed for  
"the same of purpose, strangly attired, accompanied with  
"drummes and trumpets in the chamber of presence, before  
"the King and Queene, and in the presence of the whole court,  
"delivered a challenge to all Knights of Great Britaine in two  
"Speeches.

"Now began every where preparations to be made for this  
"great fight, and happy did he thinke himselfe who should be  
"admitted for a defendant, much more assailant: At last, to



Look on this throne, and in his temper view  
 The light of all that must have grace in you :  
 His equal justice, upright fortitude  
 And settled prudence, with that peace endued  
 Of face, as mind, always himself and even.  
 So Hercules, and good men bear up heaven.

I dare not speak his virtues, for the fear  
 Of flattering him, they come so nigh and near  
 To wonders ; yet thus much I prophesy  
 Of him and his. All ears your selves apply.

You, and your other you, great king and queen,  
 Have yet the least of your bright fortune seen,  
 Which shall rise brighter every hour with time,  
 And in your pleasure quite forget the crime  
 Of change ; your age's night shall be her noon.  
 And this young knight, that now puts forth so  
 soon

Into the world, shall in your names achieve  
 More garlands for this state, and shall relieve  
 Your cares in government ; while that young  
 lord'

" encounter his Highnesse, with his six assailants, 58 defen-  
 " dants, consisting of Earles, Barons, Knights, and Esquires,  
 " were appointed and chosen, eight defendants to one assailant,  
 " every assailant being to fight by turnes, eight severall times  
 " fighting, two every time with push of pike and sword, twelve  
 " stroakes at a time ; after which, the BARRE for separation  
 " was to bee let downe untill a fresh onset.

" This solemnity now approaching, his Highnesse did feast  
 " the Earles, Barons, and Knights assailants, and defendants,  
 " untill the twelfth appointed night, on which this great fight  
 " was to be performed ; which being come, his Highnesse, to  
 " the great wonder of the beholders, did admirably fight his  
 " part, giving and receiving that night, 32 pushes of pikes, and  
 " about 360 stroakes of swords, which is scarce credible in so  
 " young yeares, enough to assure the world, that Great Britaines  
 " brave Henry aspired to immortality." 8vo. 1641. p. 12.  
 et seq.

2 *While that young lord.*] The duke of York, the unfortunate  
 Charles I.



Shall second him in arms, and shake a sword,  
And lance against the foes of God and you.  
Nor shall less joy your royal hopes pursue  
In that most princely maid, whose form might  
call <sup>1</sup>

The world to war, and make it hazard all  
His valour for her beauty ; she shall be  
Mother of nations, and her princes see  
Rivals almost to these. Whilst you sit high,  
And led by them, behold your Britain fly  
Beyond the line, when what the seas before  
Did bound, shall to the sky then stretch his shore.

<sup>1</sup> *In that most princely maid.]* The princess Elizabeth, married a few years afterwards to the Elector Palatine. The present royal family are the descendants of that marriage. There is something interesting in the language of this prediction. Merlin is not altogether correct, it must be confessed, and yet he has not always prophesied so well. Elizabeth is now “the mother of nations,” and no sparing compliment will be paid “her princes” by admitting them to be rivals of her brothers ; for, when every allowance is made, Henry and Charles must be confessed to be no ordinary characters.







## OBERON, &amp;c.

OBERON,  
THE FAIRY PRINCE;

A MASQUE  
OF PRINCE HENRY'S.



OF PRINCE HENRY'S  
A MASQUE  
THE FAIRY PRINCE;  
ORERON.



181

THE MASQUE OF OBERON

O B E R O N, &c.

---

*The first face of the scene appeared all obscure, and nothing perceived but a dark rock, with trees beyond it, and all wildness that could be presented: till, at one corner of the cliff, above the horizon, the moon began to shew, and rising, a SATYR was seen by her light to put forth his head and call.*

1 Sat. CHROMIS! <sup>a</sup> Mnasil! <sup>b</sup> none appear?  
 See you not who riseth here?  
 You saw Silenus, late, I fear.<sup>c</sup>—  
 I'll prove, if this can reach your ear.

*He wound his cornet, and thought himself answered; but was deceived by the echo.*

O, you wake then! come away,  
 Times be short are made for play;

<sup>a b</sup> They are the names of two young Satyrs, I find in Virgil *Eclog.* 6. that took Silenus sleeping; who is feigned to be the pædagogue of Bacchus: as the Satyrs are his collusores, or play-fellows. So doth Diodor. Siculus, Synesius, Julian, in *Cæsarib.* report them.

<sup>c</sup> A proverbial speech, when they will tax one the other of drinking or sleepiness; alluding to that former place in Virgil:

———— Chromis et Mnasilus in antro  
*Silenum, pueri, somno videre jacentem,  
 Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, Iaccho.*



The humorous moon too will not stay :—  
 What doth make you thus delay ?  
 Hath his tankard<sup>d</sup> touch'd your brain ?  
 Sure, they're fallen asleep again :  
 Or I doubt it was the vain  
 Echo, did me entertain.

Prove again.—

[*Wound his cornet the second time, and found it.*]

I thought 'twas she !

Idle nymph, I pray thee be  
 Modest, and not follow me :  
 I not love myself, nor thee.\*

*Here he wound the third time, and was answered by  
 another Satyr, who likewise shewed himself.*

Ay, this sound I better know :

List ! I would I could hear moe.

*At this they came running forth severally, to the  
 number of ten, from divers parts of the rock, leap-  
 ing and making antick actions and gestures ; some  
 of them speaking, some admiring : and amongst  
 them a SILENE, who is ever the prefect of the  
 Satyrs, and so presented in all their chori and  
 meetings.*

<sup>d</sup> Silenus is every where made a lover of wine, as in *Cyclops Eurip.* and known by the notable ensign, his tankard : out of the same place of Virgil : *Et gravis attrita pendebat cantharus ansa.* As also out of that famous piece of sculpture, in a little gem or piece of jasper, observed by Mons. Casaubon, in his tract *de Satyrica Poësi*, from Rascasius Bagarrius : wherein is described the whole manner of the scene, and chori of Bacchus, with Silenus, and the Satyrs. An elegant and curious antiquity, both for the subtilty and labour : where, in so small a compass, (to use his words) there is *Rerum, personarum, actionum plane stupenda varietas.*

<sup>e</sup> Respecting that known fable of Echo's following Narcissus ; and his self love.



2 *Sat.* Thank us, and you shall do so.

3 *Sat.* Ay, our number soon will grow.

2 *Sat.* See Silenus!<sup>f</sup>

3 *Sat.* CERCOPS too!

4 *Sat.* Yes. What is there now to do?

5 *Sat.* Are there any nymphs to woo?

4 *Sat.* If there be, let me have two.<sup>g</sup>

*Silen.* Chaster language!<sup>h</sup> These are nights,

Solemn to the shining rites

Of the Fairy Prince, and knights:

While the moon their orgies lights.

2 *Sat.* Will they come abroad, anon?

3 *Sat.* Shall we see young OBERON?

4 *Sat.* Is he such a princely one,

As you spake him long ago?<sup>i</sup>

<sup>f</sup> In the pomps of Dionysius, or Bacchus, to every company of Satyrs, there was still given a Silene for their overseer or governor. And in that which is described by Athenæus in his fifth book. *Bini Sileni non semel commemorantur, qui totidem plurium Satyrorum gregibus præsent. Erant enim eorum epistatæ, præsules, et coryphæi, propter grandem ætatem.* He was also *purpureo pallio vestitus cum albis soleis, et petasatus, aureum caduceum parvum ferens. Vid. Athenæ. Dipnos. lib. 6. de pompâ Ptolemaied.*

<sup>g</sup> The nature of the Satyrs the wise Horace expressed well, in the word, when he called them *Risores et Dicaces*, as the Greek poets, Nonnus, &c. style them *φιλοκερλομους*. *Nec solum dicaces, sed et proni in venerem, et saltatores assidui et credebantur, et fingeantur.*

*Unde Satyrica saltatio, quæ σικιννίς dicebatur, et à qua Satyri ipsi σικίννισαι. Vel à Sicino inventore, vel ἀπὸ τῆς κινήσεως, id est, a motu saltationis satyrorum, qui est concitatissimus.*

<sup>h</sup> But in the Silenes was nothing of this petulance and lightness, but, on the contrary, all gravity and profound knowledge of most secret mysteries. Insomuch as the most learned of poets, Virgil, when he would write a poem of the beginnings, and hidden nature of things, with other great antiquities, attributed the parts of disputing them, to Silenus, rather than any other. Which whosoever thinks to be easily, or by chance done by the most prudent writer, will easily betray his own ignorance, or folly. To this, see the testimonies of Plato, Synesius, Herodotus, Strabo, Philostratus, Tertullian, &c.



*Silen.* Satyrs, he doth fill with grace  
 Every season, every place;  
 Beauty dwells but in his face:  
 He's the height of all our race.<sup>i</sup>  
 Our Pan's father, god of tongue,<sup>k</sup>  
 Bacchus, though he still be young,  
 Phœbus, when he crowned sung,<sup>l</sup>  
 Nor Mars, when first his armour rung,<sup>m</sup>  
 Might with him be named that day:  
 He is lovelier, than in May

<sup>i</sup> Among the ancients, the kind, both of the Centaurs, and Satyrs, is confounded; and common with either. As sometimes the Satyrs are said to come of the Centaurs, and again the Centaurs of them. Either of them are διφύες, but after a diverse manner. And Galen observes out of Hippocrates, *Comment. 3. in 6. Epidemicor.* that both the Athenians and Ionians called the Satyrs φηρας, or φηρέας; which name the Centaurs have with Homer: from whence, it were no unlikely conjecture, to think our word Fairies to come. *Viderint critici.*

<sup>k</sup> Mercury, who for the love of Penelope, while she was keeping her father Icarius's herds on the mountain Taygetas, turned himself into a fair buck-goat; with whose sports and flatteries the nymph being taken, he begat on her Pan: who was born, *Capite cornuto, barbaque ac pedibus hircinis.* As Homer hath it in *Hymnis*: And Lucian, in *dialogo Panis et Mercurii.* He was called the giver of grace, χαριδότης, φαῖδρος, καὶ λευκός. *Hilaris et albus, nitens Cyllenius alis.* As Bacchus was called ανδρός, *floridus*; and Hebo, à lanugine et molli ætate, *semper virens.*

<sup>l</sup> Apollo is said, after Jupiter had put Saturn to flight, to have sung his father's victory to the harp, *Purpurea toga decorus, et laura coronatus, mirificeque deos omnes qui accubuerant, in convivio delectavisse.* Which Tibullus, in *lib. 2. Elegiar.* points to:

*Sed nitidus, pulcherque veni. Nunc indue vestem  
 Purpuream, longas nunc bene necte comas.  
 Qualem te memorant Saturno rege fugato  
 Victoris laudes tunc cecinisse Jovis.*

<sup>m</sup> He was then lovely, as being not yet stained with blood, and called χρυσοπήλεξ Ἄρης, *quasi aureum flagellum (vel rectius auream galeam) habens.*



Is the spring, and there can stay  
As little, as he can decay.

*Omn.* O, that he would come away !

*3 Sat.* Grandsire, we shall leave to play<sup>n</sup>  
With Lyæus ° now ; and serve  
Only OBERON.

*Silen.* He'll deserve  
All you can, and more, my boys.

*4 Sat.* Will he give us pretty toys,  
To beguile the girls withal ?

*3 Sat.* And to make them quickly fall ?

*Silen.* Peace, my wantons ! he will do  
More than you can aim unto.

*4 Sat.* Will he build us larger caves ?

*Silen.* Yes, and give you ivory staves,  
When you hunt ; and better wine—

*1 Sat.* Than the master of the vine ?

*2 Sat.* And rich prizes, to be won,  
When we leap, or when we run ?

*1 Sat.* Ay, and gild our cloven feet ?

*3 Sat.* Strew our heads with powders sweet ?

*1 Sat.* Bind our crooked legs in hoops  
Made of shells, with silver loops ?

*2 Sat.* Tie about our tawny wrists  
Bracelets of the fairy twists ?

*4 Sat.* And, to spight the coy nymphs' scorns,  
Hang upon our stubbed horns  
Garlands, ribands, and fine posies—

*3 Sat.* Fresh as when the flower discloses ?

<sup>n</sup> In Julius Pollux, *lib. 4. cap. 19.* in that part, which he entitles *de satyricis personis*, we read, that Silenus is called *παππῶς*, that is, *avus*, to note his great age : as amongst the comic persons, the revered for their years were called *πάπποι* : and with Julian in *Cæs.* Bacchus, when he speaks him fair, calls him *παππίδιον*.

° A name of Bacchus, Lyæus, of freeing men's minds from cares : *παρα τὸ λύω, solvo.*



- 1 *Sat.* Yes, and stick our pricking ears  
With the pearl that Tethys wears.
- 2 *Sat.* And to answer all things else,  
Trap our shaggy thighs with bells;  
That as we do strike a time,  
In our dance shall make a chime—
- 3 *Sat.* Louder than the ratling pipes  
Of the wood gods—
- 1 *Sat.* Or the stripes  
Of the taber;<sup>p</sup> when we carry  
Bacchus up, his pomp to vary.
- Omn.* O, that he so long doth tarry!
- Silen.* See! the rock begins to ope,  
Now you shall enjoy your hope;  
'Tis about the hour, I know.

*There the whole scene opened, and within was discovered the frontispiece of a bright and glorious palace, whose gates and walls were transparent. Before the gates lay two SYLVANS, armed with their clubs, and drest in leaves, asleep. At this the Satyrs wondering, Silenus proceeds:*

*Silen.* Look! does not his palace show  
Like another sky of lights?  
Yonder, with him, live the knights,  
Once, the noblest of the earth,  
Quicken'd by a second birth:  
Who, for prowess, and for truth,  
There are crown'd with lasting youth:  
And do hold, by Fate's command,  
Seats of bliss in Fairy land.  
But their guards, methinks, do sleep!

<sup>p</sup> *Erat solenne Baccho in pompa tenerorum more puerorum gestari à Sileno, et Satyris, Bacchis præcedentibus, quarum una semper erat Tympanistra, altera Tibicina, &c. Vide Athenæ.*



Let us wake them.—Sirs, you keep  
Proper watch, that thus do lie  
Drown'd in sloth!

1 *Sat.* They have ne'er an eye  
To wake withal.

2 *Sat.* Nor sense, I fear;  
For they sleep in either ear.<sup>1</sup>

3 *Sat.* Holla, Sylvans!—sure they're caves,  
Of sleep these, or else they're graves.

4 *Sat.* Hear you, friends!—who keeps the  
keepers?

1 *Sat.* They are the eighth and ninth sleepers!

2 *Sat.* Shall we cramp them?

*Silen.* Satyrs, no.

3 *Sat.* Would we had Boreas here, to blow  
Off their heavy coats, and strip them.

4 *Sat.* Ay, ay, ay; that we might whip them.

3 *Sat.* Or that we had a wasp or two  
For their nostrils.

1 *Sat.* Hairs will do  
Even as well: take my tail.

2 *Sat.* What do you say to a good nail  
Through their temples?

2 *Sat.* Or an eel,  
In their guts, to make them feel?

4 *Sat.* Shall we steal away their beards?

3 *Sat.* For Pan's goat, that leads the herds?

2 *Sat.* Or try, whether is more dead,  
His club, or the other's head?

*Silen.* Wags, no more: you grow too bold.

1 *Sat.* I would fain now see them roll'd

<sup>1</sup> For *they sleep in either ear.*] The Latin phrase is, *In utramvis aurem dormire*; and means to sleep *soundly*, without any thoughts of care. WHAL.

They had it from the Greek: it is rightly rendered by Whalley.

Επ' ἀμφοτέρα νύχ' ἢ 'πικληρῶν βατα  
Μελλει καθευδῆσιν.

*Men. Frag.*



Down a hill, or from a bridge  
 Headlong cast, to break their ridge-  
 Bones : or to some river take 'em,  
 Plump ; and see if that would wake 'em.

2 *Sat.* There no motion yet appears.

*Silen.* Strike a charm into their ears.

*At which the Satyrs fell suddenly into this catch.*

*Buz, quoth the blue flie,*

*Hum, quoth the bee :*

*Buz and hum they cry,*

*And so do we.*

*In his ear, in his nose,*

*Thus, do you see ?—[They tickle them.*

*He eat the dormouse ;*

*Else it was he.*

*The two Sylvans starting up amazed, and betaking themselves to their arms, were thus questioned by Silenus :*

*Silen.* How now, Sylvans ! can you wake ?

I commend the care you take

In your watch ! Is this your guise,

To have both your ears and eyes

Seal'd so fast ; as these mine elves

Might have stol'n you from yourselves ?

3 *Sat.* We had thought we must have got

Stakes, and heated them red-hot,

And have bored you through the eyes,

With the Cyclops,<sup>1</sup> ere you'd rise.

2 *Sat.* Or have fetch'd some trees to heave

Up your bulks, that so did cleave

To the ground there.

<sup>1</sup> *Vid. Cyc. Euripid. ubi Satiri Ulyssi auxilio sint ad amburendum oculum Cyclopis.*



4 *Sat.* Are you free  
Yet of sleep, and can you see  
Who is yonder up aloof?

1 *Sat.* Be your eyes yet moon-proof?

1 *Syl.* Satyrs, leave your petulance,  
And go frisk about and dance;  
Or else rail upon the moon:  
Your expectance is too soon.

For before the second cock  
Crow, the gates will not unlock;  
And, till then, we know we keep  
Guard enough, although we sleep.

1 *Sat.* Say you so? then let us fall  
To a song, or to a brawl:  
Shall we, grandsire? Let us sport,  
And make expectation short.

*Silen.* Do, my wantons, what you please.  
I'll lie down and take mine ease.

1 *Sat.* Brothers, sing then, and upbraid,  
As we use, yond' seeming maid.

### SONG.

*Now, my cunning lady: moon,  
Can you leave the side, so soon,  
Of the boy, you keep so hid?  
Midwife Juno sure will say,  
This is not the proper way,  
Of your paleness to be rid.  
But, perhaps, it is your grace  
To wear sickness in your face,  
That there might be wagers laid  
Still, by fools, you are a maid.*

*Come, your changes overthrow,  
What your look would carry so;  
Moon, confess then, what you are,*



*And be wise, and free to use  
Pleasures that you now do lose  
Let us Satyrs have a share.  
Though our forms be rough and rude,  
Yet our acts may be endued  
With more virtue: every one  
Cannot be ENDYMION.*

*Here they fell suddenly into an antick dance full of  
gesture and swift motion, and continued it till the  
crowing of the cock: at which they were inter-  
rupted by Silenus.*

*Silen. Stay! the cheerful chanticleer  
Tells you that the time is near:—  
See, the gates already spread!  
Every Satyr bow his head.*

*There the whole palace opened, and the nation of  
Faies were discovered, some with instruments,  
some bearing lights, others singing; and within  
afar off in perspective, the knights masquers sitting  
in their several sieges: at the further end of all,  
OBERON, in a chariot, which, to a loud triumphant  
music, began to move forward, drawn by two  
white bears, and on either side guarded by three  
Sylvans, with one going in front.*

### S O N G.

*Melt earth to sea, sea flow to air,  
And air fly into fire,  
Whilst we in tunes, to Arthur's chair  
Bear Oberon's desire;  
Than which there's nothing can be high'r,  
Save JAMES, to whom it flies:  
But he the wonder is of tongues, of ears, of eyes.*



*Who hath not heard, who hath not seen,  
Who hath not sung his name?  
The soul that hath not, hath not been;  
But is the very same  
With buried sloth, and knows not fame,  
Which doth him best comprise:  
For he the wonder is of tongues, of ears, of eyes.*

*By this time the chariot was come as far forth as  
the face of the scene. And the Satyrs beginning to  
leap, and express their joy for the unused state and  
solemnity, the foremost SYLVAN began to speak.*

1 *Syl.* Give place, and silence; you were rude  
too late;

This is a night of greatness, and of state,  
Not to be mixt with light and skipping sport;  
A night of homage to the British court,  
And ceremony due to Arthur's chair,  
From our bright master, OBERON the fair;  
Who, with these knights, attendants, here pre-  
serv'd

In Fairy land, for good they have deserv'd  
Of yond' high throne, are come of right to pay  
Their annual vows; and all their glories lay  
At's feet, and tender to this only great,  
True majesty, restored in this seat;  
To whose sole power and magic they do give  
The honour of their being; that they live  
Sustain'd in form, fame, and felicity,  
From rage of fortune, or the fear to die.

*Silen.* And may they well. For this indeed is he,  
My boys, whom you must quake at, when you see.  
He is above your reach; and neither doth,  
Nor can he think, within a Satyr's tooth:  
Before his presence you must fall or fly.  
He is the matter of virtue, and placed high.



His meditations, to his height, are even :  
 And all their issue is akin to heaven.  
 He is a god o'er kings ; yet stoops he then  
 Nearest a man, when he doth govern men ;  
 To teach them by the sweetness of his sway,  
 And not by force. He's such a king as they,  
 Who're tyrants' subjects, or ne'er tasted peace,  
 Would, in their wishes, form for their release.  
 'Tis he that stays the time from turning old,  
 And keeps the age up in a head of gold.  
 That in his own true circle still doth run ;  
 And holds his course as certain as the sun.  
 He makes it ever day, and ever spring,  
 Where he doth shine, and quickens every thing,  
 Like a new nature : so that true to call  
 Him, by his title, is to say, He's all.

1 *Syl.* I thank the wise Silenus for his praise.  
 Stand forth, bright FAIES and ELVES, and tune  
 your lays

Unto his name ; then let your nimble feet  
 Tread subtile circles, that may always meet  
 In point to him ; and figures, to express  
 The grace of him and his great emperess.  
 That all, that shall to-night behold the rites,  
 Perform'd by princely Oberon, and these knights,  
 May, without stop, point out the proper heir  
 Design'd so long to Arthur's crowns and chair.

SONG *by two Faies.*

1 Faie. *Seek you majesty, to strike ?  
 Bid the world produce his like.*

2 Faie. *Seek you glory, to amaze ?  
 Here let all eyes stand at gaze.*

Cho. *Seek you wisdom, to inspire ?  
 Touch then at no other's fire.*



1 Faie. *Seek you knowledge, to direct ?*

*Trust to his without suspect.*

2 Faie. *Seek you piety, to lead ?*

*In his footsteps only tread.*

Cho. *Every virtue of a king,*

*And of all, in him, we sing.*

Then the lesser Faies dance forth their dance ;<sup>3</sup>  
which ended, a full SONG follows, by all the  
voices.

*The solemn rites are well begun ;*

*And though but lighted by the moon,*

*They shew as rich, as if the sun*

*Had made this night his noon.*

*But may none wonder that they are so bright,*

*The moon now borrows from a greater light :*

*Then, princely Oberon,*

*Go on,*

*This is not every night.*

OBERON and the knights dance out the first  
masque dance : which was followed with this

### S O N G.

*Nay, nay,*

*You must not stay,*

<sup>3</sup> *Then the lesser Faies dance.]* “The little ladies (sir John Finnet says) performed their dance to the amazement of all beholders, considering the tenderness of their years, and the many intricate changes of the dance, which was so disposed, that which way soever the changes went, the little duke (Charles) was still found to be in the midst of these little dancers.” Had sir John been much skilled in the mysteries of fairy land, he would have recollected that the Faies always danced in a circle, of which Oberon or Mab, or some graced person, was the centre.



*Nor be weary yet ;  
 This is no time to cast away ;  
 Or for Faies so to forget  
 The virtue of their feet.  
 Knotty legs, and plants of clay,<sup>4</sup>  
 Seek for ease, or love delay.  
 But with you it still should fare  
 As with the air of which you are.*

After which, they danced forth their second masque-dance, and were again excited by a

### S O N G.

- 1 Faie. *Nor yet, nor yet, O you in this night blest,  
 Must you have will, or hope to rest.*  
 2 Faie. *If you use the smallest stay,  
 You'll be overta'en by day.*  
 1 Faie. *And these beauties will suspect  
 That their forms you do neglect,  
 If you do not call them forth.*  
 2 Faie. *Or that you have no more worth  
 Than the coarse and country Fairy,  
 That doth haunt the hearth, or dairy.*

Then followed the measures, corantos, galliards, &c. till PHOSPHORUS the day-star appeared, and called them away ; but first they were invited home by one of the Sylvans, with this

<sup>5</sup> Plants of clay.] i. e. feet of clay, from the Latin *planta*.

W<sup>H</sup>AL.

Shakspeare uses the word, with a punning allusion to the unsteady condition of his revellers, in *Antony and Cleopatra* : “ Here they'll be, anon : some of their plants are ill rooted already.”

<sup>4</sup> Then followed the measures, corantos, galliards.] “ These light skirmishers, (our historian continues,) the faies, having done



## SONG.

*Gentle knights,  
 Know some measure of your nights.  
 Tell the high-graced Oberon,  
 It is time that we were gone.  
 Here be forms so bright and airy,  
 And their motions so they vary,  
 As they will enchant the Fairy,  
 If you longer here should tarry.*

*Phos.* To rest, to rest! the herald of the day,  
 Bright Phosphorus, commands you hence; obey.  
 The moon is pale, and spent; and winged night  
 Makes headlong haste to fly the morning's sight:  
 Who now is rising from her blushing wars,  
 And with her rosy hand puts back the stars.  
 Of which myself the last, her harbinger,  
 But stay to warn you, that you not defer  
 Your parting longer: then do I give way,  
 As Night hath done, and so must you, to Day.

*After this, they danced their last dance into the  
 work. And with a full SONG the star vanished,  
 and the whole machine closed.*

their devoir, in came the princesses; first the Queen, next the lady Elizabeth's Grace, then the lady Arbella, the countesses of Arundell, Derby, Essex, Dorset, and Montgomery; the lady Hadington, the lady Elizabeth Grey, the lady Winsor, the lady Katharine Peter, the lady Elizabeth Guildford, and the lady Mary Wintoun. By that time these had done, it was high time to go to bed, for it was within half an hour of the sun's rising." To this the speech of Phosphorus alludes.—"The Ambassadors of Spaine, of Venice, and of the Low Countries were present at this and all the rest of these glorions sights, and in truth such they were." *Winwood's State Papers*, vol. iii. p. 181.



*O yet how early, and before her time,  
 The envious morning up doth climb,  
 Though she not love her bed !  
 What haste the jealous Sun doth make,  
 His fiery horses up to take,  
 And once more shew his head !  
 Lest, taken with the brightness of this night,  
 The world should wish it last, and never miss his light.*



# LOVE FREED FROM FOLLY.

L O V E

FREED FROM

IGNORANCE AND FOLLY.

A MASQUE OF HER MAJESTY'S.



LOVE FREED, &c.] The date of this Masque is not mentioned, nor the particular occasion on which it was presented. There is no earlier edition of it than the folio, 1616. Mr. Stephen Jones (a name utterly unworthy of notice, but as the book-sellers have connected it with the drama,) assigns the first appearance of all these Masques to 1640. He could grovel in falsehood for the gratification of his senseless enmity to Jonson; but to open one of his volumes for the purpose of ascertaining the truth, appears to have been thought a mere loss of time.



## LOVE FREED FROM FOLLY.

---

*So soon as the King's majesty was set, and in expectation, there was heard a strange music of wild instruments. To which a SPHYNX<sup>a</sup> came forth dancing, leading LOVE bound.*

*Sphynx.* COME, Sir Tyrant, lordly Love,  
You that awe the gods above,  
As their creatures here below,  
With the sceptre call'd your bow ;  
And do all their forces bear  
In the quiver that you wear,  
Whence no sooner you do draw  
Forth a shaft, but is a law ;  
Now they shall not need to tremble,  
When you threaten, or dissemble,  
Any more ; and, though you see  
Whom to hurt, you have not free  
Will, to act your rage. The bands  
Of your eyes, now tie your hands.  
All the triumphs, all the spoils  
Gotten by your arts, and toils,

<sup>a</sup> By this *Sphynx* was understood Ignorance, who is always the enemy of Love and Beauty, and lies still in wait to entrap them. For which Antiquity has given her the upper parts and face of a woman : the nether parts of a lion, the wings of an eagle, to shew her fierceness, and swiftness to evil, where she hath power.



Over foe and over friend,  
 O'er your mother, here must end.  
 And you now, that thought to lay  
 The world waste, must be my prey.

*Love.* Cruel Sphynx, I rather strive  
 How to keep the world alive,  
 And uphold it ; without me,  
 All again would chaos be.  
 Tell me, monster, what should move  
 Thy despight, thus, against Love ?  
 Is there nothing fair, and good,  
 Nothing bright, but burns thy blood ?  
 Still thou art thyself, and made  
 All of practice, to invade  
 Clearest bosoms. Hath this place  
 None will pity Cupid's case ?  
 Some soft eye, while I can see  
 Who it is that melts for me,  
 Weep a fit. Are all eyes here  
 Made of marble ? But a tear,  
 Though a false one ; it may make  
 Others true compassion take.  
 I would tell you all the story  
 If I thought you would be sorry,  
 And in truth, there's none have reason,  
 Like yourselves, to hate the treason.  
 For it practis'd was on Beauty,  
 Unto whom Love owes all duty.  
 Let your favour but affright  
 Sphynx here, I shall soon recite  
 Every passage, how it was.

*Sphynx.* Do, I'll laugh, or cry, alas !  
 Thinks, poor Love, can ladies looks  
 Save him from the Sphynx's hooks ?

*Love.* No ; but these can witness bear  
 Of my candor, when they hear



What thy malice is ; or, how  
 I became thy captive now :  
 And it is no small content,  
 Falling, to fall innocent.

Know then, all you Glories here,  
 In the utmost East there were  
 Eleven daughters of the morn.  
 Ne'er were brighter bevvies born,  
 Nor more perfect beauties seen.  
 The eldest of them was the queen  
 Of the Orient, and 'twas said,  
 That she should with Phœbus wed.  
 For which high-vouchsafed grace,  
 He was loved of all their race.  
 And they would, when he did rise,  
 Do him early sacrifice  
 Of the rich and purest gum,  
 That from any plant could come ;  
 And would look at him as far  
 As they could discern his car :  
 Grieving that they might not ever  
 See him ; and when night did sever  
 Their aspects, they sat and wept  
 Till he came, and never slept :  
 Insomuch, that at the length  
 This their fervor gat such strength,  
 As they would a journey prove,  
 By the guard, and aid of Love,  
 Hither to the farthest West :  
 Where they heard, as in the East,  
 He a palace, no less bright,  
 Had, to feast in every night  
 With the Ocean, where he rested  
 Safe, and in all state invested.—

I, that never left the side  
 Of the fair, became their guide,



But behold, no sooner landing  
 On this isle,<sup>b</sup> but this commanding  
 Monster Sphynx, the enemy  
 Of all actions great, and high,  
 Knowing, that these rites were done  
 To the wisdom of the sun,  
 From a cliff surprised them all :  
 And, though I did humbly fall  
 At her lion's feet, and pray'd  
 As she had the face of maid,  
 That she would compassion take  
 Of these ladies, for whose sake  
 Love would give himself up ; she  
 Swift to evil, as you see  
 By her wings, and hooked hands,  
 First did take my offer'd bands,  
 Then, to prison of the night  
 Did condemn those sisters bright,  
 There for ever to remain,  
 'Less they could the knot unstrain  
 Of a riddle, which she put  
 Darker, than where they are shut :  
 Or, from thence, their freedoms prove  
 With the utter loss of Love.

They unwilling to forego  
 One, who had deserved so

<sup>b</sup> The meaning of this is, that these ladies being the perfect  
 issue of beauty, and all worldly grace, were carried by Love to  
 celebrate the majesty and wisdom of the king, figured in the  
 sun, and seated in these extreme parts of the world ; where  
 they were rudely received by Ignorance, on their first approach,  
 to the hazard of their affection, it being her nature to hinder  
 all noble actions ; but that the Love which brought them thi-  
 ther, was not willing to forsake them, no more than they were  
 to abandon it ; yet was it enough perplex'd, in that the monster  
 Ignorance still covets to enwrap itself in dark and obscure  
 terms and betray that way, whereas true Love affects to express  
 itself with all clearness and simplicity.



Of all beauty, in their names,  
Were content to have their flames  
Hid in lasting night, ere I  
Should for them untimely die.

I, on t'other side as glad  
That I such advantage had,  
To assure them mine, engaged  
Willingly myself, and waged  
With the Monster, that if I  
Did her riddle not untie,  
I would freely give my life  
To redeem them and the strife.

*Sphynx.* Have you said, sir? will you try,  
Now, your known dexterity?  
You presume upon your arts,  
Of tying, and untying hearts;  
And it makes you confident:  
But, anon, you will repent.

*Love.* No, Sphynx, I do not presume;  
But some little heart assume  
From my judges here, that sit  
As they would not lose Love yet.

*Sphynx.* You are pleasant, sir, 'tis good.

*Love.* Love does often change his mood.

*Sphynx.* I shall make you sad agen.

*Love.* I shall be the sorrier, then.

*Sphynx.* Come, sir, lend it your best ear.

*Love.* I begin t' have half a fear.

*Sphynx.* First, Cupid, you must cast about  
To find a world the world without,  
Wherein what's done, the eye doth do;  
And is the light and treasure too.  
This eye still moves, and still is fix'd,  
And in the pow'rs thereof are mix'd  
Two contraries; which time, till now,  
Nor fate knew where to join, or how.



Yet, if you hit the right upon,  
You must resolve these, all, by one.

*Love.* Sphynx, you are too quick of tongue :  
Say't again, and take me along.<sup>6</sup>

*Sphynx.* I say; you first must cast about  
To find a world the world without.

*Love.* I say, that is already done,  
And is the new world in the moon.

*Sphynx.* Cupid, you do cast too far;  
This world is nearer by a star :  
So much light I'll give you to't.

*Love.* Without a glass? well, I shall do't.  
Your world's a lady, then; each creature  
Human, is a world in feature,  
Is it not?

*Sphynx.* Yes, but find out  
A world you must, the world without.

*Love.* Why, if her servant be not here,  
She doth a single world appear  
Without her world.

*Sphynx.* Well you shall run!

*Love.* Nay, Sphynx, thus far is well begun.

*Sphynx.* Wherein what's done, the eye doth do,  
And is the light and treasure too.

*Love.* That's clear as light; for wherein lies  
A lady's power but in her eyes?  
And not alone her grace and power,  
But oftentimes, her wealth and dower.

<sup>6</sup> *And take me along.*] Go no faster than I can go with you. i. e. Let me understand you. The phrase, which is sufficiently common, is found in *the Little French Lawyer*; and is thus explained by the unfortunate editor. "*Take me with you.* i. e. You must consider!" "The expression (he adds, with his usual simplicity) frequently occurs, not always with this *exact* meaning in old plays." Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. v. p. 212. Right; —not *always*, Mr. Weber, and you do well to put the reader on his guard.



*Sphynx.* I spake but of an eye, not eyes.

*Love.* A one-eyed mistress that unties.

*Sphynx.* This eye still moves, and still is fix'd.

*Love.* A rolling eye, that native there,  
Yet throws her glances every where;  
And, being but single, fain would do  
The offices, and arts of two.

*Sphynx.* And in the powers thereof are mix'd  
Two contraries.

*Love.* That's smiles and tears,  
Or fire and frost; for either bears  
Resemblance apt.

*Sphynx.* Which time, till now,  
Nor fate knew where to join, or how.—  
How now, Cupid! at a stay?  
Not another word, to say?  
Do you find by this, how long  
You have been at fault, and wrong?

*Love.* *Sphynx*, it is your pride to vex  
Whom you deal with, and perplex  
Things most easy: Ignorance  
Thinks she doth herself advance;  
If of problems clear, she make  
Riddles, and the sense forsake,  
Which came gentle from the Muses,  
Till her uttering, it abuses.

*Sphynx.* Nay, your railing will not save you,  
Cupid, I of right must have you.  
Come my fruitful issue forth,  
Dance, and shew a gladness, worth  
Such a captive, as is Love,  
And your mother's triumph prove.

*Here the FOLLIES, which were twelve SHE-FOOLS,  
enter and dance.*



*Sphynx.* Now, go take him up, and bear him  
To the cliff,<sup>c</sup> where I will tear him  
Piece-meal, and give each a part  
Of his raw and bleeding heart.

*Love.* Ladies, have your looks no power  
To help Love at such an hour?  
Will you lose him thus? Adieu!  
Think, what will become of you.  
Who shall praise you, who admire?  
Who shall whisper by the fire  
As you stand, soft tales? who bring you  
Pretty news, in rhymes who sing you?  
Who shall bathe him in the streams  
Of your blood, and send you dreams  
Of delight?

*Sphynx.* Away, go bear him  
Hence, they shall no longer hear him.

*Here the MUSES PRIESTS, in number twelve, advance  
to his rescue, and sing this SONG to a measure.\**

*Gentle Love,<sup>d</sup> be not dismay'd.  
See the Muses pure, and holy,  
By their priests have sent thee aid  
Against this brood of Folly.  
It is true, that Sphynx their dame  
Had the sense first from the Muses*

<sup>c</sup> This shews, that Love's expositions are not always serious, till it be divinely instructed; and that sometimes it may be in the danger of ignorance and folly, who are the mother and issue: for no folly but is born of ignorance.

<sup>d</sup> Here is understood the power of Wisdom in the Muses ministers; by which name all that have the spirit of prophecy, are styled, and such they are that need to encounter Ignorance and Folly: and are ever ready to assist Love in any action of honour and virtue, and inspire him with their own soul.

\* *To a measure.*] i. e. to a grave and stately dance.



*Which in uttering she doth lame,  
Perplexeth, and abuses.  
But they bid that thou should'st look  
In the brightest face here shining,  
And the same, as would a book,  
Shall help thee in divining.*

*Love. 'Tis done! 'tis done! I've found it out—  
Britain's the world the world without.  
The king's the eye, as we do call  
The sun the eye of this great all.  
And is the light and treasure too;  
For 'tis his wisdom all doth do.  
Which still is fixed in his breast,  
Yet still doth move to guide the rest.  
The contraries which time till now  
Nor fate knew where to join, or how,  
Are Majesty and Love;' which there,  
And no where else, have their true sphere.  
Now, Sphynx, I've hit the right upon,  
And do resolve these all by one:  
That is, that you meant ALBION.*

*Priests. 'Tis true in him, and in no other,  
Love, thou art clear absolved.  
Vanish, Follies, with your mother,  
The riddle is resolved.  
Sphynx must fly, when Phæbus shines,  
And to aid of Love inclines.  
[Sphynx retires with the Follies.*

*Love. Appear then, you my brighter charge,  
And to light yourselves enlarge,*

*' Nor fate knew where to join, or how,  
Are Majesty and Love.] The thought taken from Ovid:*

*Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur  
Majestas, et Amor. WHAL.*



To behold that glorious star,  
 For whose love you came so far,  
 While the monster with her elves,  
 Do precipitate themselves.

*Here the GRACES enter, and sing this SONG,  
 crowning Cupid.*

*A Crown, a crown for Love's bright head,  
 Without whose happy wit  
 All form and beauty had been dead,  
 And we had died with it.*

*For what are all the graces  
 Without good forms, and faces ?*

*Then, Love, receive the due reward  
 Those Graces have prepar'd.*

*Cho. And may no hand, no tongue, no eye  
 Thy merit, or their thanks envÿ.*

CHORUS and GRACES.

*Cho. What gentle forms are these that move,  
 To honour Love ?*

*Gra. They are the bright and golden lights  
 That grace his nights.*

*Cho. And shot from beauty's eyes,  
 They look like fair Aurora's streams.*

*Gra. They are her fairer daughters beams,  
 Who now doth rise.*

*Cho. Then night is lost, or fled away ;  
 For where such beauty shines, is ever day.*

The Masque Dance followed.

Which done, one of the Priests alone sung.

*1 Priest. O what a fault, nay, what a sin  
 In fate, or fortune had it been,*



*So much beauty to have lost!  
Could the world with all her cost  
Have redeem'd it?*

Cho. No, no, no.

Priest. *How so?*

Cho. *It would nature quite undo,  
For losing these, you lost her too.*

The Measures and Revels follow.

2 Priest. *How near to good is what is fair!  
Which we no sooner see,  
But with the lines, and outward air  
Our senses taken be.  
We wish to see it still, and prove,  
What ways we may deserve;  
We court, we praise, we more than love;  
We are not griev'd to serve.*

The last Masque-Dance.

And after it, this full

### S O N G.

*What just excuse had aged Time,  
His weary limbs now to have eased,  
And sate him down without his crime,  
While every thought was so much pleased!  
But he so greedy to devour  
His own, and all that he brings forth,  
Is eating every piece of hour  
Some object of the rarest worth.  
Yet this is rescued from his rage,  
As not to die by time, or age:*



*For beauty hath a living name,  
And will to heaven, from whence it came.*

Grand Chorus at going out.

*Now, now, gentle Love is free, and Beauty blest  
With the sight it so much long'd to see.  
Let us the Muses priests, and Graces go to rest,  
For in them our labours happy be.*

*Then, then, \* \* \* music sound,<sup>s</sup> and teach our feet,  
How to move in time, and measure meet :  
Thus should the Muses priests, and Graces go to rest  
Bowing to the sun, throned in the west.*

<sup>s</sup> *Then, then, angry music sound.]* This epithet is not very commonly applied to *music*: the poet seems to have used it instead of *loud*. **WHAL.**

It is unquestionably a misprint, (which I am unable to set right,) and is one of the very few errors in this excellent old copy.



# LOVE RESTORED.

*The King and Court being seated, and in expectation,*

## LOVE RESTORED,

IN A

## MASQUE AT COURT,

BY

## GENTLEMEN, THE KING'S SERVANTS.

*Enter Pluto, as Cupid.*

See, they have thrust him out, at advantage. We humbly beseech your majesty to hear with us. We had both hope and power it should have been better; however we are lost in it.



161 FROM POLLY.

*For beauty hath a living name,  
And will be known from whence it came.*

*And thus she goes at going out.*

*But now, my dear, I am free, and Beauty blest  
To see you again, and to see you so soon.*

*And thus she goes, and Grace goes to rest,  
And thus she goes, and Grace goes to rest.*

LOVE RESTORED.] From the folio, 1616. This is a sprightly little piece, and Robin Goodfellow's account of the petty tricks used by the inferior orders to procure a sight of these exhibitions, and the conduct of the menial officers of the court, is as interesting as it is amusing, from its being a lively picture of real occurrences. We learn from many of our old dramas, that considerable bustle and confusion took place at Whitehall, whenever a Masque was presented, and that previously to the entrance of the court, the doors were in a manner besieged by crowds of citizens and others clamorously advancing their respective pretensions to the honour of admission. It is said by the Puritans, and probably with some approach to truth, that the galleries were used, on these occasions, as places of assignation, and that the citizens' wives were invited to the Masques, &c. by the younger courtiers for the purposes of gallantry." "There is not a lobby nor chamber, if it could speak, (says sir Edward Peyton,) but would verify this." This was, however, after the queen's death, and when the decorum of the court was less strictly maintained.



## LOVE RESTORED.

---

*The King and Court being seated, and in expectation,*

*Enter MASQUERADO.*

I WOULD I could make them a show myself! In troth, ladies, I pity you all. You are in expectation of a device to-night, and I am afraid you can do little else but expect it. Though I dare not shew my face, I can speak truth under a vizard. Good faith, an't please your majesty, your Masquers are all at a stand; I cannot think your majesty will see any show to-night, at least worth your patience. Some two hours since, we were in that forwardness, our dances learned, our masquing attire on and attired. A pretty fine speech was taken up of the poet too, which if he never be paid for now, it's no matter; his wit costs him nothing. Unless we should come in like a morrice-dance, and whistle our ballad ourselves, I know not what we should do: we have neither musician to play our tunes, but the wild music here; and the rogue play-boy, that acts Cupid, is got so hoarse, your majesty cannot hear him half the breadth of your chair.

*Enter PLUTUS, as CUPID.*

See, they have thrust him out, at adventure. We humbly beseech your majesty to bear with us. We had both hope and purpose it should have been better, howsoever we are lost in it.



*Plu.* What makes this light, feather'd vanity here? away, impertinent folly! Infect not this assembly.

*Masq.* How, boy!

*Plu.* Thou common corruption of all manners and places that admit thee.

*Masq.* Have you recovered your voice to rail at me?

*Plu.* No, vizarded impudence. I am neither player nor masquer; but the god himself, whose deity is here profaned by thee. Thou, and thy like, think yourselves authorized in this place to all license of surquedry. But you shall find custom hath not so grafted you here, but you may be rent up, and thrown out as unprofitable evils. I tell thee, I will have no more masquing; I will not buy a false and fleeting delight so dear: the merry madness of one hour shall not cost me the repentance of an age.

*Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW.*

*Rob.* How! no masque, no masque? I pray you say, are you sure on't? no masque, indeed! What do I here then? can you tell?

*Masq.* No, faith.

*Rob.* Slight, I'll be gone again, an there be no masque; there's a jest. Pray you resolve me. Is there any? or no? a masque?

*Plu.* Who are you?

*Rob.* Nay, I'll tell you that when I can. Does any body know themselves here, think you? I would fain know if there be a masque or no.

*Plu.* There is none, nor shall be, sir; does that satisfy you?

*Rob.* Slight, a fine trick! a piece of England's Joy, this! Are these your court sports? would I

<sup>1</sup> *A piece of England's Joy.] See the Masque of Augurs.*



had kept me to my gambols o' the country still, selling of fish, short service, shoeing the wild mare, or roasting of robin-redbreast. These were better, than, after all this time, no masque : you look at me. I have recovered myself now for you, I am the honest plain country spirit, and harmless ; Robin Goodfellow, he that sweeps the hearth and the house clean, riddles for the country maids,<sup>2</sup> and does all their other drudgery, while they are at hot-cockles : one that has discoursed with your court spirits ere now ; but was fain to-night to run a thousand hazards to arrive at this place ; never poor goblin was so put to his shifts to get in to see nothing. So many thorny difficulties as I have past, deserved the best masque ; the whole shop of the revels. I would you would admit some of my feats, but I have little hope of that, i'faith, you let me in so hardly.

*Plu.* Sir, here's no place for them nor you. Your rude good-fellowship must seek some other sphere for your admitty.

*Rob.* Nay, so your stiff-necked porter told me at the gate, but not in so good words. His staff spoke somewhat to that boisterous sense : I am sure he concluded all in a non-entry, which made me e'en climb over the wall, and in by the wood-yard, so to the terrace, where when I came, I found the oaks of the guard more unmoved, and one of them, upon whose arm I hung, shoved me off o' the ladder, and dropt me down like an acorn. 'Twas well there was not a sow in the verge, I had been eaten up else. Then I heard some talk

<sup>2</sup> *Riddles for the country maids.* ] To prevent any misapprehension of an ambiguous phrase, it may be just necessary to observe that, by *riddling*, Robin means, passing the embers through a sieve.



of the carpenters' way, and I attempted that; but there the wooden rogues let a huge trap-door fall on my head. If I had not been a spirit, I had been mazarded. Though I confess I am none of those subtle ones, that can creep through at a key-hole, or the cracked pane of a window. I must come in at a door, which made me once think of a trunk; but that I would not imitate so catholic a coxcomb as Coryat.<sup>3</sup> Therefore I took another course. I watched what kind of persons the door most opened to, and one of their shapes I would belie to get in with. First I came with authority, and said, I was an engineer, and belonged to the motions. They asked me if I were the fighting bear of last year, and laughed me out of that, and said the motions were ceased. Then I took another figure, of an old tire-woman; but tired under that too, for none of the masquers would take note of me, the mark was out of my mouth. Then I pretended to be a musician, marry I could not shew mine instrument, and that bred a discord. Now there was nothing left for me that I could presently think on, but a feather-maker of Blackfriars, and in that shape I told them, Surely I must come in,

<sup>3</sup> *Which made me think of a trunk, &c.*] This alludes to one of those ridiculous mishaps which befel poor Tom in his travels through Switzerland. It is thus recorded by one of the numerous wags who under the name of "panegyrists," and the banners of Jonson, combined to furnish a laugh for prince Henry at the expense of this catholic coxcomb:

"Yet must I say thy fortune herein was ill,  
For thou went'st nak't to wash thy shirt at Basil;  
And having seen cloysters, and many a monke,  
Becam'st thyself a *Recluse in a trunke.*"

After *Coryat*, there follows, "and make a case: uses." It was omitted by Whalley, and is, to me, unintelligible.



let it be opened unto me ; but they all made as light of me, as of my feathers ; and wondered how I could be a Puritan, being of so vain a vocation. I answered, We are all masquers sometimes :<sup>4</sup> with which they knock'd Hypocrisy o' the pate, and made room for a bombard man, that brought bouge<sup>5</sup> for a country lady or two, that fainted, he said, with fasting for the fine sight since seven o'clock in the morning. O how it grieved me, that I was prevented of that shape, and had not touched on it in time, it liked me so well ; but I thought I would offer at it yet. Marry, before I could procure my properties, alarum came that some of the whimlens had too much ; and one shewed how fruitfully they had watered his head, as he stood under the grices ; and another came out, complaining of a cataract shot into his eyes by a planet, as he was star-gazing. There was that device defeated ! By this time I saw a fine citizen's wife or two let in ; and that figure provoked me exceedingly to take it ; which I had no sooner done, but one of the black-guard had his hand in my vestry, and was groping of me as nimbly as the Christmas cut-purse. He thought he might be bold with me, because I had not a husband in sight to squeak to. I was glad to forego my form, to be rid of his hot steeming affection, it so smelt of

<sup>4</sup> *I answered, We are all masquers sometimes.* ] Jonson is always happy in his allusions to this anomaly in the practice and preaching of the Puritans. See vol. ii. p. 466.

<sup>5</sup> *A bombard man that brought bouge.* ] i.e. *Provisions.* *Bouge of court* was an allowance of meat and drink to the officers of the court. WHAL.

Whalley has not noticed the bombard man. He was one of the people who attended at the buttery-hatch, and carried the huge cans of beer to the different offices. For, one of the black-guard, which occurs below, see p. 250.



the boiling house. Forty other devices I had of wiremen and the chandrie, and I know not what else: but all succeeded alike. I offered money too, but that could not be done so privately, as it durst be taken, for the danger of an example. At last, a troop of strangers came to the door, with whom I made myself sure to enter: but before I could mix, they were all let in, and I left alone without, for want of an interpreter. Which, when I was fain to be to myself, a Colossus [of] the company told me, I had English enough to carry me to bed; with which all the other statues of flesh laughed. Never till then did I know the want of an hook and a piece of beef, to have baited three or four of those goodly wide mouths with. In this despair, when all invention and translation too failed me, I e'en went back, and stuck to this shape you see me in of mine own, with my broom and my candles, and came on confidently, giving out, I was a part of the Device: at which, though they had little to do with wit, yet, because some on't might be used here to-night, contrary to their knowledge, they thought it fit, way should be made for me; and, as it falls out, to small purpose.

*Plu.* Just as much as you are fit for. Away, idle spirit; and thou the idle cause of his adventuring hither, vanish with him. 'Tis thou, that art not only the sower of vanities in these high places, but the call of all other light follies to fall, and feed on them. I will endure thy prodigality nor riots no more; they are the ruin of states. Nor shall the tyranny of these nights hereafter impose a necessity upon me of entertaining thee. Let them embrace more frugal pastimes. Why should not the thrifty and right worshipful game of Post and Pair content them;



or the witty invention of Noddy, for counters; or God make them rich, at the tables?<sup>6</sup> but masquing and revelling! Were not these ladies and their gentlewomen more housewifely employed, a dozen of them to a light, or twenty (the more the merrier) to save charges, in their chambers at home, and their old night-gowns, at draw-gloves, riddles, dreams, and other pretty purposes, rather than to wake here, in their flaunting wires and tires, laced gowns, embroidered petticoats, and other taken up braveries? Away, I will no more of these superfluous excesses. They are these make me hear so ill,<sup>7</sup> both in town and country, as I do; which if they continue, I shall be the first shall leave them.

*Masq.* Either I am very stupid, or this is a reformed Cupid.

*Rob.* How! does any take this for Cupid? the Love in court?

*Masq.* Yes, is't not he?

*Rob.* Nay, then we spirits, I see, are subtler yet, and somewhat better discoverers. No; it is not he, nor his brother Anti-cupid, the love of virtue, though he pretend to it with his phrase and face: 'tis that impostor Plutus, the god of money, who has stolen Love's ensigns; and in his belied figure rules the world, making friendships, contracts, marriages, and almost religion; begetting, breeding, and holding the nearest respects of mankind: and usurping all those offices in this age of gold, which Love himself

<sup>6</sup> *At the tables?*] It may now be added to the note on this game, (vol. iv. p. 175,) that it seems to be a species of backgammon. Noddy is, I believe, a variation of cribbage.

<sup>7</sup> *They are these make me hear so ill.*] i. e. make me to be so ill spoken of. This latinism has been noticed before. *Taken up braveries*, are expensive dresses procured on credit.



performed in the golden age. 'Tis he that pretends to tie kingdoms, maintain commerce, dispose of honours, make all places and dignities arbitrary from him, even to the very country, where Love's name cannot be razed out, he has yet gained there upon him by a proverb, *Not for Love or Money*. There Love lives confined, by his tyranny, to a cold region, wrapt up in furs like a Muscovite, and almost frozen to death: while he, in his inforced shape, and with his ravished arms, walks as if he were to set bounds and give laws to destiny. 'Tis you, mortals, that are fools; and worthy to be such, that worship him: for if you had wisdom, he had no godhead. He should stink in the grave with those wretches, whose slave he was; contemn him, and he is one. Come, follow me. I'll bring you where you shall find Love, and by the virtue of this majesty, who projecteth so powerful beams of light and heat through this hemisphere, thaw his icy fetters, and scatter the darkness that obscures him. Then, in despite of this insolent and barbarous Mammon, your sports may proceed, and the solemnities of the night be complete, without depending on so earthly an idol.

*Plu.* Ay, do; attempt it: 'tis like to find most necessary and fortunate event, whatsoever is enterprised without my aids. Alas, how bitterly the spirit of poverty spouts itself against my weal and felicity! but I feel it not. I cherish and make much of myself, flow forth in ease and delicacy, while that murmurs and starves.

<sup>s</sup> 'Tis you mortals that are fools, &c.]

*Nullam numen habes si sit prudentia, sed te  
Nos facimus, fortuna, deam. Juv. Sat. x.*



*Enter CUPID in his chariot, guarded with the Masquers, in number ten.*

## S O N G.

*O, how came Love, that is himself a fire,  
To be so cold?*

*Yes, tyrant Money quencheth all desire,  
Or makes it old.*

*But here are beauties will revive  
Love's youth, and keep his heat alive:*

*As often as his torch here dies,  
He need but light it at fresh eyes.*

*Joy, joy, the more: for in all courts,  
If Love be cold, so are his sports.*

*Cup.* I have my spirits again, and feel my limbs.  
Away with this cold cloud, that dims  
My light! Lie there, my furs and charms,  
Love feels a heat, that inward warms,  
And guards him naked, in these places,  
As at his birth, or 'mongst the Graces.  
Impostor Mammon, come, resign  
This bow and quiver; they are mine.  
Thou hast too long usurp'd my rites,  
I now am lord of mine own nights.  
Be gone, whilst yet I give thee leave.  
When thus the world thou wilt deceive,  
Thou canst in youth and beauty shine,  
Belie a godhead's form divine,  
Scatter thy gifts, and fly to those  
Where thine own humour may dispose;  
But when to good men thou art sent,<sup>9</sup>  
By Jove's direct commandment,

<sup>9</sup> *But when to good men thou art sent.*] This and the three succeeding lines are from one of Lucian's Dialogues.



Thou then art aged, lame, and blind,  
And canst nor path nor persons find.  
Go, honest spirit, chase him hence,  
To his caves; and there let him dispense  
For murders, treasons, rapes, his bribes  
Unto the discontented tribes;  
Where let his heaps grow daily less,  
And he and they still want success.  
The majesty that here doth move,  
Shall triumph, more secured by Love,  
Than all his earth; and never crave  
His aids, but force him as a slave.  
To those bright beams I owe my life,  
And I will pay it in the strife  
Of duty back. See, here are ten,  
The spirits of courts, and flower of men,  
Led on by me, with flam'd intents,  
To figure the ten ornaments,  
That do each courtly presence grace.  
Nor will they rudely strive for place,  
One to precede the other; but  
As music them in form shall put,  
So will they keep their measures true,  
And make still their proportions new,  
Till all become one harmony,  
Of honour, and of courtesy,  
True valour and urbanity,  
Of confidence, alacrity,  
Of promptness, and of industry,  
Hability, reality.  
Nor shall those graces ever quit your court,  
Or I be wanting to supply their sport.

---

Here the first DANCE.



## S O N G.

*This motion was of Love begot,  
 It was so airy, light, and good,  
 His wings into their feet he shot,  
 Or else himself into their blood.  
 But ask not how : the end will prove,  
 That Love's in them, or they're in Love.*

## 2 D A N C E.

## S O N G.

*Have men beheld the Graces dance,  
 Or seen the upper orbs to move ?  
 So these did turn, return, advance,  
 Drawn back by Doubt, put on by Love.  
 And now like earth, themselves they fix,  
 Till greater pow'rs vouchsafe to mix  
 Their motions with them. Do not fear  
 You brighter planets of the sphere :  
 Not one male heart you see,  
 But rather to his female eyes  
 Would die a destin'd sacrifice,  
 Than live at home, and free.*

## 3 D A N C E.

## S O N G.

*Give end unto thy pastimes, Love,  
 Before they labours prove :  
 A little rest between,  
 Will make thy next shows better seen.  
 Now let them close their eyes, and see  
 If they can dream of thee,  
 Since morning hastes to come in view ;  
 And all the morning dreams are true.*



## SONG.

This motion was of Love's decree;  
 It was so airy, light, and good,  
 His wings into their feet he shot,  
 Or else himself into their blood.  
 But ask not more: the end will prove,  
 That Love's in them, or they're in Love.

## DANCE.

## SONG.

Have men beheld the Graces dance,  
 Or seen the upper orbs to move?  
 So these did turn, return, advance,  
 Drawn back by Doubt, put on by Love.  
 And now like earth, the natives they are,  
 Till greater powers conchuse to win  
 Their motions with their. Do not fear  
 You brighter planets of the sphere:  
 Not one male heart you see,  
 But rather to his female eyes  
 He'd give a destin'd sacrifice,  
 Than live at home, and live.

## DANCE.

## SONG.

Give end unto thy passions, Love,  
 Before thy labours prove;  
 A little rest between,  
 Will make thy next shows better seen.  
 Now let them show their eyes, and see  
 If they can dream of thee;  
 Since nothing better to come in sight;  
 And all the morning dreams are true.



# CHALLENGE AT TILT.

## THE DAY AFTER THE MARRIAGE.

*The Court being in celebration, as before.*

A CHALLENGE AT TILT. The title is from the first folio. The date of the marriage is not given, nor are the names of those in honour of whom it was celebrated. They were of high distinction, and the presence of the royal family. Mary de- the occasion, and the presence of the royal family, who fiances of this kind are noticed in the life of prince Henry, who was much attached to these military exercises, in which he was well skilled: Instead of contracting the character of a soldier on these occasions with the exception of London, Warton might with far more justice have complained of the retentiveness of the latter. But he probably knew no more of him than he had picked up in some casual way. he was sure to be on the popular side, in conducting him. No. 1. 16

## CHALLENGE

## AT TILT,

## AT A MARRIAGE.

1 Cap. You are a rude, boy, in this presence.

2 Cap. That cannot put modesty in me, to make me come behind you though; I will stand as an ambassador; ladies, your conversation are concerned in me; I am the wife's page.

1 Cap. And I the husband's.

2 Cap. How!

1 Cap. He!

2 Cap. One of us must break the wonder; and therefore I that have best cause to be assured of mine own truth, demand of thee, by what magic thou wear'st my ensigns? or what art on my person?

1 Cap. Beware, young ladies, of this impostor;

and gentlemen, look to your daughters and nieces;



A CHALLENGE AT TILT.] The title is from the first folio. The date of the marriage is not given, nor are the names of those in honour of whom the challenge took place. That they were of high distinction is certain, from the splendour of the court on the occasion, and the presence of the royal family. Many defiances of this kind are noticed in the life of prince Henry, who was much attached to these manly exercises, in which he was well skilled : Instead of contrasting the chariness of Milton on these occasions with the exuberance of Jonson, Warton might with far more justice have complained of the retentiveness of the latter. But he probably knew no more of him than he had picked up in casual reading : and, at any rate, he was sure to be on the popular side, in condemning him.



## CHALLENGE AT TILT.

---

### THE DAY AFTER THE MARRIAGE.

*The Court being in expectation, as before.*

*Enter Two CUPIDS striving.*

1 Cup. It is my right, and I will have it.

2 Cup. By what law or necessity? Pray you come back.

1 Cup. I serve the man, and the nobler creature.

2 Cup. But I the woman, and the purer; and therefore the worthier. Because you are a handful above me, do you think to get a foot afore me, sir? No; I appeal to you, ladies.

1 Cup. You are too rude, boy, in this presence.

2 Cup. That cannot put modesty in me, to make me come behind you though; I will stand for mine inches with you, as peremptory as an ambassador: ladies, your sovereignties are concerned in me; I am the wife's page.

1 Cup. And I the husband's.

2 Cup. How!

1 Cup. Ha!

2 Cup. One of us must break the wonder; and therefore I that have best cause to be assured of mine own truth, demand of thee, by what magic thou wear'st my ensigns? or hast put on my person?

1 Cup. Beware, young ladies, of this impostor; and mothers, look to your daughters and nieces:



a false Cupid is abroad : it is I that am the true, who to do these glad solemnities their proper rites, have been contented, not to put off, but, to conceal my deity, and in this habit of a servant do attend him who was yesterday the happy Bridegroom, in the compliment of his nuptials, to make all his endeavours and actions more gracious and lovely.

2 *Cup.* He tells my tale, he tells my tale ; and pretends to my act. It was I that did this for the Bride : I am the true Love, and both this figure and those arms are usurped by most unlawful power : can you not perceive it ? do not I look liker a Cupid than he ? am I not more a child ? ladies, have none of you a picture of me in your bosom ? is the resemblance of Love banished your breasts ? Sure they are these garments that estrange me to you ! if I were naked, you would know me better : no relick of love left in an old bosom here ! what should I do ?

1 *Cup.* My little shadow is turned furious.

2 *Cup.* What can I turn other than a fury itself, to see thy impudence ? If I be a shadow, what is substance ? was it not I that yesternight waited on the bride into the nuptial chamber, and, against the bridegroom came, made her the throne of love ? had I not lighted my torches in her eyes, planted my mother's roses in her cheeks ; were not her eye-brows bent to the fashion of my bow, and her looks ready to be loosed thence, like my shafts ? had I not ripened kisses on her lips, fit for a Mercury to gather, and made her language sweeter than his upon her tongue ? was not the girdle about her, he was to untie, my mother's,<sup>1</sup> wherein all the joys and delights of love were woven ?

<sup>1</sup> *Was not the girdle about her my mother's, &c.]* That girdle had scarcely more charms in it, than the poet's language in these



1 *Cup.* And did not I bring on the blushing bridegroom to taste those joys? and made him think all stay a torment? did I not shoot myself into him like a flame, and made his desires and his graces equal? were not his looks of power to have kept the night alive in contention with day, and made the morning never wished for? Was there a curl in his hair, that I did not sport in, or a ring of it crisped, that might not have become Juno's fingers? his very undressing was it not Love's arming? did not all his kisses charge? and every touch attempt? but his words, were they not feathered from my wings, and flew in singing at her ears, like arrows tipt with gold?

2 *Cup.* Hers, hers did so into his: and all his virtue was borrowed from my powers in her, as thy form is from me. But, that this royal and honoured assembly be no longer troubled with our contention, behold, I challenge thee of falsehood; and will bring, upon the first day of the new year, into the lists, before this palace, ten knights armed, who shall undertake against all assertion, that I am a child of Mars and Venus: and, in the honour of that lady (whom it is my ambition to serve) that that love is the most true and perfect that still waiteth on the woman, and is the servant of that sex.

1 *Cup.* But what gage gives my confident counterfeit of this?

2 *Cup.* My bow and quiver, or what else I can make.

sprightly and gallant little pieces: but the allusion of Cupid is to this beautiful passage:

Η, και απο σθηδεσφιν ελυσσαιο κεσον ιμανια,  
Ποικιλον, ενθα δε οι θελκηνρια παντα τετυκτο  
Ενθ' ενι μεν φιλολης, εν δ' ιμερος, εν δ' οαρις  
Παρφασις, η τ' εκλεψε νοον πυκα περ φρονεοντων.

*Il.* xiv. v. 214.



1 *Cup.* I take only them ; and in exchange give mine, to answer, and punish this thy rashness, at thy time assigned, by a just number of knights, who, by their virtue, shall maintain me to be the right Cupid ; and true issue of valour and beauty : and that no love can come near either truth or perfection, but what is manly, and derives his proper dignity from thence.

2 *Cup.* It is agreed.

1 *Cup.* In the mean time, ladies, suspend your censures which is the right : and to entertain your thoughts till the day, may the court hourly present you with delicate and fresh objects, to beget on you pretty and pleasing fancies ! may you feed on pure meats, easy of concoction, and drink that will quickly turn into blood, to make your dreams the clearer, and your imaginations the finer !

*So they departed.*

---

*On New-year's-day, he that before is numbered the second CUPID, came now the first, with his ten Knights, attired in the Bride's colours, and lighting from his chariot, spake :*

1 *Cup.* Now, ladies, to glad your aspects once again with the sight of Love, and make a spring smile in your faces, which must have looked like winter without me ; behold me, not like a servant now, but a champion, and in my true figure, as I used to reign and revel in your faces, tickling your soft ears with my feathers, and laying little straws about your hearts, to kindle bonfires shall flame out at your eyes ; playing in your bloods like fishes in a stream, or diving like the boys in



the bath, and then rising on end like a monarch, and treading humour like water, bending those stiff pickardils of yours under this yoke my bow ; or, if they would not bend, whipping your rebellious vardingales with my bow-string, and made them run up into your waists (they have lain so flat) for fear of my indignation. What ! is Cupid of no name with you ? have I lost all reputation, or what is less, opinion, by once putting off my deity ? Because I was a page at this solemnity, and would modestly serve one, for the honour of you all, am I therefore dishonoured by all ? and lost in my value so, that every juggler that can purchase him a pair of wings and a quiver, is committed with me in balance, and contends with me for sovereignty ? Well, I will chastise you, ladies ; believe it, you shall feel my displeasure for this ; and I will be mighty in it. Think not to have those accesses to me you were wont ; you shall wait four of those galleries off, and six chambers for me ; ten doors locked between you and me hereafter, and I will allow none of you a key : when I come abroad, you shall petition me, and I will not hear you ; kneel, and I will not regard you ; I will pass by like a man of business, and not see you, and I will have no Master of Requests for you. There shall not the greatest pretender to a state-face living put on a more supercilious look, than I will do upon you. Trust me—ha ! what's this ?

*Enter 2 CUPID, with his company of ten Knights.*

*2 Cup.* O, are you here, sir ! you have got the start of me now, by being challenger, and so the precedence, you think. I see you are resolved to try your title by arms then ; you will stand to be the right Cupid still ? how now ! what



ails you that you answer not? are you turned a statue upon my appearance? or did you hope I would not appear, and that hope has deceived you?

1 *Cup.* Art thou still so impudent to belie my figure? that in what shape soever I present myself, thou wilt seem to be the same; not so much as my chariot, but resembled by thee? and both the doves and swans I have borrowed of my mother to draw it? the very number of my champions emulated, and almost their habits! what insolence is this?

2 *Cup.* Good little one, quarrel not, you have now put yourself upon others valour, not your own, and you must know you can bring no person hither to strengthen your side, but we can produce an equal. Be it Persuasion you have got there, the peculiar enchantress of your sex; behold we have Mercury here to charm against her, who gives all lovers their true and masculine eloquence; or are they the Graces you presume on, your known clients, Spring, Beauty, and Cheerfulness? here are Youth, Audacity, and Favour, to encounter them, three more manly perfections, and much more powerful in working for Love: child, you are all the ways of winning too weak, there is no thinking, either with your honour or discretion kept safe, to continue on a strife, wherein you are already vanquished; yield, be penitent early, and confess it.

1 *Cup.* I will break my bow and quiver into dust first (restore me mine own arms) or be torn in pieces with Harpies, marry one of the Furies, turn into Chaos again, and dissolve the harmony of nature.

2 *Cup.* O, most stiffly spoken, and fit for the sex you stand for! Well, give the sign then: let the trumpets sound, and upon the valour and



fortune of your champions put the right of your cause.

1 *Cup.* 'Tis done.

---

*Here the TILTING took place.*

---

*After which,*

2 *Cup.* Now, sir, you have got mightily by this contention, and advanced your cause to a most high degree of estimation with these spectators! have you not?

1 *Cup.* Why, what have you done, or won?

2 *Cup.* It is enough for me who was called out to this trial, that I have not lost, or that my side is not vanquished.

*Enter HYMEN.*

*Hy.* Come, you must yield both; this is neither contention for you, nor time fit to contend: there is another kind of tilting would become Love better than this; to meet lips for lances; and crack kisses instead of staves: which there is no beauty here, I presume, so young, but can fancy, nor so tender, but would venture. Here is the palm for which you must strive: which of you wins this bough, is the right and best Cupid; and whilst you are striving, let Hymen, the president of these solemnities, tell you something of your own story, and what yet you know not of yourselves. You are both true Cupids, and both the sons of Venus by Mars, but this the first born, and was called Eros; who upon his birth proved a child of excellent beauty, and right worthy his mother; but after his growth not



answering his form, not only Venus, but the Graces, who nursed him, became extremely solicitous for him ; and were impelled out of their grief and care, to consult the oracle about him. Themis (for Apollo was not yet of years) gave answer, there wanted nothing to his perfection, but that they had not enough considered, or looked into the nature of the infant, which indeed was desirous of a companion only ; for though Love, and the true, might be born of Venus single and alone, yet he could not thrive and encrease alone. Therefore if she affected his growth, Venus must bring forth a brother to him, and name him Anteros ; that with reciprocal affection, might pay the exchange of Love. This made that thou wert born her second birth. Since when, your natures are, that either of you, looking upon other, thrive, and by your mutual respects and interchange of ardor, flourish and prosper ; whereas if the one be deficient or wanting to the other, it fares worse with both. This is the Love that Hymen requires, without which no marriage is happy : when the contention is not, who is the true Love, but, being both true, who loves most ; cleaving the bough between you, and dividing the palm. This is a strife wherein you both win, and begets a concord worthy all married minds' emulation, when the lover transforms himself into the person of his beloved, as you two do now ; by whose example, let your knights (all honourable friends and servants of Love) affect the like peace, and depart the lists equal in their friendships for ever, as to-day they have been in their fortunes. And may this royal court never know more difference in humours ; or these well-graced nuptials more discord in affections, than what they presently feel, and may ever avoid !

1. 2. *Cup.* To this Love says, Amen.



# IRISH MASQUE.

THE

## IRISH MASQUE

AT

### COURT,

BY GENTLEMEN, THE KING'S SERVANTS.



## CHALLENGE AT TILT.

...not only Venus, but the  
...became extremely so-  
...were impelled out of their  
...to consult the oracle about him.  
...was not yet of years) gave  
...to his perfection,  
...not enough considered, or  
...the infant, which indeed  
...only; for though  
...be born of Venus  
...but could not thrive and  
...therefore if she affected his  
...brother to him,  
...the exchange of Love. This

**THE IRISH MASQUE.]** From the folio, 1616. It has no date. James had great merit in the whole of his conduct with respect to Ireland, which he governed with extraordinary care, and reduced from the state of distraction in which the late Queen had left it, to a degree of tranquillity which it has not often experienced. This little piece is meant to compliment the country on its loyalty and attachment.



THE  
IRISH MASQUE.

---

*The King being set in expectation, out ran a fellow attired like a citizen: after him, three or four footmen, DENNISE, DONNELL, DERMOCK, and PATRICK.*

*Pat.* For chreeshes sayk, phair ish te king? phich ish he, ant be? show me te shweet faish, quickly. By got, o' my consence, tish ish he! ant tou be king Yamish, me name is Dennish, I sherve ti majesties owne cashtermonger, be me trote; and cry peepsh, and pomwatersh in ti mayesties shervice, 'tis five year now. Ant tou vilt not trush me now, call up ti clarke o' ti kitchen, be ant be, shall give hish wort, upon hish book, ish true.

*Don.* Ish it te fashion, to beate te imbasheters, here, and knocke 'hem o'te heads phit te phoit stick?

*Der.* Ant make ter meshage run out a ter mouthsh, before tey shpeake vit te king?

*Den.* Peash Dermock, here ish te king.

*Der.* Phair ish te king?

*Don.* Phich ish te king?

*Den.* Tat ish te king.

*Der.* Ish tat te king? Got blesh him!

*Deu.* Peash, and take heet, vat toushaysht, man.

*Der.* Creesh blesh him, I shay. Phat reason I tayk heet, for tat?

*Don.* Creesh blesh ti shweet faish, king Ya-



mish; and my mistresh faish too: pre te, hear me now. I am come a great vay of miles to she te now, by my fayt and trote, and graish o' got.

*Den.* Phat ish te meaning o' tish, Donnell? didsh tou not shay, a gotsh name, I should tell ty tale for tee? ant entrayt me come to te court, and leave me vare at shiede, and seven? by got, ish true now.

*Don.* Yesh. But I thanke got I can tell my tayle my shelfe, now I be here, I warrant tee: pre de hear me, king Yamish.

*Den.* Pree dee heare me, king Yamish: I can tell tee better ten he.

*Pat.* Pree dee heare neder noder on 'hem: here'sh Dermock will shpeake better ten eder oder on 'hem.

*Der.* No fayt, shweet hart, tow lyesht. Patrick here ish te vesht man of hish tongue, of all de foure; pre tee now heare him.

*Pat.* By chreesh shave me, tow lyesht. I have te vorsht tongue in de company at thy shervish. Vill shome body shpeak?

*Don.* By my fayt, I vill not.

*Der.* By my goship's hand, I vill not.

*Pat.* Speake Dennish ten.

*Den.* If I speake, te divell tayke me. I vill give tee leave to cram my mouth phit shamrokes and butter, and vater creeshes instead of pearsh and peepsh.

*Pat.* If no body will shpeake, I vill shpeake. Pleash ty shweet faish, we come from Ireland.

*Der.* We be Irish men, an't pleash tee.

*Don.* Ty good shubshects of Ireland, and pleash ty mayesty.

*Den.* Of Connough, Leymster, Ulster, Munster. I mine one shelfe vash born in the English payle<sup>1</sup> and pleash ty mayesty.

<sup>1</sup> *I mine own shelfe vash borne in the English payle.] The En-*



*Pat.* Sacrament o' chreesh, tell ty tale ty shelfe, and be all tree.

*Den.* And pleash ty graish I vill tell tee, tere vash a great newesh in Ireland of a great brideal of one o' ty lords here ant be.

*Pat.* Ty man Robyne, tey shay.<sup>2</sup>

*Don.* Mary ty man Toumaish, his daughter, tey shay.

*Der.* Ay, ty good man, Toumaish o' Shuffolke.

*Don.* He knoke ush o'te payt here, ash we come by, by a good token.

*Der.* I' fayt, tere ish very much phoyt stick here stirring to-njght. He takes ush for no shquires I tinke.

*Pat.* No, he tinksh not ve be imbasheters.

*Don.* No fayt, I tinke sho too. But tish mar-

glish *pale* was those parts of Ireland extended about Dublin, which in the reign of Henry II. were possessed by the English. This district was sometimes larger, and sometimes less in different ages, as the English or Irish power prevailed. But the counties of Louth, Dublin, Meath, Kildare, and Carlow, being for the most part obedient to the English laws, went under the more immediate denomination of the *Pale*. WHAL.

<sup>2</sup> *Ty man Robyne.*] This alludes to the marriage of the favourite, Robert Carr, earl of Somerset, with the daughter of Thomas, earl of Suffolk. This too celebrated lady was the divorced wife of lord Essex: and the "brideal" of which Dennis speaks, took place on the fifth of December, 1613, so that the date of this Masque may be safely referred to the succeeding festival, or the commencement of the new year. In March 1613 too, James had completed his plans for the pacification of Ireland; so that the appearance of the "imbasheters" was not ill-timed.

The young countess of Essex had already made the first step in her career of blood; but no murmur of it had yet reached the ear of James; and, as Wilson tells us, "all the splendid equipage, and magnificent preparation that could either fill a court with delight or a people with admiration, were not wanting for the marriage." Other poets were however called in upon the occasion; and the only notice which Jonson appears to have taken of this ill-omened match, is contained in the simple mention of the parties names in the text.



riage bring over a doshen of our besht mayshers, to be merry perht tee shweet faish, an't be ; and daunsh a fading<sup>3</sup> at te vedding.

*Den.* But tey vere leeke to daunsh naked, and pleash ty mayesty ; for tey villanous vild Irish sheas have casht away all ter fine cloysh, as many ash cosht a towsand cowes, and garraves, I war-rant tee.

*Der.* And te prishe of a cashtell or two upon teyr backs.

*Don.* And tey tell ty mayesty, tey have ner a great fish now, nor a shea-moynshter to shave teyr cloyth alive now.

*Pat.* Nor a devoish vit a clowd to fesh 'hem out o' te bottom o' te vayter.

*Der.* But tey musht eene come and daunsh in teyr mantles now ; and show tee how teye can foot te fading and te fadow, and te phip a' Dun-boyne, I trow.

*Don.* I pre dee now, let not ty sweet faysh ladies make a mock on 'hem and scorn to daunsht vit 'hem now, becash tey be poor,

*Pat.* Tey drink no bonny clabbe, i' fayt, now.

*Don.* It ish better ten usquebagh<sup>4</sup> to daunsh vit, Patrick.

<sup>3</sup> *And dance a fading.*] This word, which was the burden of a popular Irish song, gave name to a dance, frequently noticed by our old dramatists. Both the song and the dance appear to have been of a licentious kind, and merit no farther elucidation.

<sup>4</sup> *It ish better ten usquebagh, &c.*] The mention of this word brings to my mind a passage in the *Devil's an Ass* :

“ Chimney sweepers  
To their tobacco and strong waters, Hum,  
Meath, and Obarni.”

The last of these (Obarni) I had supposed to be a preparation of usquebagh ; (see vol. v. p. 16 ;) whereas it appears to be a preparation of Meath. For this information I am indebted to the following extract from an old poem called *Pimlyco or Runne Red-Cap*, 1609, kindly transmitted to me by my friend Mr. Boswell :



*Pat.* By my fater's hand, tey vill daunsh very vell.

*Der.* Ay, by St. Patrick vill tey; for tey be nimble men.

*Den.* And vill leap ash light, be creesh save me, ash he tat veares te biggest fether in ty court, king Yamish.

*Der.* For all tey have no good vindsh to blow tem heter, nor elementsh to preserve 'hem.

*Don.* Nor all te four cornersh o' te world, to creep out on.

*Pat.* But tine own kingdomes.

*Don.* Tey be honesh men.

*Pat.* And goot men: tine own shubshects.

*Der.* Tou hast very good shubshects in Ireland.

*Den.* A great goot many, o' great goot shubshects.

*Don.* Tat love ty mayesty heartily.

*Den.* And vill run t'rough fire and vater for tee, over te bog and te bannoke, be te graish o' got, and graish o' king.

*Der.* By got, tey vill fight for tee, king Yamish, and for my mistresh tere.

*Den.* And my little maishter.<sup>4</sup>

“Nor all those drinkes of northern climes  
Whose brewings shall fill up our rimes  
Brant Rensque and the cleere Romaine  
The Belo Crasno and Patisane,  
Peeva (to them is as our Beere)  
With spiced Meades (wholsome but deer)  
As *Meade Obarne* and *Meade Cherunk*  
And the base Quasse by Pesants drunk.”

Now I am on the subject, I will subjoin a passage which has just occurred to me, and which gives a better explanation of *Hum* than will be found in the passage already quoted.

“Notwithstanding the multiplicity of wines, yet there be stills and limbecks going, swetting out aquavitæ, and strong waters, deriving their names from cinnamon, balm, and anniseed, such as *stomach-water*, *humm*, &c. *Heywood's Drunkard*, p. 48.

<sup>4</sup> *And my little maishter.*] Charles; te ufrow, tat is in Tuck-



*Pat.* And te vfrow, ty daughter, tat is in Tuchland.

*Don.* Tey vill spend ter heart in ter belly for tee, as vell as ter legs in ter heelsh.

*Der.* By creesh, tey vill shpend all teyr cowesh for tee.

*Den.* Pre tee make mush on t'em.

*Pat.* Pre tee, sweet faysh, do.

*Don.* Be not angry vit te honesh men, for te few rebelsh, and knavesh.

*Pat.* Nor beleeve no tayles, king Yamish.

*Der.* For, by got, tey love tee in Ireland.

*Don.* Predee, bid 'em welcome, and got make 'em rish for tee.

*Der.* Tey vill make tem shelves honesh.

*Den.* Tou hasht not a hundret tousand sush men, by my trote.

*Pat.* No, nor forty, by my hant.

*Don.* By justish Delounes hant, not twenty.

*Der.* By my lord Deputish hant, not ten, in all ti great Brittain. Shall I call hem to tee?

*Don.* Tey shit like poore men i' te porsh yonder.

*Pat.* Shtay, tee peepe ish come ! [*Bagpipe, &c. enter.*] harke, harke !

*Der.* Let ush daunsh ten. Daunsh, Dennish.

*Den.* By creesh sa'me, I ha' forgot.

*Don.* A little till our mayshtersh be ready.

*Here the Footmen had a DANCE, being six men, and six boys, to the bagpipe, and other rude music; after which they had a SONG, and then they cried,*

*Peash ! Peash ! Now room for our mayshters !  
Room for our mayshters !*

*land, is the princess Elizabeth, who was married to the Palsgrave in February, 1613.*



*Then the GENTLEMEN dance forth a dance in their Irish mantles, to a solemn music of harps: which done, the Footmen fall to speak again.*

*Der.* How like tou tish, Yamish? and tey had fine cloyshs now, and liveries, like tine own men ant be!

*Don.* But te rugs make t'em shrug a little.

*Der.* Tey have shit a great phoyle i' te cold, ant be.

*Don.* Isht not pity te cloysh be drown'd now?

*Pat.* Pre tee shee another daunsh, and be not veary.

*Here they were interrupted by a civil GENTLEMAN of the nation, who brought in a BARD.*

*Gent.* He may be of your rudeness. Hold your tongues,

And let your coarser manners seek some place,  
Fit for their wildness: this is none; be gone!

Advance, immortal Bard, come up and view  
The gladding face of that great king, in whom  
So many prophecies of thine are knit.

This is that James of which long since thou  
sung'st,

Should end our countries most unnatural broils;  
And if her ear, then deafen'd with the drum,  
Would stoop but to the music of his peace,

She need not with the spheres change harmony.  
This is the man thou promis'd'st should redeem,

If she would love his counsels as his laws,

Her head from servitude, her feet from fall,

Her fame from barbarism, her state from want,

And in her all the fruits of blessings plant.

Sing then some charm, made from his present  
looks,



That may assure thy former prophecies,  
 And firm the hopes of these obedient spirits,  
 Whose love no less than duty hath call'd forth  
 Their willing powers : who if they had much  
     more,  
 Would do their all, and think they could not move  
 Enough to honour that, which he doth love.

*Here the Bard sings to two harps.*

S O N G.

*Bow both your heads at once, and hearts ;  
 Obedience doth not well in parts.  
 It is but standing in his eye,  
 You'll feel yourselves chang'd by and by.  
 Few live, that know, how quick a spring  
 Works in the presence of a king :  
 'Tis done by this ; your slough let fall,  
 And come forth new-born creatures all.*

During this Song, the Masquers let fall their  
 mantles, and discover their masquing apparel.  
 Then they dance forth.

*After the dance the Bard sings this*

S O N G.

*So breaks the sun earth's rugged chains,  
 Wherein rude winter bound her veins ;  
 So grows both stream and source of price,  
 That lately fetter'd were with ice.  
 So naked trees get crisped heads,  
 And colour'd coats the roughest meads,  
 And all get vigour, youth, and spright,  
 That are but look'd on by his light.*

Thus it ended.



# MERCURY VINDICATED.

## M E R C U R Y

VINDICATED FROM THE

ALCHEMISTS AT COURT.

BY GENTLEMEN, THE KING'S SERVANTS.



THE BRITISH MASQUE.

That they own'd thy former prophecies,  
And that the power of these obedient spirits,  
Which thou hast call'd forth, hath call'd forth  
A power of powers: who if they had such  
A power, they would all think they could not move  
A stone, which he doth love.

Thus the Bard sings to two harps.

SONG.

Thou art the power of powers, and hearts;  
Thou art the power of powers, and hearts;

MERCURY

**MERCURY VINDICATED.]** From the folio, 1616. This is a very ingenious and pleasant little piece, but the author gives neither the date nor the occasion on which it was written. If he paid any attention to time in the arrangement of his Masques, the present must have been produced subsequently to the comedy of the *Alchemist*.

BY GENTLEMEN, THE KING'S SERVANTS.

Thus the Bard sings to two harps.

SONG.

He breaks the world's rugged chain,  
He breaks the world's rugged chain;  
He breaks the world's rugged chain,  
He breaks the world's rugged chain;  
He breaks the world's rugged chain,  
He breaks the world's rugged chain;  
He breaks the world's rugged chain,  
He breaks the world's rugged chain;  
He breaks the world's rugged chain,  
He breaks the world's rugged chain;

Thus it ended.



## MERCURY VINDICATED.

---

*Loud music. After which the Scene is discovered;  
being a Laboratory or Alchemist's work-house:  
Vulcan looking to the registers, while a CYCLOPE,  
tending the fire, to the cornets began to sing.*

*Cyc. Soft, subtile fire, thou soul of art,  
Now do thy part  
On weaker nature, that through age is lamed.  
Take but thy time, now she is old,  
And the sun her friend grown cold,  
She will no more in strife with thee be named.*

*Look, but how few confess her now,  
In cheek or brow!  
From every head, almost, how she is frightened!  
The very age abhors her so,  
That it learns to speak and go,  
As if by art alone it could be righted.*

*The Song ended, MERCURY appeared, thrusting out  
his head, and afterward his body, at the tunnel of  
the middle furnace: which VULCAN espying, cried  
out to the CYCLOPS.*

*Vul. Stay, see! our Mercury is coming forth;  
art and all the elements assist! Call forth our  
philosophers. He will be gone. He will evaporate.*



Dear Mercury ! help. He flies. He is scaped. Precious golden Mercury, be fixt ; be not so volatile ! Will none of the sons of art appear ?

*In which time MERCURY having run once or twice about the room, takes breath, and speaks.*

*Mer.* Now the place and goodness of it protect me. One tender-hearted creature or other, save Mercury, and free him. Ne'er an old gentlewoman in the house, that has a wrinkle about her to hide me in ? I could run into a serving-woman's pocket now ; her glove, any little hole. Some merciful verdingale among so many, be bounteous, and undertake me : I will stand close up, any where, to escape this polt-footed philosopher,<sup>1</sup> old Smug here of Lemnos, and his smoaky family. Has he given me time to breathe ! O the variety of torment that I have endured in the reign of the Cyclops, beyond the most exquisite wit of tyrants ! The whole household of them are become Alchemists, since their trade of armour-making fail'd them, only to keep themselves in fire, for this winter ; for the mischief a secret that they know, above the consuming of coals, and drawing of usquebagh ! howsoever they may pretend, under the specious names of Geber, Arnold, Lully, Bombast of Hohenhein, to commit miracles in art, and treason against nature. And, as if the title of philosopher, that creature of glory, were to be fetched out of a furnace, abuse the

<sup>1</sup> *This polt-footed philosopher.] Splay, or rather club-footed. In the Poetaster, Jonson calls this poor "old Smug of Lemnos" a polt-footed stinkard : so that Howel had reason to put him in mind, in one of his letters, that the burning of his study was a mere act of retaliation on the part of Vulcan.*

<sup>2</sup> *Bombast of Hohenhein.] i. e. Paracelsus.*



curious and credulous nation of metal-men through the world, and make Mercury their instrument. I am their crude, and their sublimate; their precipitate, and their unctuous; their male and their female; sometimes their hermaphrodite: what they list to style me. It is I, that am corroded, and exalted, and sublimed, and reduced, and fetch'd over, and filtered, and wash'd, and wiped; what between their salts and their sulphurs, their oils and their tartars, their brines and their vinegars, you might take me out now a soused Mercury, now a salted Mercury, now a smoaked and dried Mercury, now a powdered and pickled Mercury: never herring, oyster, or cucumber past so many vexations. My whole life with them hath been an exercise of torture; one, two, three, four, and five times an hour have they made me dance the philosophical circle, like an ape through a hoop, or a dog in a wheel. I am their turnspit indeed: they eat and smell no roast-meat but in my name. I am their bill of credit still, that passes for their victuals and house-room. It is through me, they have got this corner of the Court to cozen in, where they shark for a hungry diet below stairs, and cheat upon your under-officers, promising mountains for their meat, and all upon Mercury's security. A poor page of the larder, they have made obstinately believe, he shall be physician for the household next summer: they will give him a quantity of the quintessence, shall serve him to cure kibes or the mormal o' the shin, take away the pustules in the nose, and Mercury is engaged for it. A child of the scullery steals all their coals for them too, and he is bid sleep secure, he shall find a corner of the philosopher's stone for't, under his bolster, one

*gild p. 6  
truly*



day, and have the proverb inverted.<sup>3</sup> Against which, one day I am to deliver the buttry in, so many firkins of *aurum potabile*, as it delivers out bombards of bouge to them, between this and that. For the pantry, they are at a certainty with me, and keep a tally, an ingot, a loaf, or a wedge of some five pounds weight, which is nothing of nothing, a trifle. And so the black-guard<sup>4</sup> are pleased with any lease of life, (for some 999,) especially those of the boiling-house, they are to have Medea's kettle hung up, that they may souse into it when they will, and come out renewed like so many stript snakes at their plea-

<sup>3</sup> *The proverb inverted.*] i. e. *Thesaurus pro carbone* : the proverb is *Carbo pro thesauro*.

<sup>4</sup> *And so the black-guard, &c.*] There is much satirical humour in these wild stipulations of the menials of the court; but expectations, full as extravagant, were fostered by the dupes of this ridiculous pursuit, in all ranks of life. With respect to the *black-guard*, they were, as I have shewn, (vol. ii. 169,) the lowest drudges of the kitchen, turnspits, carriers of wood, coal, &c. This is sufficiently clear from Jonson; but it is also distinctly stated by others. Thus Decker. "*King*. What place would you serve in? *Gazette*. Any, but one of your *turnbroaches*; I would not be one of your *blackguard*, there's too much fire in me already." *Match me in London*.

Mr. Todd has quoted Jonson, under this word, to little purpose, and copied Malone, to none at all. It is rather singular that he should be at a loss for the meaning of so common a word.

I once entertained some indistinct hope that Jonson, who assuredly had a more critical knowledge of the English language, than any person of the age in which he lived, and whose works are, besides, full of expressive and beautiful terms, would have been permitted to contribute somewhat to the perfection of the *New Dictionary*. But it does not appear (from what I have seen of it) that he has been thought worth consulting. With the exception of a few of his words, which might be gathered from the marginal remarks of Horne Tooke, or the notes of the Shakespeare commentators, he brings no aid:—but modestly retires, as it is fit he should, to make way for those dignified examples of purity and skill, Blackmore and the "festivous" Gayton.



sure. But these are petty engagements, and, as I said, below the stairs; marry above here, perpetuity of beauty, (do you hear, ladies?) health, riches, honour; a matter of immortality is nothing. They will calcine you a grave matron, as it might be a mother o' the maids, and spring up a young virgin, out of her ashes, as fresh as a Phoenix: lay you an old courtier on the coals like a sausage, or a bloat herring, and after they have broiled him enough, blow a soul into him with a pair of bellows, till he start up into his galliard, that was made when Monsieur was here.<sup>5</sup> They profess familiarly to melt down all the old sinners of the suburbs once in a half-year, into fresh gamesters again; get all the crack'd maiden-heads, and cast them into new ingots: half the wenches of the town are alchemy. See, they begin to muster again, and draw their forces out against me! the Genius of the place defend me! You that are both the Sol and Jupiter of this sphere, Mercury invokes your majesty against the sooty tribe here; for in your favour only, I grow recovered and warm.

*At which time VULCAN entering with a troop of threadbare ALCHEMISTS, prepares them to the first ANTIMASQUE.\**

<sup>5</sup> *When Monsieur was here.*] i. e. in 1579. See vol. ii. p. 228.

\* *Here the first Antimasque.*] As this word occurs here for the first time, it may not be amiss to notice it. Whalley has printed it through the greater part of his sixth volume Antemasque, as if he supposed it to signify something introductory to the main masque: he afterwards changed his opinion and his orthography, and wrote it Antimasque, which "he inclined to think was a smother pronounciation of *antick masque*." My predecessor is still wrong. An Antimasque, or, as Jonson elsewhere calls it, "a foil, or false masque," is something directly opposed to the principal masque. If this was lofty and serious, that was light



*Vul.* Begin your charm, sound music, circle him in, and take him : if he will not obey, bind him.

*They all danced about MERCURY with variety of changes, whilst he defends himself with his Caduceus, and after the DANCE, speaks.*

*Mer.* It is in vain, Vulcan, to pitch your net in the sight of the fowl thus : I am no sleepy Mars, to be catch'd in your subtile toils. I know what your aims are, sir, to tear the wings from my head and heels, lute me up in a glass with my own seals,<sup>6</sup> while you might wrest the Caduceus out of my hand, to the adultery and spoil of nature, and make your accesses by it, to her dishonor, more easy. Sir, would you believe it should be come to that height of impudence, in mankind, that such a nest of fire-worms as these are, because their patron Mulciber heretofore has made stools stir, and statues dance, a dog of brass

and ridiculous. It admitted of the wildest extravagancies, and it is only by Jonson that attempts are sometimes made to connect it, in any degree, with the main story. He was fully sensible of its absurdity, and has spoken of it in another place ; but the spectators, as the Cook says in *Neptune's Triumph*, “ hearkened after these things,” and, indeed James himself, who laughed as boisterously as his merry grandson, was well pleased with their introduction. He “ loved Masques (Wilson observes) and such disguises in these maskeraoes (antimasques) as were witty and sudden ; the more ridiculous the more pleasant.” *Life of James*, p. 104.

It should be added, that the antimasques were, for the most part, performed by actors hired from the theatres. They partook of the nature of the old Exodia, and like them afforded a little breathing time for those who came forward in the regular pieces.

<sup>6</sup> *Lute me up in a glass with my own seals.*] i. e. in glasses hermetically sealed. See vol. iv. p. 64.



to bark, and (which some will say, was his worst act) a woman to speak, should therefore with their heats call'd *Balnei Cineris*, or horse-dung, profess to outwork the sun in virtue, and contend to the great act of generation, nay almost creation? It is so, though: for in yonder vessels which you see in their laboratory, they have inclosed materials to produce men, beyond the deeds of Deucalion, or Prometheus; of which, one, they say, had the philosopher's stone, and threw it over his shoulder, the other the fire, and lost it. And what men are they, they are so busy about, think you? not common ordinary creatures, but of rarity and excellence, such as the times wanted, and the age had a special deal of need of: such as there was a necessity, they should be artificial; for nature could never have thought or dreamt of their composition. I can remember some of their titles to you, and the ingredients; do not look for Paracelsus' man among them,<sup>7</sup> that he promised you out of white bread, and Dele-wine,<sup>8</sup> for he never came to light. But of these let me see; the first that occurs; a master of the duel, a carrier of the differences. To him went spirit

<sup>7</sup> *Do not look for Paracelsus' man among 'em, &c.] The device of Paracelsus was to produce a man without the conjunction of the sexes: this opinion is also said to have been countenanced by Hippocrates. Sir Thomas Brown professes the same sentiments (Religio Medici, lib. 2. sect. 9.) in words which he has borrowed from Aulus Gellius; ea voluptas, sc. gustu et tactu, sicut sapientes viri censuerunt, omnium rerum fœdissima est.*

W<sup>H</sup>AL.

<sup>8</sup> *Out of white bread and Dele-wine.] A species of Rhenish wine. It is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists, and generally in company with Backrach, a thin Hock. Thus Shirley:*

———“ Whirl in coaches  
To the Dutch magazine of sauce, the Steelyard,  
Where *Deal* and Backragge, and what strange wines else,  
Still flow.” *Lady of Pleasure.*



of ale, a good quantity, with the amalgama of sugar and nutmegs, oil of oaths, sulphur of quarrel, strong waters, valour precipitate, vapoured o'er the helm with tobacco, and the rosin of Mars with a drachm of the business, for that's the word of tincture, the *business*. Let me alone with the business. I will carry the business. I do understand the business. I do find an affront in the business. Then another is a fencer in the mathematics, or the town's cunning-man, a creature of art too ; a supposed secretary to the stars ; but, indeed, a kind of lying intelligencer from those parts. His materials, if I be not deceived, were juice of almanacs, extraction of ephemerides, scales of the globe, filings of figures, dust of the twelve houses, conserve of questions, salt of confederacy, a pound of adventure, a grain of skill, and a drop of truth. I saw vegetals too, as well as minerals, put into one glass there, as adder's-tongue, tittlebane, nitre of clients, tartar of false conveyance, *aurum palbabile*, with a huge deal of talk, to which they added tincture of conscience, with the faces of honesty ; but for what this was, I could not learn ; only I have over-heard one of the artists say, out o' the corruption of a lawyer was the best generation of a broker in suits : whether this were he or no, I know not.

*Vul.* Thou art a scorner, Mercury, and out of the pride of thy protection here, makest it thy study to revile art, but it will turn to thine own contumely soon. Call forth the creatures of the first class, and let them move to the harmony of our heat, till the slanderer have sealed up his own lips, to his own torment.

*Mer.* Let them come, let them come, I would not wish a greater punishment to thy impudence.



*Enter the second ANTIMASQUE, of imperfect creatures, with helms of limbecks on their heads: whose dance ended, Mercury proceeded.*

*Mer.* Art thou not ashamed, Vulcan, to offer, in defence of thy power and art, against the excellence of the sun and nature, creatures more imperfect than the very flies and insects that are her trespasses and scapes? Vanish, with thy insolence, thou and thy impostors, and all mention of you melt before the majesty of this light, whose Mercury henceforth I profess to be, and never again the philosophers'. Vanish, I say, that all who have but their senses, may see and judge the difference between thy ridiculous monsters and his absolute features.

*At which the whole scene changed to a glorious bower, wherein NATURE was placed, with PROMETHEUS at her feet, and the twelve Masquers standing about them. After they had been a while viewed, Prometheus descended, and Nature after him, singing.*

*Nat.* How young and fresh am I to-night,  
To see't kept day by so much light.  
*And twelve my sons stand in their maker's sight?*  
Help, wise Prometheus, something must be done,  
To shew they are the creatures of the Sun;  
That each to other  
Is a brother,  
And Nature here no step-dame, but a mother.

*Cho.* Come forth, come forth, prove all the numbers  
then,  
That make perfection up, and may absolve you men.



Nat. *But shew thy winding ways and arts,  
 Thy risings, and thy timely starts,  
 Of stealing fire from ladies eyes and hearts.  
 Those softer circles are the young man's heaven,  
 And there more orbs and planets are than seven,  
 To know whose motion  
 Were a notion  
 As worthy of youth's study, as devotion.*

Chor. *Come forth, come forth, prove all the time  
 will gain,  
 For Nature bids the best, and never bade in vain.*

Here the first DANCE.

After which this

S O N G.

Pro. *How many 'mongst these ladies here,  
 Wish now they such a mother were!*

Nat. *Not one, I fear,  
 And read it in their laughters:  
 There's more, I guess, would wish to be my  
 daughters.*

Pro. *You think they would not be so old,  
 For so much glory.*

Nat. *I think that thought so told  
 Is no false piece of story.  
 'Tis yet with them but beauty's noon,  
 They would not grandames be too soon.*

Pro. *Is that your sex's humour?  
 'Tis then since Niobe was chang'd, that they  
 have left that tumour.*

Cho. *Move, move again, in forms as heretofore.*

Nat. *'Tis form allures.  
 Then move, the ladies here are store.*

Pro. *Nature is Motion's mother, as she's yours.*

Cho. *The spring whence order flows, that all directs,  
 And knits the causes with the effects.*



Here they dance the main DANCE.

Then they dance with the Ladies ;

Then their last Dance.

After which, PROMETHEUS calls to them in this

S O N G.

Pro. *What ! have you done  
So soon ?*

*And can you from such beauty part ?*

*You'll do a wonder more than I.*

*I woman with her ills did fly ;*

*But you their good, and them deny.*

Cho. *Sure each hath left his heart*

*In pawn to come again, or else he durst not  
start.*

Nat. *They are loth to go  
I know,*

*Or sure they are no sons of mine.*

*There is no banquet, boys, like this,*

*If you hope better, you will miss ;*

*Stay here, and take each one a kiss.*

Cho. *Which if you can refine,*

*The taste knows no such cates, nor yet the palate wine.*

*No cause of tarrying shun,*

*They are not worth his light, go backward from  
the sun.*

*With which it ended.)*



Here they dance the main Dance;  
Then they dance with the Ladies;

After which, PROMETHEUS calls to them in this

S O N G.

Pro. What! have you done  
So soon?

And can you from such beauty part?  
You'll do a wonder more than I.

I woman with her ill did try;  
But you their good, and then deny.  
Sure each hath left his heart

In pain to come again, or else he'll never  
start

Nat. They are loth to go  
I know, and will not part

Of this they are no sons of mine;  
There is no banquet, boys, like this.

Pro. If you hope better, you will miss;  
Stay here, and take each one a kiss.

Nat. Which if you can refuse,  
The taste knows no such cases, nor yet the palate joins.

No cause of turning shame;  
They are not worthy his light, go, beackward from

Yet the changing saw about  
Let that tower

Cho. With which it ended  
Nat. The form allures.

Then move the ladies here are store.  
Pro. Nature is Motion's mother, as she's yours.

Cho. The spring whence order flows, that all directs  
And knits the cause with the effects.



**GOLDEN AGE RESTORED.**

---

**THE  
GOLDEN AGE RESTORED.**

**IN A  
MASQUE AT COURT, 1615.**

**BY THE  
LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, THE KING'S  
SERVANTS.**

Love can endure no longer,  
Your great ones should your less invade;  
Or that your weak, though bad, be made  
A prey unto the stronger,

And therefore means to settle  
Astræa in her seat again;  
And let down in his golden chain  
The Age of better metal.

Which deed he doth the rather  
That even Envy may behold  
Time not enjoyed his head of gold  
Alone beneath his father,



THE

# GOLDEN AGE RESTORED.

**THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED.]** From the first folio. This Masque is written with great care: the conclusion of it is highly poetical. It must have been a splendid and interesting performance.

BY THE

LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, THE KING'S  
SERVANTS.



THE  
**GOLDEN AGE RESTORED.**

---

*The Court being seated, and in expectation,  
Loud music: PALLAS in her chariot descending, to  
a softer music.*

Look, look! rejoice and wonder  
That you, offending mortals, are  
(For all your crimes) so much the care  
Of him that bears the thunder.

Jove can endure no longer,  
Your great ones should your less invade;  
Or that your weak, though bad, be made  
A prey unto the stronger,

And therefore means to settle  
Astræa in her seat again;  
And let down in his golden chain  
The Age of better metal.

Which deed he doth the rather,  
That even Envy may behold  
Time not enjoy'd his head of gold  
Alone beneath his father.



But that his care conserveth,  
 As time, so all time's honours too,  
 Regarding still what heav'n should do,  
 And not what earth deserveth.

*[A tumult, and clashing of arms heard within.]*

But hark ! what tumult from yond' cave is heard?  
 What noise, what strife, what earthquake and  
 alarms,

As troubled Nature for her maker fear'd ;  
 And all the Iron Age were up in arms !

Hide me, soft cloud, from their profaner eyes,  
 Till insolent Rebellion take the field ;  
 And as their spirits with their counsels rise,  
 I frustrate all with showing but my shield.

*[She retires behind a cloud.]*

*The IRON AGE presents itself, calling forth the  
 EVILS.*

*I. Age.* Come forth, come forth, do we not hear  
 What purpose, and how worth our fear,  
 The king of gods hath on us ?  
 He is not of the Iron breed,  
 That would, though Fate did help the deed,  
 Let Shame in so upon us.

Rise, rise then up, thou grandame Vice  
 Of all my issue, Avarice,  
 Bring with thee Fraud and Slander,  
 Corruption with the golden hands,  
 Or any subtler Ill, that stands  
 To be a more commander.



Thy boys, Ambition, Pride, and Scorn,  
 Force, Rapine, and thy babe last born,  
 Smooth Treachery, call hither.  
 Arm Folly forth, and Ignorance,  
 And teach them all our Pyrrhic dance:  
 We may triumph together,

Upon this enemy so great,  
 Whom if our forces can defeat,  
 And but this once bring under,  
 We are the masters of the skies,  
 Where all the wealth, height, power lies,  
 The sceptre, and the thunder.

Which of you would not in a war  
 Attempt the price of any scar,  
 To keep your own states even?  
 But here, which of you is that he,  
 Would not himself the weapon be,  
 To ruin Jove and heaven?

About it then, and let him feel  
 The Iron Age is turn'd to steel,  
 Since he begins to threat her:  
 And though the bodies here are less  
 Than were the giants; he'll confess  
 Our malice is far greater.

*The EVILS enter for the Antimasque and DANCE,  
 to two drums, trumpets, and a confusion of  
 martial music: At the end of which, PALLAS  
 re-appears, shewing her shield. The EVILS are  
 turned to Statues.*

*Pal.* So change, and perish, scarcely knowing  
 how,  
 That 'gainst the gods do take so vain a vow,



And think to equal with your mortal dates,  
Their lives that are obnoxious to no fates.—

'Twas time t'appear, and let their folly see,  
'Gainst whom they fought, and with what destiny.  
Die all, that can remain of you, but stone,  
And that be seen a while, and then be none!  
Now, now descend, you both belov'd of Jove,  
And of the good on earth no less the love;

*[The scene changes; and she calls*

*ASTRÆA and the GOLDEN AGE.*

Descend, you long, long wish'd and wanted pair,  
And as your softer times divide the air,  
So shake all clouds off with your golden hair;  
For Spite is spent: the Iron Age is fled,  
And, with her power on earth, her name is dead.

*ASTRÆA and the GOLDEN AGE descending with a*

*SONG.*

Ast. G. Age. *And are we then  
To live agen,  
With men?*

Ast. *Will Jove such pledges to the earth restore  
As justice?*

G. Age. *Or the purer ore?*

Pal. *Once more.*

G. Age. *But do they know,  
How much they owe?  
Below?*

Ast. *And will of grace receive it, not as due?*

Pal. *If not, they harm themselves, not you.*

Ast. *True.*

G. Age. *True.*

Cho. *Let narrow natures, how they will, mistake,  
The great should still be good for their own sake.*

*[They come forward.]*



Pal. *Welcome to earth, and reign.*

Ast. G. Age. *But how, without a train  
Shall we our state sustain?*

Pal. *Leave that to Jove : therein you are  
No little part of his Minerva's care.  
Expect awhile. —*

You far-fam'd spirits of this happy isle,  
That, for your sacred songs have gain'd the style  
Of Phœbus' sons, whose notes the air aspire  
Of th'old Egyptian, or the Thracian lyre,  
That CHAUCER, GOWER, LIDGATE, SPENSER,  
hight,  
Put on your better flames, and larger light,  
To wait upon the Age that shall your names new  
nourish,  
Since Virtue press'd shall grow, and buried Arts  
shall flourish.

Chau. Gow. *We come.*

Lid. Spen. *We come.*

Omnes. *Our best of fire,  
Is that which Pallas doth inspire.*

[They descend.]

Pal. Then see you yonder souls, set far within  
the shade,  
That in Elysian bowers the blessed seats do  
keep,  
That for their living good, now semi-gods are  
made,  
And went away from earth, as if but tam'd  
with slee?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *And went away from earth, as if but tam'd with sleep.] This  
is from Hesiod :*

Θνησκον δ' ὡς υπνα δεδμημενοι.



These we must join to wake; for these are of  
the strain  
That justice dare defend, and will the age sustain.

*Cho. Awake, awake, for whom these times were kept,  
O wake, wake, wake, as you had never slept !  
Make haste and put on air, to be their guard,  
Whom once but to defend, is still reward.*

*Pal.* Thus Pallas throws a lightning from her  
shield. [*The scene of light discovered.*]

*Cho.* To which let all that doubtful darkness  
yield.

*Ast.* Now Peace.

*G. Age.* And Love.

*Ast.* Faith.

*G. Age.* Joys.

*Ast. G. Age.* All, all increase. [*A pause.*]

*Chau.* And Strife,

*Gow.* And Hate,

*Lid.* And Fear,

*Spen.* And Pain,

*Omnes.* All cease.

*Pal.* No tumour of an iron vein.  
The causes shall not come again.

*Cho.* But, as of old, all now be gold.  
*Move, move then to the sounds ;  
And do not only walk your solemn rounds,  
But give those light and airy bounds,  
That fit the Genii of these gladder grounds.*

### *The first DANCE.*

It is remarkable that Ovid, who, in his description of the Golden Age, copied Hesiod, has neglected to take notice of so beautiful a circumstance. *WHAL.*

*Put on air,* is also from Hesiod: *ἡερα εἰσάμενοι.*



*Pal.* Already do not all things smile?

*Ast.* But when they have enjoy'd a while  
The Age's quickening power:

*Age.* That every thought a seed doth bring,  
And every look a plant doth spring,  
And every breath a flower:

*Pal.* The earth unplough'd shall yield her crop,  
Pure honey from the oak shall drop,  
The fountain shall run milk:  
The thistle shall the lily bear,  
And every bramble roses wear,  
And every worm make silk.

*Cho.* The very shrub shall balsam sweat,  
And nectar melt the rock with heat,  
Till earth have drank her fill:  
That she no harmful weed may know,  
Nor barren fern, nor mandrake low,  
Nor mineral to kill.

*Here the main DANCE.*

*After which,*

*Pal.* But here's not all: you must do more,  
Or else you do but half restore  
The Age's liberty.

*Poe.* The male and female us'd to join,  
And into all delight did coin  
That pure simplicity.

Then Feature did to Form advance,  
And Youth call'd Beauty forth to dance,  
And every Grace was by:  
It was a time of no distrust,  
So much of love had nought of lust,  
None fear'd a jealous eye.



The language melted in the ear,  
 Yet all without a blush might hear,  
 They liv'd with open vow.<sup>2</sup>

Cho. *Each touch and kiss was so well placed,  
 They were as sweet as they were chaste,  
 And such must yours be now.*

*Here they dance with the Ladies.*

Ast. What change is here? I had not more  
 Desire to leave the earth before,  
 Than I have now to stay;  
 My silver feet, like roots, are wreath'd  
 Into the ground, my wings are sheath'd,  
 And I cannot away.

Of all there seems a second birth,  
 It is become a heaven on earth,  
 And Jove is present here.  
 I feel the god-head; nor will doubt  
 But he can fill the place throughout,  
 Whose power is every where.

This, this, and only such as this,  
 The bright Astræa's region is,  
 Where she would pray to live,  
 And in the midst of so much gold,  
 Unbought with grace, or fear unsold,  
 The law to mortals give.

*Here they dance the Galliards and Corantos.*

<sup>2</sup> *They lived with open vow.] Aperto vivere voto. PERS.*



*Pallas [ascending, and calling the Poets.]*

'Tis now enough; behold you here,  
What Jove hath built to be your sphere,  
You hither must retire.

And as his bounty gives you cause  
Be ready still without your pause,  
To shew the world your fire.

Like lights about Astræa's throne,  
You here must shine, and all be one,  
In fervour and in flame;  
That by your union she may grow,  
And, you sustaining her, may know  
The Age still by her name.

Who vows, against or heat or cold,  
To spin your garments of her gold,  
That want may touch you never;  
And making garlands ev'ry hour,  
To write your names in some new flower,  
That you may live for ever.

*Cho. To Jove, to Jove, be all the honour given,  
That thankful hearts can raise from earth to heaven.*

---

It is with regret I inform the reader that the excellent old folio here deserts us. I am not quite sure that the concluding pages enjoyed the benefit of Jonson's superintendence; but as by far the greatest portion of the volume undoubtedly did, it is come down to us one of the correctest works that ever issued from the English press.

The second folio, which has a medley of dates from 1630 to 1641, has no such advantages. No part of it, I am well persuaded, was seen by Jonson; as, exclusive of the press-errors, which are very numerous, there is a confusion in the names of the speakers, which he could not have overlooked. I have revised it with all imaginable care, and endeavoured to preserve that uniformity of arrangement of which he was apparently so solicitous.



Pallas [ascending, and calling the Fates]  
 'Tis now enough I hold you here;  
 What Jove hath said, to be perform'd;  
 You hither must retire.  
 And as the destiny gives you counsel,  
 Be ready still without your pause,  
 To show the world your firm hand.

Like lights about Aetna's throne,  
 You here must shine, and all be one.  
 In favour and influence  
 That by your union she may grow  
 And, you sustaining her, may know  
 The Age still by her name.  
 Whose vows, against or heat or cold,  
 To spin your garments of her gold,  
 That want may touch you never;  
 And making garlands of your power,  
 To write your names in some new flower,  
 That you may live forever;  
 Cho. To Jove, to Jove, be all the honours given,  
 That thankful hearts can raise from earth to heaven.

It is with regret I inform the reader that the excellent old  
 folio here described, &c. &c. is not genuine, that the concluding  
 pages enjoyed the benefit of Johnson's superintendence; but as  
 by far the greatest portion of the volume undoubtedly did, it is  
 come down to us one of the choicest works that ever issued  
 from the English press. The second folio, which has a medley of dates from 1630 to  
 1641, has no such advantages. The part of it, I am well per-  
 suaded, was seen by Johnson; as, exclusive of the press-errors,  
 which are very numerous, there is a confusion in the names of  
 the speakers, which he could not have overlooked. I have  
 revised it with all imaginable care, and endeavoured to preserve  
 that uniformity of arrangement of which he was apparently so  
 fond.







CHRISTMAS HIS MASQUE.] Not dated in the second folio; but probably printed after the author's death. It is a humorous trifle, calculated for the season, and merely intended to excite an hour's merriment, as introductory, perhaps, to some entertainment of a higher kind. Granger, in his *Biographical Dictionary*, vol. ii. p. 296, 8vo. after bestowing just praise on Milton's admirable Masque, very gravely adds, "but the generality of these compositions are trifling and perplexed allegories. Ben Jonson, (poor Ben is always the foil,) in his *Masque of Christmas*, has introduced 'Minced Pye' and 'Babie Cake,' who act their parts in the drama. But the most wretched of these performances could please by the help of musick, machinery, and dancing." The masque before us had not the advantage of much machinery, I suspect. But could Granger find nothing in Jonson to oppose to *Comus*, but this magnificent "*drama*," as he is pleased to call it! an innocent Christmas gambol, written with no higher end in view than producing a hearty laugh from the good natured James, and the holyday spectators of the show. But such is the mode in which Jonson is constantly treated; and yet the critics who institute these parallels, (not exactly "after the manner of Plutarch," it must be granted,) are astonished at being told that they always want candour, and not seldom common sense. Granger's ridiculous parade of "perplexed allegories," &c. is worse than useless here. They might indeed perplex him; but he should have recollected that Minced Pye and Babie Cake were sufficiently familiar to those who witnessed their appearance; and that ignorance is the worst of all possible pleas for the contemptuous sneer of criticism.



THE  
MASQUE OF CHRISTMAS.

---

THE COURT BEING SEATED,

*Enter CHRISTMAS, with two or three of the guard, attired in round hose, long stockings, a close doublet, a high-crowned hat, with a brooch, a long thin beard, a truncheon, little ruffs, white shoes, his scarfs and garters tied cross, and his drum beaten before him.*

WHY, gentlemen, do you know what you do? ha! would you have kept me out? CHRISTMAS, old Christmas, Christmas of London, and captain Christmas? Pray you, let me be brought before my lord chamberlain, I'll not be answered else: 'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all: I have seen the time you have wish'd for me, for a merry Christmas; and now you have me, they would not let me in: *I must come another time!* a good jest, as if I could come more than once a year: Why, I am no dangerous person, and so I told my friends of the guard. I am old Gregory Cristmas still,<sup>1</sup> and though I come out of Pope's-head alley, as good a Protestant as any in my parish. The truth is, I have brought a Masque here, out o' the city, of my own making, and do present it by a set of my sons, that come out of

<sup>1</sup> Old Gregory Christmas.] An allusion to Pope Gregory's alteration of the Calendar, not long before the accession of James.



the lanes of London, good dancing boys all. It was intended, I confess, for Curriers-Hall; but because the weather has been open, and the Livery were not at leisure to see it till a frost came, that they cannot work, I thought it convenient, with some little alterations, and the groom of the revels' hand to't, to fit it for a higher place; which I have done, and though I say it, another manner of device than your New-year's-night. Bones o' bread, the king! (*seeing James*) Son Rowland! son Clem! be ready there in a trice: quick, boys!

*Enter his SONS and DAUGHTERS, (ten in number,) led in, in a string, by CUPID, who is attired in a flat cap, and a prentice's coat, with wings at his shoulders.<sup>2</sup>*

*MISRULE, in a velvet cap, with a sprig, a short cloak, great yellow ruff, like a reveller, his torch-bearer bearing a rope, a cheese, and a basket.*

*CAROL, a long tawney coat, with a red cap, and a flute at his girdle, his torch-bearer carrying a song-book open.*

*MINCED-PIE, like a fine cook's wife, drest neat; her man carrying a pie, dish, and spoons.*

*GAMBOL, like a tumbler, with a hoop and bells; his torch-bearer arm'd with a colt-staff, and a binding cloth.*

*POST AND PAIR, with a pair-royal of aces in his hat; his garment all done over with pairs and*

<sup>2</sup> *Who is attired in a flat cap, with wings at his shoulders.] This Cupid is worthy of Bunbury himself. But the whole is a whimsical burlesque. An additional proof of the judgment of Granger in selecting it to oppose to Comus!*



*purs ; his squire carrying a box, cards, and counters.*

**NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT**, *in a blue coat, serving-man like, with an orange, and a sprig of rosemary gilt on his head, his hat full of brooches, with a collar of ginger-bread, his torch-bearer carrying a march-pane with a bottle of wine on either arm.*

**MUMMING**, *in a masquing pied suit, with a vizard, his torch-bearer carrying the box, and ringing it.*

**WASSEL**, *like a neat sempster, and songster ; her page bearing a brown bowl, drest with ribands, and rosemary before her.*

**OFFERING**, *in a short gown, with a porter's staff in his hand, a wyth born before him, and a bason, by his torch-bearer.*

**BABY-CAKE**, *drest like a boy, in a fine long coat, biggin, bib, muckender, and a little dagger ; his usher bearing a great cake, with a bean and a pease.*

*They enter singing.*

*Now God preserve, as you well do deserve,  
Your majesties all, two there ;  
Your highness small, with my good lords all,  
And ladies, how do you do there ?*

*Give me leave to ask, for I bring you a masque  
From little, little, little London ;  
Which say the king likes, I have passed the pikes,  
If not, old Christmas is undone. [Noise without.*

*Chris. Ha, peace ! what's the matter there ?*

*Gam. Here's one o' Friday-street would come in.*

*Chris. By no means, nor out of neither of the Fish-streets, admit not a man ; they are not*



Christmas creatures : fish and fasting days, foh !  
Sons, said I well? look to't.

*Gam.* No body out o' Friday-street, nor the  
two Fish-streets there, do you hear?

*Car.* Shall John Butter o' Milk-street come in?  
ask him?

*Gam.* Yes, he may slip in for a torch-bearer,  
so he melt not too fast, that he will last till the  
masque be done.

*Chris.* Right, son.

*Our dance's freight is a matter of eight,*

*And two, the which are wenches :*

*In all they be ten, four cocks to a hen,*

*And will swim to the tune like tenches.*

*Each hath his knight for to carry his light,*

*Which some would say are torches;*

*To bring them here, and to lead them there,*

*And home again to their own porches.*

*Now their intent.——*

*Enter VENUS, a deaf tire-woman.<sup>3</sup>*

*Ven.* Now, all the lords bless me ! where am I,  
trow ? where is Cupid ? "Serve the king !" they  
may serve the cobbler well enough, some of 'em,  
for any courtesy they have, I wisse ; they have  
need o' mending : unrude people they are, your  
courtiers ; here was thrust upon thrust indeed !  
was it ever so hard to get in before, trow ?

*Chris.* How now ? what's the matter ?

*Ven.* A place, forsooth, I do want a place : I  
would have a good place, to see my child act in

<sup>3</sup> This tire woman is the prototype of the *Deaf Lover*. The  
author, however, must be acquitted of any depredations on  
Jonson, of whose works he probably never heard.



before the king and queen's majesties, God bless 'em ! to-night.

*Chris.* Why, here is no place for you.

*Ven.* Right, forsooth, I am Cupid's mother, Cupid's own mother, forsooth ; yes, forsooth : I dwell in Pudding-lane : — ay, forsooth, he is prentice in Love-lane, with a bugle maker, that makes of your bobs, and bird-bolts for ladies.

*Chris.* Good lady Venus of Pudding-lane, you must go out, for all this.

*Ven.* Yes, forsooth, I can sit any where, so I may see Cupid act : he is a pretty child, though I say it, that perhaps should not, you will say. I had him by my first husband ; he was a smith, forsooth, we dwelt in Do-little-lane then : he came a month before his time, and that may make him somewhat imperfect ; but I was a fish-monger's daughter.<sup>4</sup>

*Chris.* No matter for your pedigree, your house : good Venus, will you depart ?

*Ven.* Ay, forsooth, he'll say his part, I warrant him, as well as e'er a play-boy of 'em all : I could have had money enough for him, an I would have been tempted, and have let him out by the week to the king's players. Master Burbage has been about and about with me, and so has old master Hemings too, they have need of him : where is he, trow, ha ! I would fain see him — pray God they have given him some drink since he came.

*Chris.* Are you ready, boys ! Strike up, nothing will drown this noise but a drum : a' peace, yet ! I have not done. Sing —

*Now their intent, is above to present —*

<sup>4</sup> *But I was a fishmonger's daughter.*] This alludes to the prolific nature of fish. The jest, which, such as it is, is not unfrequent in our old dramatists, needs no farther illustration.



*Car.* Why, here be half of the properties forgotten, father.

*Offer.* Post and Pair wants his pur-chops, and his pur dogs<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Post and Pair wants his pur-chops and his pur-dogs.*] Here I am fairly at fault. None of the prose descriptions of this game which I have perused make any mention of either of these terms; and Mr. Douce, on whose assistance I mainly relied in this difficulty, fails me altogether. He has never encountered the words; and all chance of explaining them must, therefore, I fear, be looked upon as desperate.

The Rev. Mr. Todd transmitted the following extract to me from a scarce volume of poetry, by John Davies, called *Wittes Pilgrimage*.

“*Mortall Life compared to Post and Pare.*

“Some being Cock, like Crauens give it ore  
To them that haue the worst Cards in the stock:  
For, if the one be ritch, the other poore,  
The Cock proues Crauen, and the Crauen Cock!

Some, having lost the double Pare and Post,  
Make their advantage on the *Purrs* they haue; ‘*On indirect*  
Whereby the Winners winnings all are lost, [helpes.]  
Although, at best, the other’s but a knaue.

*Pur Ceit* deceaues the expectation  
Of him, perhaps, that tooke the stakes away;  
Then to *Pur Tant* hee’s in subiECTION.  
For Winners on the Losers oft do play.”

This only involves the matter in greater difficulty, by adding other terms as unintelligible to me as those in the text. *Pur Ceit*, is probably what the *Compleat Gamester* calls the *Seat* at which you must stake, when two cards have been dealt about;” but this does not much advance the explanation;—all that the reader can gain from this long note, is a confirmation of what was suggested on a former occasion, (vol. i. p. 76), that the “simple games of our ancestors,” as the commentators call them, were complicated in a very extraordinary degree.



*Car.* Have you ne'er a son at the groom porter's, to beg or borrow a pair of cards quickly?<sup>6</sup>

*Gamb.* It shall not need, here's your son Cheater without, has cards in his pocket.

*Offer.* Ods so! speak to the guards to let him in, under the name of a property.

*Gamb.* And here's New-year's-gift has an orange and rosemary, but not a clove to stick in't.

*New-Year.* Why, let one go to the spicery.

*Chris.* Fy, fy, fy! it's naught, it's naught, boys!

*Ven.* Why, I have cloves, if it be cloves you want, I have cloves in my purse, I never go without one in my mouth.

*Car.* And Mumming has not his vizard neither.

*Chris.* No matter! his own face shall serve, for a punishment, and 'tis bad enough; has Wassel her bowl, and Minced-pie her spoons?

*Offer.* Ay, ay: but Misrule doth not like his suit: he says, the players have lent him one too little, on purpose to disgrace him.

*Chris.* Let him hold his peace, and his disgrace will be the less: what! shall we proclaim where we were furnish'd? Mum! mum! a' peace! be ready, good boys.

*Now their intent, is above to present,  
With all the appurtenances,  
A right Christmas, as of old it was,  
To be gathered out of the dances.*

<sup>6</sup> *A pair of cards.*] i. e. A pack of cards. This term is common to all the writers of our author's time. Thus Heywood,

"A pair of cards, Nicolas, and a carpet to cover the table."

*Woman Killed with Kindness.*

But they seem to have used *pair* in a very loose sense, for an aggregate of any kind, and as synonymous with *set*; thus we read of "a payre of chesmen," "a pair of beads," &c.



*Which they do bring, and afore the king,  
The queen, and prince, as it were now  
Drawn here by love; who over and above,  
Doth draw himself in the geer too.*

Here the drum, and fife sounds, and they march  
about once. In the second coming up, CHRIST-  
MAS proceeds in his SONG.

*Hum drum, sauce for a coney;  
No more of your martial music;  
Even for the sake o' the next new stake,  
For there I do mean to use it.*

*And now to ye, who in place are to see,  
With roll and farthingale hooped:  
I pray you know, though he want his bow,  
By the wings, that this is Cupid.*

*He might go back, for to cry What you lack?  
But that were not so witty:  
His cap and coat are enough to note,  
That he is the Love o' the city.*

*And he leads on, though he now be gone,  
For that was only his-rule:  
But now comes in, Tom of Bosoms-inn,<sup>1</sup>  
And he presenteth Mis-rule.*

*Which you may know, by the very show,  
Albeit you never ask it:  
For there you may see, what his ensigns be,  
The rope, the cheese, and the basket.*

<sup>1</sup> But now comes in, Tom of Bosoms-inn.] “ Blossoms-inn, but corruptly Bosoms-inn, in Laurence-lane, and hath to sign St. Laurence the deacon, in a border of blossoms or flowers.” Stow.  
W<sup>H</sup>AL.



*This Carol plays, and has been in his days  
A chirping boy, and a kill-pot :  
Kit cobbler it is, I'm a father of his,  
And he dwells in the lane call'd Fill-pot.*

*But who is this ? O, my daughter Cis,  
Minced-pie ; with her do not dally  
On pain o' your life : she's an honest cook's wife,  
And comes out of Scalding-alley.*

*Next in the trace, comes Gambol in place ;  
And, to make my tale the shorter,  
My son Hercules, tane out of Distaff-lane,  
But an active man, and a porter.*

*Now Post and Pair, old Christmas's heir,  
Doth make and a gingling sally ;  
And wot you who, 'tis one of my two  
Sons, card-makers in Pur-alley.*

*Next in a trice, with his box and his dice,  
Mac'-pipin<sup>s</sup> my son, but younger,  
Brings Mumming in ; and the knave will win,  
For he is a costermonger.*

*But New-year's-gift, of himself makes shift,  
To tell you what his name is :  
With orange on head, and his ginger-bread,  
Clem Waspe of Honey-lane 'tis.*

*This, I you tell, is our jolly Wassel,  
And for Twelfth-night more meet too :  
She works by the ell, and her name is Nell,  
And she dwells in Threadneedle-street too.*

*Then Offering, he, with his dish and his tree,  
That in every great house keepeth,*

<sup>s</sup> Mac' pippin.] The costermongers were then, as now, chiefly from Ireland.



*Is by my son, young Little-worth, done,  
And in Penny-rich street he sleepeth.*

*Last, Baby-cake, that an end doth make  
Of Christmas' merry, merry vein-a,  
Is child Rowlan, and a straight young man,  
Though he come out of Crooked-lane-a.*

*There should have been, and a dozen I ween,  
But I could find but one more  
Child of Christmas, and a Log it was,  
When I them all had gone o'er.*

*I prayed him, in a time so trim,  
That he would make one to prance it :  
And I myself would have been the twelfth,  
O' but Log was too heavy to dance it.<sup>9</sup>*

<sup>9</sup> *O but Log was too heavy to dance it.*] Every one knows that this alludes to the huge log of wood which was placed in the kitchen chimney—a chimney, be it remembered, that would contain “twelve starveling chimneys of these degenerate days,”—on Christmas eve with appropriate ceremonies, and which it was a matter of religion, as Jonson calls it, to preserve from being wholly consumed till the conclusion of the festival.

The mention of log recalls to my mind another circumstance which I once hoped to find an opportunity of introducing in a more appropriate place, but which certain monitions, not to be mistaken, no longer encourage me to expect. I shall therefore advert to it here.

“If thou art *dun*, we'll draw thee from the mire,” occurs, as the reader knows, in *Romeo and Juliet*, and has proved a very torment to the commentators from the days of Dr. Gray to the present. Grievous have been the efforts to explain it, and pitiable the result, since they all terminate in this unsatisfactory conclusion, that “it is an old proverb.” Even Mr. Douce (by far the most excursive of the whole) is at fault here: “There is no doubt (he says) that it is an allusion to some now forgotten game:” And again: “How it was practised we have yet to learn.” *Illustrations*, ii. p. 179. For the comfort of posterity, who are thus delivered over by the critics to flat despair, I can unfold the



Now, Cupid, come you on.

Cup. *You worthy wights, king, lords, and knights,  
Or queen and ladies bright :  
Cupid invites you to the sights  
He shall present to-night.*

Ven. 'Tis a good child, speak out ; hold up your head, Love.

Cup. *And which Cupid—and which Cupid—*

Ven. Do not shake so, Robin ; if thou be'st a-cold, I have some warm waters for thee here.

Chris. Come, you put Robin Cupid out with your waters, and your fisling ; will you be gone ?

Ven. Ay, forsooth, he's a child, you must conceive, and must be used tenderly ; he was never in such an assembly before, forsooth, but once at the Warmoll Quest, forsooth, where he said grace as prettily as any of the sheriff's hinch-boys, forsooth.

Chris. Will you peace, forsooth ?

mystery. If I happen to prove somewhat tedious, I beseech the reader to advert to the importance of the information, and the heart's ease which it will afford to commentators yet unborn.

*Dun is in the mire !* then, is a Christmas gambol, at which I have often played. A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room : this is *Dun*, (the cart-horse,) and a cry is raised, that he is *stuck in the mire*. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance.—The game continues till all the company take part in it, when *Dun* is extricated of course ; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes. This will not be thought a very exquisite amusement ; and yet I have seen much honest mirth at it ; and have been far more entertained with the ludicrous contorsions of pretended struggles, than with the real writhing, the dark scowl of avarice and envy exhibited by the same description of persons, in the genteeler amusement of cards, the universal substitute for all our ancient sports.



Cup. *And which Cupid—and which Cupid,—*

Ven. Ay, that's a good boy, speak plain, Robin: how does his majesty like him, I pray? will he give eight-pence a day, think you? Speak out, Robin.

Chris. Nay, he is out enough, you may take him away, and begin your dance: this it is to have speeches.

Ven. You wrong the child, you do wrong the infant; I 'peal to his majesty.

*Here they dance.*

Chris. Well done, boys, my fine boys, my bully boys!

### THE EPILOGUE.

Sings. *Nor do you think that their legs is all*

*The commendation of my sons,*

*For at the Artillery garden they shall*

*As well forsooth use their guns,*

*And march as fine, as the Muses nine,*

*Along the streets of London:*

*And in their brave tires, to give their false fires,*

*Especially Tom my son.*

*Now if the lanes and the allies afford*

*Such an ac-tivity as this;*

*At Christmas next, if they keep their word,*

*Can the children of Cheapside miss?*

*Though, put the case, when they come in place,*

*They should not dance, but hop:*

*Their very gold lace, with their silk, would 'em*  
*grace,*

*Having so many knights o' the shop.*



*But were I so wise, I might seem to advise  
So great a potentate as yourself:  
They should, sir, I tell ye, spare't out of their belly,  
And this way spend some of their pelf.*

*Ay, and come to the court, for to make you some  
sport,  
At the least once every year:  
As Christmas hath done, with his seventh or eighth  
son,  
And his couple of daughters dear.*

And thus it ended.

*Presented in the house of the right honourable  
the Lord HAY, by divers of noble quality his  
friends; for the entertainment of monsieur  
le Baron de Tourn, extraordinary ambassador  
for the French King, on Saturday, February  
23, 1617.*

*Quod titulum poesis? versus duo trocha leguntur.*

MART.

283



But what I do want I might as well to advise  
 And give a pot of ale as yourself:  
 And they should say, I tell ye, spare't out of their belly,  
 And this way spend some of their pelf.

And come to the court, for to make you some  
 As a sport, till I have some more to come  
 At the least once every year.

And Christmas hath done, with his seventh or eighth  
 And his couple of daughters dear.  
 And they dance.

And thus it ended.

## THE EPILOGUE

For do you think that their legs is all  
 The reason of my song,  
 For at the bottom of the garden they shall  
 And will be there as their guns.

And what is this to the Muse's mind,  
 And to the Muse of London:  
 And in their own way, to give their false fire,  
 And to the Muse of London.

Now if the law of the allies afford  
 And to the Muse of London:  
 At Christmas time, if they keep their word,  
 Can the Muse of London?

Though, for the time, when they come in place,  
 They should not dance, but hop:  
 Their very gold lace, with their silk, would be  
 And to the Muse of London.



# MASQUE OF LETHE.

## M A S Q U E

Presented in the house of the right honourable the lord HAY, by divers of noble quality his friends; for the entertainment of monsieur le BARON DE TOUR, extraordinary ambassador for the French king, on Saturday, February 22, 1617.

*Quid titulum poscis? versus duo tresve legantur.* MART.

283

AMOR ADRIAT ALA.

The SCENE discovered, is, on the one side, the head  
VOL. VII.



A MASQUE, &c.] The lord Hay had been sent on a grand embassy to France in 1616, ostensibly to congratulate the king of France on his marriage with the infanta of Spain, but with private instructions to endeavour to discover if there was any likelihood of forming a match between the prince (Charles) and the daughter of Henry IV. Nothing in the annals of diplomacy had ever equalled the splendor, not to say the preposterous extravagance, of this nobleman's public entry into Paris. "Six trumpeters and two marshals in tawny velvet liveries, completely suited and laced all over with gold richly and closely laid, led the way; the ambassador followed with a great train of pages and footmen in the same rich livery, encircling his horse, and the rest of his retinue according to their qualities and degrees in as much bravery as they could devise or procure, followed in couples to the wonderment of the beholders, who filled the windows, balconies and streets." This is but a small part of what is said by Arthur Wilson on the subject; who seems almost at a loss for language to convey an adequate idea of the costly pageantry. "After the Ambassador had been feasted magnificently (he adds) with all his gallant train, in several places, to shew the grandeur of France, he came back and practised it here, making many times, upon several occasions, such *stupendious feasts*, and heaped banquets, as if all the creatures had contributed to his excess." *Life of James*, p. 94. It was on one of these "occasions" that the present entertainment (which I have called the *Masque of Lethe*,) was presented.



THE  
**MASQUE OF LETHE.**

---

*The FRONT before the SCENE was an ARCH-TRI-  
 UMPHAL,*

*On the top of which, HUMANITY, placed in figure, sat  
 with her lap of flowers, scattering them with her  
 right-hand; and holding a golden chain in her left  
 hand: to shew both the freedom and the bond of  
 courtesy, with this inscription:*

**SUPER OMNIA VULTUS.**

*On the two sides of the arch, CHEERFULNESS and  
 READINESS, her servants.*

*CHEERFULNESS, in a loose flowing garment, filling  
 out wine from an antique piece of plate; with this  
 word,*

**ADSIT LÆTITIÆ DATOR.**

*READINESS, a winged maid, with two flaming bright  
 lights in her hands; and her word,*

**AMOR ADDIDIT ALAS.**

---

*The SCENE discovered, is, on the one side, the head*



*of a boat, and in it CHARON putting off from the shore, having landed certain imagined ghosts, whom MERCURY there receives, and encourageth to come on towards the river LETHE, who appears lying in the person of an old man. The FATES sitting by him on his bank; a grove of myrtles behind them, presented in perspective, and growing thicker to the outer-side of the scene. Mercury, perceiving them to faint, calls them on, and shews them his golden rod.*

*Mer.* Nay, faint not now, so near the fields of rest.

Here no more Furies, no more torments dwell,  
Than each hath felt already in his breast;  
Who hath been once in love, hath proved his hell.

Up then, and follow this my golden rod,  
That points you next to aged Lethe's shore,  
Who pours his waters from his urn abroad,  
Of which but tasting, you shall faint no more.

*Lethe.* Stay; who or what fantastic shades are these

That Hermes leads?

*Mer.* They are the gentle forms  
Of lovers, tost upon those frantic seas,  
Whence Venus sprung.

*Lethe.* And have rid out her storms?

*Mer.* No.

*Lethe.* Did they perish?

*Mer.* Yes.

*Lethe.* How?

*Mer.* Drown'd by Love,

<sup>a</sup> The whole masque was sung after the Italian manner *style recitativo*, by master Nicholas Lanier; who ordered and made both the scene and the music.



That drew them forth with hopes as smooth  
as were

Th'unfaithful waters he desired them prove.

*Lethe.* And turn'd a tempest when he had them  
there?

*Mer.* He did, and on the billow would he roll,  
And laugh to see one *throw his heart away*;  
Another sighing, *vapour forth his soul*;  
A third, to *melt himself in tears, and say,*

*O love, I now to salter water turn*

*Than that I die in*; then a fourth, to cry  
Amid the surges, *Oh! I burn, I burn.*

A fifth laugh out, *It is my ghost, not I.*

And thus in pairs I found them. Only one

There is, that walks, and stops, and shakes  
his head,

And shuns the rest, as glad to be alone,

And whispers to himself, *he is not dead.*

*Fates.* No more are all the rest.

*Mer.* No!

1 *Fate.* No.

*Mer.* But why

Proceeds this doubtful voice from destiny?

*Fates.* It is too sure.

*Mer.* Sure!

2 *Fate.* Ay. Thinks Mercury,

That any things or names on earth do die,

That are obscured from knowledge of the

Fates,

Who keep all rolls?

3 *Fate.* And know all nature's dates?

*Mer.* They say themselves, *they are dead.*

1 *Fate.* It not appears,

Or by our rock,

2 *Fate.* Our spindle,



3 *Fate.* Or our shears.

*Fates.* Here all their threads are growing yet,  
none cut.

*Mer.* I 'gin to doubt, that Love with charms  
hath put

This phant'sie in them ; and they only think  
That they are ghosts.

1 *Fate.* If so, then let them drink  
Of Lethe's stream.

2 *Fate.* 'Twill make them to forget  
Love's name.

3 *Fate.* And so, they may recover yet.

*Mer.* Go, bow unto the reverend lake :

[*To the Shades.*

And having touch'd there ; up and shake  
The shadows off, which yet do make  
Us you, and you yourselves mistake.

*Here they all stoop to the water, and dance forth  
their Antimasque in several gestures, as they lived  
in love : and retiring into the grove, before the  
last person be off the stage, the first Couple appear  
in their posture between the trees, ready to come  
forth, changed.*

*Mer.* See ! see ! they are themselves again.

1 *Fate.* Yes, now they are substances and men.

2 *Fate.* Love at the name of Lethe flies.

*Lethe.* For, in oblivion drown'd, he dies.

3 *Fate.* He must not hope, though other states  
He oft subdue, he can the Fates.

*Fates.* 'Twere insolence to think his powers  
Can work on us, or equal ours.

*Cho.* Return, return,

Like lights to burn

On earth

For others good :



*Your second birth  
 Will fame old Lethe's flood;  
 And warn a world,  
 That now are hurl'd  
 About in tempest, how they prove  
 Shadows for Love.  
 Leap forth: your light it is the nobler made,  
 By being struck out of a shade*

*Here they dance forth their entry, or first dance: after  
 which CUPID——appearing, meets them.*

*Cup.* Why, now you take me! these are rites  
 That grace Love's days, and crown his nights!  
 These are the motions I would see,  
 And praise in them that follow me!  
 Not sighs, nor tears, nor wounded hearts,  
 Nor flames, nor ghosts: but airy parts  
 Tried and refined as yours have been,  
 And such they are, I glory in.

*Mer.* Look, look unto this snaky rod,  
 And stop your ears against the charming god;  
 His every word falls from him is a snare:  
 Who have so lately known him, should beware.

*Here they dance their Main Dance.*

*Cup.* Come, do not call it Cupid's crime,  
 You were thought dead before your time;  
 If thus you move to Hermes' will  
 Alone, you will be thought so still.  
 Go, take the ladies forth, and talk,  
 And touch, and taste too: ghosts can walk.  
 'Twixt eyes, tongues, hands, the mutual strife  
 Is bred that tries the truth of life.  
 They do, indeed, like dead men move,  
 That think they live, and not in love!



*Here they take forth the Ladies, and the REVELS follow.\**

*After which.*

*Mer.* Nay, you should never have left off;  
But staid, and heard your Cupid scoff,  
To find you in the line you were.

*Cup.* Your too much wit, breeds too much fear.

*Mer.* Good fly, good night.

*Cup.* But will you go?

Can you leave Love, and he entreat you so?

Here, take my quiver and my bow,  
My torches too; that you, by all, may know

I mean no danger to your stay:

This night, I will create my holiday,

And be yours naked and entire.

*Mer.* As if that Love disarm'd were less a fire!

Away, away.

*They dance their going out: which done,*

*Mer.* Yet lest that Venus' wanton son  
Should with the world be quite undone,  
For your fair sakes (you brighter stars,  
Who have beheld these civil wars)  
Fate is content these lovers here  
Remain still such; so Love will swear

\* *The Revels follow.*] The Revels were dances of a more free and general nature, that is, not immediately connected with the story of the piece under representation. In these, many of the nobility of both sexes took part, who had previously been spectators. The Revels, it appears from other passages, were usually composed of galliards and corantos. Their introduction was no less desirable than judicious, as it gave fullness and majesty to the show, and enabled the court to gratify numbers who were not qualified to appear in it as performers.



Never to force them act to do,  
But what he will call Hermes to.

*Cup.* I swear ; and with like cause thank Mer-  
cury,  
As these have to thank him and Destiny.

*Cho.* *All then take cause of joy ; for who hath not ?  
Old Lethe, that their follies are forgot :  
We, that their lives unto their fates they fit ;  
They, that they still shall love, and love with  
wit.*

And thus it ended.

---

This little drama is written with all the ease and elegance of Pope, who is not without some petty obligations to it, in his *Rape of the Lock*.

*Presented at Court in Christmas, 1617.*







# VISION OF DELIGHT.

## THE SCENE

THE

# VISION OF DELIGHT.

Presented at Court in Christmas, 1617.

*Scito recitative.*

*Del.* Let us play and dance, and sing,  
Let us now turn every sort  
Of the pleasures of the spring  
To the graces of a court.

From air, from cloud, from dreares, from toys,  
To moods, to sense, to love, to joys;  
Let your shows be new, as strange,  
Let them oft and sweetly vary;  
Let them haste so to their change,  
As the seeds may not tarry.  
Too long I expect the pleasing sight,  
Doth take away from the delight.



THE VISION OF DELIGHT.] From the fol. 1641. This is one of the most beautiful of Jonson's little pieces, light, airy, harmonious, and poetical in no common degree. It stands without a parallel among performances of this kind ; and might have convinced even Dr. Aikin, if he had ever condescended to look into Jonson, that " this *once* celebrated author" had something besides the song in the *Silent Woman*, (see vol. iii. p. 348,) to relieve " the prevalent coarseness of his tedious effusions."



THE VISION OF DELIGHT.

---

*The* S C E N E,

*A Street in Perspective of fair building discovered.*

D E L I G H T

*is seen to come as afar off, accompanied with GRACE,  
LOVE, HARMONY, REVEL, SPORT, LAUGHTER;  
and followed by WONDER.*

*Stilo recitativo.*

*Del.* Let us play and dance, and sing,  
Let us now turn every sort  
Of the pleasures of the spring,  
To the graces of a court.

From air, from cloud, from dreams, from toys,  
To sounds, to sense, to love, to joys;  
Let your shows be new, as strange,  
Let them oft and sweetly vary;  
Let them haste so to their change,  
As the seërs may not tarry.  
Too long t' expect the pleasing'st sight,  
Doth take away from the delight.



*Here the first ANTIMASQUE entered.*

*A She-monster delivered of six BURRATINES,<sup>2</sup> that  
dance with six PANTALOONS: which done,*

*Del.* Yet hear what your Delight doth pray:  
All sour and sullen looks away,  
That are the servants of the day;  
Our sports are of the humorous Night,  
Who feeds the stars that give her light,  
And useth than her wont more bright,  
To help the VISION OF DELIGHT.

*NIGHT rises slowly, and takes her chariot bespangled  
with stars.*

See, see, her scepter and her crown  
Are all of flame, and from her gown  
A train of light comes waving down.  
This night, in dew she will not steep  
The brain, nor lock the sense in sleep;  
But all awake with phantoms keep,  
And those to make Delight more deep.

*By this time the Night and Moon being both risen;  
NIGHT hovering over the place, sung.*

*Night. Break, Phant'sie, from thy cave of cloud,<sup>3</sup>  
And spread thy purple wings;*

<sup>2</sup> *Of six Burratines,*] I can give the reader no idea of the shape of the Burratines. The word itself occurs in that singular production, the *Microcosmus*, by Purchas; who speaks of it as "a strange stuff recently devised and brought into wear," much to his annoyance. p. 268. It was probably a glossy kind of perpetuana: whatever it was, the six young monsters were clothed in it, and formed, it may be presumed, some ridiculous contrast to the formal and fantastic habits of the six old men.

<sup>3</sup> *Break Phant'sie, &c.*] In Whalley's corrected copy I find a



*Now all thy figures are allow'd,  
 And various shapes of things ;  
 Create of airy forms a stream,  
 It must have blood, and nought of phlegm ;  
 And though it be a waking dream,*

long quotation from Hurd's *Essay on the Marks of Imitation*, (p. 52,) on the subject of Milton's "improvement" of those lines in his *Penseroso* ! I do not give it, because I differ *toto cælo* from my predecessor with regard to its merits. He calls it a "fine and judicious criticism," whereas it appears to me a mere string of positions, which, under the affectation of great acuteness, evince nothing but methodical imbecility.

I have yet a word to say of Hurd. The reader must have gathered from what has been already written, that his constant object is to ridicule and degrade Jonson ; to drag him forward and, on every occasion, bind him to the triumphant wheels of all whose cause it pleases him to espouse. In the same Essay, (p. 24.) he says : "If Shakspeare had never looked into books, or conversed with bookish men, he might have learned almost all the secrets of paganism from the MASKS of B. Johnson." —He must have "looked into books," I presume, even for this ; for he was probably not often invited to court, to partake of them :—but, continues Hurd, after abusing Jonson for his exactness in the use of ancient learning, "The taste of the age, much devoted to erudition, and still more the taste of the princes for whom he writ, gave a prodigious vogue to these unnatural exhibitions. And the knowledge of antiquity, requisite to succeed in them, was, I imagine, the reason that Shakspeare was not over fond to try his hand" (tasty language, this !) "at these elaborate trifles. Once indeed he *did*, (try his hand,) and with such success as to DISGRACE THE VERY BEST THINGS OF THIS KIND WE FIND IN JOHNSON ! The short Mask in the *Tempest* is fitted up with a classical exactness : (he had just before ridiculed Jonson for this exactness :) but its chief merit lies in the beauty of the SHEW, and the richness of the poetry. Shakspeare was so sensible of *his superiority* that he could not help exulting a little upon it, where he makes Ferdinand say,

This is a most majestic *Vision*, and  
 Harmonious charming lays."

The intrepid absurdity of this insane criticism (for I am loth to give it its proper name) may be safely pronounced unparalleled. The *Tempest* itself is indeed a surprising, nay an almost miracu-



Cho. *Yet let it like an odour rise  
To all the senses here,  
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,  
Or music in their ear.*

lous effort of the highest powers of genius; but the little interlude of which Hurd speaks, is so far from *disgracing the very best of Jonson's Masques*, that it is nearly as bad as the very worst of them. I am not afraid to affirm, that there was scarcely a writer on the stage at that time, who could not, and who did not, interweave "things" equally good in his dramas. It is, in short, one of those trifling entertainments which were usually looked for by the audience, and cannot boast a single excellence to distinguish it from those of Fletcher, Shirley, Brome, and twenty others. Iris enters and calls for Ceres; after a short dialogue, they are joined by Juno, who sings the following song:

"Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you!  
Juno sings her blessings on you."

On the conclusion of this *rich poetry*, Ferdinand exclaims, *This is a most majestic vision!* &c. There were but three personages upon the stage, and no scenery of any kind is even hinted at: yet Hurd is not ashamed to affirm that this trite mythology, which *disgraced* the very best of Jonson's pieces, by the ingenuity of its construction, left them still more behind it, in the *beauty of its shew!* and called forth an involuntary exultation from Shakspeare on his superiority! When we consider that the Masques of Jonson were exhibited with all the magnificence of scenery which the taste and splendor of a court could bestow, that the performers in them were the most accomplished of the nobility of both sexes, headed by the queen, and royal family; that the most skilful musicians were constantly called in to compose the songs; and the most exquisite voices that could be found, engaged to execute them; and when we know, on the other hand, that the theatres had no scenery, and that the songs and dances were left to the ordinary performers, what language of reprobation is sufficiently strong to mark the portentous ignorance which could deliberately affirm that the homely and unadorned interlude in the *Tempest*, exceeded in the splendour of its exhibition, that of all the Masques of Jonson!

With respect to Shakspeare—he is no party in the dispute. The exclamation of Ferdinand is natural and proper to the character, and has nothing to do with the real circumstances of the



*The Scene here changed to cloud, from which PHANT'SIE  
breaking forth, spake.*

*Phan.* Bright Night, I obey thee, and am come  
at thy call,  
But it is no one dream that can please these all;  
Wherefore I would know what dreams would  
delight 'em:  
For never was Phant'sie more loth to affright 'em.  
And Phant'sie, I tell you, has dreams that have  
wings,  
And dreams that have honey, and dreams that  
have stings:  
Dreams of the maker, and dreams of the teller,  
Dreams of the kitchen, and dreams of the cellar:  
Some that are tall, and some that are dwarfs,  
Some that are halter'd, and some that wear scarfs;

stage. For the rest, I make no apology. I love and reverence  
Shakspeare as truly as the warmest of his admirers, and in ad-  
dition, flatter myself that my understanding goes with my worship;  
but I will not silently suffer his name to be made a stalking horse,  
under cover of which malice and folly may wantonly shoot  
from age to age, their poisoned bolts at the name and reputation  
of Jonson. I know the fate which I am preparing for myself;  
but if I had not been utterly regardless of personal abuse in the  
cause of sound literature and truth, I should never have ven-  
tured on so unpopular a task as that of attempting to do simple  
justice to the talents and integrity of one of the most injured  
and calumniated of men.

To return to the quotation with which this long note began:  
—Jonson has a similar thought in *Love's Triumph*, where Eu-  
phemus says, very beautifully,

Love in perfection longeth to appear,

But prays, of favour, he be not call'd on

Till all the suburbs and the skirts be clear

Of perturbations, and the infection gone.

Then will he flow forth like a rich perfume

Into your nostrils! or some sweeter sound

Of melting music, that shall not consume

Within the ear, but run the mazes round.



Some that are proper, and signify o' thing,  
 And some another, and some that are nothing.—  
 For say the French verdingale, and the French hood  
 Were here to dispute; must it be understood \*  
 A feather for a wisp were a fit moderator?  
 Your ostrich, believe it, 's no faithful translator  
 Of perfect Utopian; and then 'twere an odd piece  
 To see the conclusion peep forth at a cod-piece.

The politic pudding hath still his two ends,  
 Though the bellows and bag-pipe were ne'er so  
 good friends:

And who can report what offence it would be  
 For a squirrel to see a dog climb a tree?

If a dream should come in now to make you afeard,  
 With a windmill on his head, and bells at his beard;  
 Would you straight wear your spectacles here at  
 your toes,

And your boots on your brows, and your spurs  
 on your nose?

Your whale he will swallow a hog's head for a pill;  
 But the maker o' the mousetrap is he that hath  
 skill.

And the nature of the onion is to draw tears,  
 As well as the mustard: peace, pitchers have ears,  
 And shittle-cocks wings, these things do not  
 mind 'em,

If the bell have any sides, the clapper will find 'em:

\* *For say the French verdingale, and the French hood*

*Were here to dispute, &c.]* The medley that follows is purposely designed, I suppose, to intimate the inconsistency of dreams; and has at least, if no other merit, the praise of being spoken in character. **WHAL.**

Our old poets seem to have found some amusement in stringing together these sheer absurdities, as they frequently indulged in them. Jonson's, as Whalley observes, is not ill placed; and, if there be any degree of comparison in nonsense, his is also the best that we have. It might have been shorter: but if it amused the audience, we need not quarrel with it.



There's twice so much music in beating the tabor,  
 As in the stock-fish, and somewhat less labour.  
 Yet all this while, no proportion is boasted  
 'Twixt an egg and an ox, though both have been  
     roasted ;

For grant the most barbers can play on the cittern,  
 Is it requisite a lawyer should plead to a ghittern?  
 You will say now the morris-bells were but bribes  
 To make the heel forget that e'er it had kibes ;  
 I say, let the wine make ne'er so good jelly,  
 The conscience of the bottle is much in the belly:  
 For why? do but take common council i' your way,  
 And tell me who'll then set a bottle of hay  
 Before the old usurer, and to his horse  
 A slice of salt-butter, perverting the course  
 Of civil society? open that gap,  
 And out skip your fleas, four and twenty at a clap,  
 With a chain and a trundle-bed following at th'  
     heels,

And will they not cry then, the world runs a-  
     wheels?

As for example, a belly, and no face,  
 With the bill of a shoveler<sup>5</sup> may here come in  
     place ;

The haunches of a drum, with the feet of a pot,  
 And the tail of a Kentish man to it : why not ?  
 Yet would I take the stars to be cruel,  
 If the crab and the rope-maker ever fight duel,  
 On any dependence, be it right, be it wrong :  
 But, mum : a thread may be drawn out too long.

*Here the second Antimasque of Phantasms came forth,  
     and danced.*

<sup>5</sup> *With the bill of a shoveler.*] A particular kind of sea-bird, with a broad bill. In the Entertainment given to queen Elizabeth by the earl of Leicester at Kenelworth-castle, we are told there were two square wire cages, and in them live bitterns, curleus, shovelars, &c. WHAL.



*Phan.* Why, this you will say was phantastical  
 now,  
 As the Cock and the Bull, the Whale and the Cow,  
 But vanish ! away ! [*They retire.*] I have change  
 to present you,  
 And such as I hope will more truly content you.—  
 Behold the gold-hair'd Hour descending here,  
 That keeps the gate of heaven, and turnsthe year,  
 Already with her sight how she doth cheer,  
 And makes another face of things appear.

*Here one of the HOURS descending, the whole scene  
 changed to the bower of ZEPHYRUS, whilst PEACE  
 sung as followeth :*

*Peace.* Why lock you so, and all turn dumb,  
 To see the opener of the new year come ?  
 My presence rather should invite,  
 And aid and urge, and call to your delight ;  
 The many pleasures that I bring  
 Are all of youth, of heat, of life and spring,  
 And were prepared to warm your blood,  
 Not fix it thus, as if you statues stood.

*Cho.* We see, we hear, we feel, we taste,  
 We smell the change in every flow'r,  
 We only wish that all could last,  
 And be as new still as the hour.

*Wonder.* Wonder must speak or break ; what  
 is this ? grows  
 The wealth of nature here, or art ? it shows  
 As if Favonius,<sup>6</sup> father of the spring,  
 Who in the verdant meads doth reign sole king,

<sup>6</sup> *As if Favonius, &c.]* At length we have a word with  
 which Jonson is admitted to have furnished Milton : but Mil-  
 ton is indebted for somewhat more than a word to this beau-



Had roused him here, and shook his feathers, wet  
 With purple swelling nectar; and had let  
 The sweet and fruitful dew fall on the ground  
 To force out all the flowers that might be found:  
 Or a Minerva with her needle had  
 The enamour'd earth with all her riches clad,  
 And made the downy Zephyr as he flew  
 Still to be followed with the Spring's best hue.  
 The gaudy peacock boasts not in his train  
 So many lights and shadows, nor the rain-  
 Resolving Iris, when the Sun doth court her,  
 Nor purple pheasant while his aunt' doth sport her

tiful speech. It is to be lamented that Hurd, while looking for specimens of Jonson's manner of translating, or, as he is pleased to term it, "of murdering" the ancients, for the "entertainment" of his friend, should have missed this passage, in which Claudian is so comically travestied:

*Compellat Zephyrum, Pater O gratissime Veris  
 Qui mea lascivo regnas per prata volatu, &c. &c.*  
 Rap. Proserp. lib. ii. v. 73, et seq.

Jonson was the first who made this excellent poet familiar to us. At a time when he was little known or studied in this country, our author was already intimately acquainted with his merits, and had many allusions to his most striking beauties, dispersed through his works. I should have remarked, that in the charming address of Maia to the king and queen, (vol. vi. p. 490,) there is a reference to this favourite poet:

"The spice that from Panchaia comes,  
 The odour that Hydaspes lends." —

*Quidquid turiferis spirat Panchaia silvis,  
 Quicquid odoratus longe blanditur Hydaspes.*

<sup>7</sup> ——— while his aunt doth sport her.] i. e. his wanton mistress.  
 Thus Brome:

*Cicely.* Is she your kinswoman—your aunt, or cousin?

*Sam.* [aside] Means she in the mystical sense, of ill?

*Toten. Court.*

But our old dramatists used this word in a very loose way. As



To hear him crow, and with a perched pride  
 Wave his discolour'd neck and purple side.  
 I have not seen the place could more surprise,  
 It looks, methinks, like one of Nature's eyes,  
 Or her whole body set in art: behold!  
 How the blue bindweed doth itself infold<sup>s</sup>  
 With honey-suckle, and both these intwine  
 Themselves with bryony and jessamine,  
 To cast a kind and odoriferous shade.

*Phan.* How better than they are, are all things  
 made  
 By Wonder? But awhile refresh thine eye,  
 I'll put thee to thy oftener, What and Why?

*Here, to a loud music, the Bower opens, and the  
 MASQUERS are discovered as the Glories of the  
 Spring.*

the *Gentleman's Recreation* says of *brach*, it "seems to be a man-  
 perly word," for an appellation peculiarly offensive to female  
 ears. See vol. vi. p. 92.

8

————— behold!

*How the blue bindweed doth it self infold  
 With honey-suckle, &c.]* This passage settles the meaning of  
 the speech of Titania, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, on which  
 so much has been written, and which, after all, is so little  
 understood.

"So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle  
 Gently entwist."

The woodbine of Shakspeare is the blue bindweed of Jonson:  
 in many of our counties the woodbine is still the name for the  
 great convolvulus. If the reader will turn to this quotation, in  
 the variorum Shakspeare, he will find three pages of nonsense,  
 quotation heaped upon quotation to no purpose; and this place  
 in Jonson, which gives an easy and intelligent explanation of it,  
 not once noticed! It should be added, that Steevens and Ma-  
 lone, to make out even their no-meaning, have been compelled  
 to corrupt the text. This, however, was infinitely preferable  
 to having recourse to "old Ben," without any prospect of  
 calumniating him.



*Won.* Thou wilt indeed ; what better change appears ?

Whence is it that the air so sudden clears,  
And all things in a moment turn so mild ?  
Whose breath or beams have got proud earth  
with child,

Of all the treasure that great Nature's worth,  
And makes her every minute to bring forth ?  
How comes it winter is so quite forced hence,  
And lock'd up under ground ? that every sense  
Hath several objects ? trees have got their heads,  
And fields their coats ? that now the shining  
meads

Do boast the paunce, the lily, and the rose ;  
And every flower doth laugh as Zephyr blows ?  
That seas are now more even than the land ?  
The rivers run as smoothed by his hand ;  
Only their heads are crisped by his stroke :—  
How plays the yearling with his brow scarce  
broke

Now in the open grass ! and frisking lambs  
Make wanton salts about their dry-suck'd  
dams !—

Who to repair their bags do rob the fields.

How is't each bough a several music yields ?  
The lusty throstle, early nightingale,  
Accord in tune, though vary in their tale ;  
The chirping swallow call'd forth by the sun,  
And crested lark doth his division run ?  
The yellow bees the air with murmur fill,  
The finches carol, and the turtles bill ?  
Whose power is this ? what god ?

*Phan.* Behold a king,  
Whose presence maketh this perpetual spring ;  
The glories of which spring grow in that  
bower,  
And are the marks and beauties of his power.



Cho. 'Tis he, 'tis he, and no power else,  
 That makes all this what Phant'sie tells ;  
 The founts, the flowers, the birds, the bees,  
 The herds, the flocks, the grass, the trees,  
 Do all confess him ; but most these  
 Who call him lord of the four seas,  
 King of the less and greater isles,  
 And all those happy when he smiles.  
 Advance, his favour calls you to advance,  
 And do your this night's homage in a dance.

Here they danced their ENTRY, after which they  
 sung again.

Cho. Again ! again ! you cannot be  
 Of such a true delight too free,  
 Which, who once saw, would ever see :  
 And if they could the object prize,  
 Would, while it lasts, not think to rise,  
 But wish their bodies all were eyes.

Here they danced their Main Dance, after which  
 they sung.

Cho. In curious knots and mazes so,  
 The Spring at first was taught to go ;  
 And Zephyr, when he came to woo  
 His Flora, had their motions too :  
 And thence did Venus learn to lead  
 The Idalian brawls, and so to tread  
 As if the wind, not she, did walk ;  
 Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalk.

Here they danced with the LADIES, and the  
 whole REVELS followed ; after which AURORA  
 appeared, (the Night and Moon being de-  
 scended,) and this Epilogue followed.



*Aur.* I was not wearier where I lay  
 By frozen Tithon's side to-night ;<sup>9</sup>  
 Than I am willing now to stay,  
 And be a part of your delight.  
 But I am urged by the Day,  
 Against my will, to bid you come away.

*Cho.* *They yield to time, and so must all.  
 As night to sport, day doth to action call ;  
 Which they the rather do obey,  
 Because the Morn with roses strews the way.*

Here they danced their going off:

And thus it ended.

<sup>9</sup> *I was not wearier where I lay*

*By frozen Tithon's side to night, &c.]* The ingenious Mr. Chalmers, the Lepidus of the grand triumvirate of Jonson's enemies, would probably start, had he ever looked into his works, at discovering that there was something in them besides "malice to Shakspeare," something, in short, from which the critic himself, vast as his knowledge confessedly is, might occasionally derive information. In illustrating the word *Titan*, which he explains with laudable accuracy to be a "poetical name for the Sun," Mr. Chalmers brings forward this confirmation of it from the *Phænix' Nest*,

"Aurora now began to rise again  
 From watrie couch, and from old *Tithon's* side."

*Lindsay*, vol. iii. p. 488.

Now though "*Titan*" may be *old*, it is not very likely, I think, that he should be *frozen*; and as Jonson is generally allowed to be pretty correct in his epithets, it will be worth Mr. Chalmers's while to consider, previously to the republication of his glossary, whether *Titan* and *Tithon* may not be distinct personages.



But I am urged by the Day,  
Against my will, to bid you come away.  
And be a part of your delight,  
Than I am willing now to stay,  
By frozen Tithon's side to-night?

Here they danced, their going off:  
Because the Moon with roses strews the way,  
Which they the rather do obey,  
As night to sport, day doth to action call;  
Chor. They yield to time, and so must all.

And thus it ended.

By frozen Tithon's side to-night, &c.] The ingenious Mr. Chalmers, the Rapin of the grand triumvirate of Johnson's enemies, would probably start, had he ever looked into his works, at discovering that there was something in them besides "malice to Shakespeare," something, in short, from which the critic himself, vast as his knowledge confessedly is, might occasionally derive information. In illustrating the word "Tithon," which he explains with incredible accuracy to be a "poetical name for the Sun," Mr. Chalmers brings forward this confirmation of it from the *Æneid*, Book VI.

"Aurora now began to rise again  
From wat'ry couch, and from old Tithon's side."  
Lindsay, vol. iii. p. 488.

Now though "Tithon" may be old, it is not very likely, I think, that he should be so old; and as Johnson is generally allowed to be pretty correct in his epithets, it will be worth Mr. Chalmers's while to consider, previously to the republication of his glossary, whether Tithon may not be distinct personages.



PLEASURE, &c.

PLEASURE

RECONCILED TO VIRTUE.

MASQUE.

AS IT WAS PRESENTED AT COURT  
BEFORE KING JAMES, 1619.

HYMN.

Full Choir, Rise! rise! make room for the  
Bouncing Belly,  
First father of sauce, and deviser of pils;  
Prime master of arts, and the giver of wit,  
That found out the excellent way to the  
The plough and the flail, the mill and the hopper,  
The hatch and the beater, the furnace and copper,  
The oven, the baren, the murther, the peel,  
The hearth, and the range, the dog and the wheel;



PLEASURE RECONCILED to VIRTUE.] From the second fol. If the scenery answered the poet's description, the opening of this Masque must have had a very striking effect. The entrance of Comus is picturesque and full of voluptuous gaiety. The commentators on Milton, after spending twenty or thirty pages in conjectures on the origin of Milton's Comus, without the slightest reference to Jonson, condescend, in the course of their subsequent annotations, to observe that "Jonson's Masque of Pleasure might, perhaps, afford some hint to Milton!" Perhaps it might: and so, I suspect, might some others: but enough on this head.



# PLEASURE, &c.

---

*The Scene was the Mountain*

ATLAS,

*Who had his top ending in the figure of an old man, his head and beard all hoary, and frost, as if his shoulders were covered with snow; the rest wood and rock. A grove of ivy at his feet; out of which, to a wild music of cymbals, flutes and tabors, is brought forth COMUS, the god of cheer, or the Belly, riding in triumph, his head crown'd with roses and other flowers, his hair curled: they that wait upon him crown'd with ivy, their javelins done about with it; one of them going with HERCULES his bowl bare before him, while the rest present him with this*

HYMN.

Full Cho. Room! room! make room for the  
Bouncing Belly,  
First father of sauce, and deviser of jelly;  
Prime master of arts, and the giver of wit,  
That found out the excellent engine the spit;  
The plough and the flail, the mill and the hopper,  
The hutch and the boulder, the furnace and copper,  
The oven, the baven, the mawkin, the peel,  
The hearth, and the range, the dog and the wheel;



*He, he first invented the hogshhead and tun,  
 The gimlet and vice too, and taught them to run,  
 And since with the funnel and Hippocras bag,  
 He has made of himself, that now he cries swag !  
 Which shows, though the pleasure be but of four inches,  
 Yet he is a weasel, the gullet that pinches  
 Of any delight, and not spares from his back  
 Whatever to make of the belly a sack !  
 Hail, hail, plump paunch ! O the founder of taste,  
 For fresh meats, or powder'd, or pickle, or paste,  
 Devourer of broil'd, baked, roasted, or sod ;  
 And emptier of cups, be they even or odd :  
 All which have now made thee so wide in the waist,  
 As scarce with no pudding thou art to be laced ;  
 But eating and drinking until thou dost nod,  
 Thou break'st all thy girdles, and break'st forth a god.*

*Bowl bearer.* Do you hear, my friends? to whom did you sing all this now? Pardon me only that I ask you, for I do not look for an answer; I'll answer myself: I know it is now such a time as the Saturnals for all the world, that every man stands under the eves of his own hat, and sings what pleases him; that's the right and the liberty of it. Now you sing of god Comus, here, the belly-god; I say it is well, and I say it is not well; it is well as it is a ballad, and the belly worthy of it, I must needs say, an 'twere forty yards of ballad more, as much ballad as tripe. But when the belly is not edified by it, it is not well; for where did you ever read or hear that the belly had any ears? Come, never pump for an answer, for you are defeated: our fellow Hunger there, that was as ancient a retainer to the Belly as any of us, was turn'd away for being unseasonable; not unreasonable, but unseason-



able ; and now is he, poor thin-gut, fain to get his living with teaching of starlings, magpies,\* parrots and jack-daws, those things he would have taught the Belly. Beware of dealing with the Belly, the Belly will not be talk'd to, especially when he is full ; then there is no venturing upon Venter, he will blow you all up, he will thunder indeed la ! Some in derision call him the father of farts ; but I say he was the first inventor of great ordnance, and taught us to discharge them on festival days, would we had a fit feast for him, i' faith, to shew his activity ; I would have something now fetched in to please his five senses, the throat ; or the two senses, the eyes : pardon me for my two senses ; for I that carry Hercules's bowl in the service, may see double by my place ; for I have drunk like a frog to-day : I would have a tun now brought in to dance, and so many bottles about him. Ha ! you look as if you would make a problem of this ; do you see, do you see ? a problem : Why bottles, and why a tun ? and why a tun, and why bottles, to dance ? I say, that men that drink hard, and serve the Belly in any place of quality, (as the jovial tinkers, or the lusty kindred,) are living measures of drink, and can transform themselves, and do every day, to bottles or tuns, when they please : and when they have done all they can, they are as I say again (for I think I said somewhat like it afore) but moving measures of drink,

\* *And now is he fain to get his living with teaching of starlings, magpies, &c.]* An allusion to Persius, in the prologue to his satires :

*Quis expedit psittaco suum χαίρ ?*

*Picasque docuit nostra verba conari ?*

*Magister artis, ingenique largitor*

*Venter, negatas artifex sequi voces.*

WHAL.



and there is a piece in the cellar can hold more than all they. This will I make good, if it please our new god but to give a nod, for the Belly does all by signs ; and I am all for the belly, the truest clock in the world to go by.

*Here the first ANTIMASQUE, danced by Men in the shape of bottles, tuns, &c.*

*Enter HERCULES.*

*Her.* What rites are these ? breeds earth more monsters yet ?

Antæus scarce is cold : what can beget  
This store ? and, stay ! — such contraries upon  
her !

Is earth so fruitful of her own dishonour ?  
Or 'cause his vice was inhumanity,  
Hopes she by vicious hospitality  
To work an expiation first ? and, then,  
(Help virtue,) these are sponges and not men ;  
Bottles ; mere vessels ; half a ton of paunch !  
How ? and the other half thrust forth in haunch !  
Whose feast ? the Belly's ? Comus ! and my cup  
Brought in to fill the drunken orgies up,  
And here abus'd ; that was the crown'd reward  
Of thirsty heroes, after labour hard !<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> ——— *That was the crown'd reward  
Of thirsty heroes, after labour hard.]* We have had an allusion to this bowl of Hercules, the *scyphus Herculeus* of the ancients, in the account of the scenery. Hercules is said to have sailed over the sea in a large cup or goblet, and thence a bowl of a particular make and fashion became appropriated to him. Let us hear what Macrobius offers on this subject: *Herculem vero fictores veteres non sine causâ cum poculo fecerunt, et nonnunquam casabundum et ebrium : non solum quod is heros bibax fuisse perhibetur, sed etiam quod antiqua historia est Herculem poculo tanquam navigio ventis immensa maria transisse.* He adds, after-



Burdens and shames of nature, perish, die!  
 For yet you never liv'd, but in the sty  
 Of vice have wallow'd, and, in that swine's strife,  
 Been buried under the offence of life:  
 Go reel and fall under the load you make,  
 Till your swollen bowels burst with what you  
     take.

Can this be pleasure, to extinguish man,  
 Or so quite change him in his figure? can  
 The Belly love his pain, and be content  
 With no delight but what's a punishment?  
 These monsters plague themselves, and fitly too,  
 For they do suffer what, and all they do.  
 But here must be no shelter, nor no shroud  
 For such: Sink, grove, or vanish into cloud!

*At this the Grove and Antimasque vanished, and  
 the whole Music was discovered, sitting at the foot  
 of the mountain, with PLEASURE and VIRTUE  
 seated above them.*

Cho. *Great friend and servant of the good,  
 Let cool a while thy heated blood,  
 And from thy mighty labour cease.  
 Lie down, lie down,  
 And give thy troubled spirits peace:*

wards, it was much more probable that he passed the ocean,  
 not in a bowl, or scyphus, but in a vessel which bore that name.  
*Ego tamen arbitror non poculo Herculem maria transvectum, sed  
 navigio cui Scypho nomen fuit. Saturnal. l. 5. c. 21.*

It became the custom for succeeding heroes to drink in  
 honour of Hercules out of a cup of the same form which he  
 himself was supposed to have used. Thus Curtius, relating the  
 manner in which Alexander was seized at his physician's ban-  
 quet, represents him with this bowl of Hercules in his hand:  
*Ibi, nondum Herculis scypho epoto, repente velut telo confixus  
 ingemuit. Q. Curt. l. 10. c. 4.*

WHALE.



*Whilst Virtue, for whose sake  
Thou dost this godlike travail take  
May of the choicest herbage make,  
Here on this mountain bred,  
A crown, a crown  
For thy immortal head.*

---

*Here HERCULES lay down at their feet, and the second Antimasque, which was of PIGMIES, appeared.*

1 *Pig.* Antæus dead, and Hercules yet live!  
Where is this Hercules? what would I give  
To meet him now? meet him! nay, three such  
other,

If they had hand in murder of our brother?  
With three! with four, with ten, nay, with as  
many

As the name yields?<sup>3</sup> pray anger, there be any  
Whereon to feed my just revenge, and soon!  
How shall I kill him? hurl him 'gainst the moon,  
And break him in small portions! give to Greece  
His brain, and every tract of earth a piece!

2 *Pig.* He's yonder.

1 *Pig.* Where?

3 ——— Nay, with as many

*As the name yields.*] There were several heroes who had the name of *Hercules*; and the Pigmy here means, he would encounter all who bore that name. *WHAL.*

Philostratus tells us (*Icon.* 2. c. 22,) that Hercules, after his victory over Antæus, fell asleep in the deserts of Africa, and was attacked by the pigmies, who discharged their arrows at him. This is Jonson's authority. It is not likely that Swift had much acquaintance with Philostratus; and it is therefore highly probable that he derived the hint of the first assault of the Lilliputians on the slumbering Gulliver, from the passage before us.



3 *Pig.* At the hill-foot asleep.

1 *Pig.* Let one go steal his club.

2 *Pig.* My charge ;—I'll creep.

4 *Pig.* He's ours !

1 *Pig.* Yes, peace.

3 *Pig.* Triumph ! we have him, boy.

4 *Pig.* Sure, sure, he's sure.

1 *Pig.* Come, let us dance for joy. [*Music*

*At the end of their DANCE they thought to surprise him, when suddenly, being awaked by the music, he roused himself, and they all ran into holes.*

### SONG.

*Wake, Hercules, awake ; but heave up thy black eye,  
'Tis only ask'd from thee to look, and these will die,*

*Or fly :—*

*Already they are fled,*

*Whom scorn had else left dead.*

*At which MERCURY descended from the Hill, with a  
garland of poplar, to crown him.*

*Mer.* Rest still, thou active friend of Virtue;  
these

Should not disturb the peace of Hercules :

Earth's worms, and honour's dwarfs, at too great  
odds,

Prove or provoke the issue of the gods.

See here a crown the aged Hill hath sent thee,

My grandsire Atlas, he that did present thee

With the best sheep that in his fold were found,

Or golden fruit in the Hesperian ground,

For rescuing his fair daughters, then the prey

Of a rude pirate, as thou cam'st this way ;



And taught thee all the learning of the sphere,  
 And how, like him, thou might'st the heavens  
     up-bear,  
 As that thy labour's virtuous recompense.  
 He, though a mountain now, hath yet the sense  
 Of thanking thee for more, thou being still  
 Constant to goodness, guardian of the hill;  
 Antæus by thee suffocated here,  
 And the voluptuous Comus, god of cheer,  
 Beat from his grove, and that defaced: but now  
 The time's arriv'd that Atlas told thee of, how  
 B' unalter'd law, and working of the stars,  
 There should be a cessation of all jars,  
 'Twixt Virtue and her noted opposite,  
 Pleasure; that both should meet here in the  
     sight

Of Hesperus, the glory of the west,  
 The brightest star that from his burning crest  
 Lights all on this side the Atlantic seas,  
 As far as to thy pillars, Hercules!  
 See where he shines, Justice and Wisdom placed  
 About his throne, and those with honour graced,  
 Beauty and Love! it is not with his brother  
 Bearing the world, but ruling such another  
 Is his renown; PLEASURE, for his delight  
 Is RECONCILED TO VIRTUE, and this night  
 Virtue brings forth twelve princes have been  
     bred

In this rough mountain, and near Atlas' head,  
 The hill of knowledge; one, and chief of whom,<sup>4</sup>  
 Of the bright race of Hesperus is come,

<sup>4</sup> ——— *chief of whom.*] The names of the twelve Masquers are not given; it appears, however, that they were led on by Charles, now prince of Wales. If we may trust Jenkin, in the next piece, this was the first time that he bore a part, and danced in these entertainments.



Who shall in time the same that he is be,  
 And now is only a less light than he:  
 These now she trusts with Pleasure, and to these  
 She gives an entrance to the Hesperides,  
 Fair beauty's garden; neither can she fear  
 They should grow soft, or wax effeminate here;  
 Since in her sight, and by her charge all's done  
 Pleasure the servant, Virtue looking on.

*Here the whole choir of music called the twelve  
 MASQUERS forth from the top of the mountain,  
 which then opened, with this*

## S O N G.

*Ope, aged Atlas, open then thy lap,  
 And from thy beamy bosom strike a light,  
 That men may read in the mysterious map  
 All lines,  
 And signs  
 Of royal education, and the right.*

*See how they come and show,  
 That are but born to know.*

*Descend,  
 Descend!*

*Though pleasure lead,  
 Fear not to follow:  
 They who are bred  
 Within the hill*

*Of skill,  
 May safely tread  
 What path they will,  
 No ground of good is hollow.*

*In their descent from the hill, DÆDALUS came  
 down before them.*



*Her.* But, Hermes, stay, a little let me pause ;  
Who's this that leads ?

*Mer.* A guide that gives them laws  
To all their motions, Dædalus the wise.

*Her.* And doth in sacred harmony comprise  
His precepts ?

*Mer.* Yes.

*Her.* They may securely prove,  
Then, any labyrinth, though it be of love.

*Here, while they put themselves in form, DÆDALUS  
had his first*

### SONG.

*Dæd.* Come on, come on ! and where you go,  
So interweave the curious knot,  
As ev'n the observer scarce may know  
Which lines are *Pleasure's*, and which not.

*First figure out the doubtful way,<sup>5</sup>  
At which a while all youth should stay,  
Where she and Virtue did contend,  
Which should have Hercules to friend.*

*Then as all actions of mankind  
Are but a labyrinth or maze :  
So let your dances be entwined,  
Yet not perplex men unto gaze :*

*But measured, and so numerous too,  
As men may read each act they do ;  
And when they see the graces meet  
Admire the wisdom of your feet.*

<sup>5</sup> *First figure out, &c.*] This alludes to that beautiful apologue,  
the Choice of Hercules, by Prodicus.



*For dancing is an exercise,  
Not only shows the mover's wit,  
But maketh the beholder wise,  
As he hath power to rise to it.*

Here the first Dance.

After which,

S O N G.

Dæd. *O more and more ! this was so well,  
As praise wants half his voice to tell,  
Again yourselves compose ;  
And now put all the aptness on,  
Of figure, that proportion  
Or colour can disclose :*

*That if those silent arts were lost,  
Design and picture, they might boast  
From you a newer ground ;  
Instructed by the height'ning sense  
Of dignity and reverence,  
In their true motions found.*

*Begin, begin ; for look, the fair  
Do longing listen to what air  
You form your second touch :  
That they may vent their murmuring hymns  
Just to the [time]<sup>6</sup> you move your limbs,  
And wish their own were such.*

<sup>6</sup> *Just to the —.*] Some word (time or tune, probably) was lost at the press, or dropt in the MS. I have already observed that all these Masques, from the *Golden Age Restored*, were printed, or at least published, some years after the author's death. That any one could look into this wretched volume (the folio of 1641) and suppose that Jonson had any share in forming it, is quite extraordinary. There is not a page without some ridiculous blunder.



*Make haste, make haste ; for this  
The labyrinth of beauty is.*

Here the second Dance.

After which,

S O N G.

Dæd. *It follows now you are to prove  
The subtlest maze of all, that's love,  
And if you stay too long,  
The fair will think you do them wrong.*

*Go choose among——but with a mind  
As gentle as the stroking wind  
Runs o'er the gentler flowers.  
And so let all your actions smile  
As if they meant not to beguile  
The ladies, but the hours.*

*Grace, laughter, and discourse may meet,  
And yet the beauty not go less :  
For what is noble should be sweet,  
But not dissolv'd in wantonness.*

*Will you that I give the law  
To all your sport, and sum it ?  
It should be such should envy draw,  
But —— overcome it.*

Here they danced with the LADIES, and the whole REVELS, followed ; which ended, MERCURY called to DÆDALUS in this speech : which was after repeated in SONG by two trebles, two tenors, a base, and the whole Chorus.



## S O N G.

Mer. *An eye of looking back were well,  
Or any murmur that would tell  
Your thoughts, how you were sent,  
And went*

*To walk with Pleasure, not to dwell.*

*These, these are hours by Virtue spared,  
Herself, she being her own reward.*

*But she will have you know,  
That though  
Her sports be soft, her life is hard.*

*You must return unto the Hill,  
And there advance*

*With labour, and inhabit still*

*That height and crown,  
From whence you ever may look down  
Upon triumphed chance.*

*She, she it is in darkness shines,  
'Tis she that still herself refines,  
By her own light to every eye ;  
More seen, more known, when Vice stands by :  
And though a stranger here on earth,  
In heaven she hath her right of birth.*

*There, there is Virtue's seat :  
Strive to keep her your own ;  
'Tis only she can make you great,  
Though place here make you known.*



After which, they danced their last DANCE, and returned into the scene, which closed, and was a mountain again, as before.

*And so it ended.*

---

This pleased the king so well,<sup>7</sup> as he would see it again; when it was presented with these additions<sup>8</sup>——

<sup>7</sup> *This pleased the king so well, as he would see it again.*] Who can wonder at it? It must have been a very graceful and splendid entertainment: and, with due respect be it spoken, nearly as worthy of the nobility, as the private masquerades, &c. which, with such advantage to good manners, have been substituted for it. It is with peculiar modesty that we, who cannot eke out an evening's entertainment without the introduction of gamblers, hired buffoons, and voluntary jack-puddings, declaim on the “pedantry and wretched taste” of James and his Court.

<sup>8</sup> *with these additions——*] The sentence is incomplete, and must be filled up as in the fol. with the words on the opposite page,—“for the Honour of Wales.”



For the Honour of Wales.] This, as Johnson has yet said, is merely a kind of Antiquarian, added for the sake of variety, and the king's amusement, to *Pleasure Recreations*.

It is my duty to encounter the blundering success of Johnson upon all occasions. In turning over *Pleasure Recreations*, I stumbled unexpectedly on some yllustrations of a circumstance attending Iago Jones, which I never mention, as it bears some relation to the country from whence he was derived his origin. When he was employed to furnish the scenery for the masques of the festive year 1619,\* he painted the *Crags of Wales*, or a scene in *Scythia*, for the *Maque for the Honour of Wales*. He did it with much success, as to excite the eye of the poet, Ben Jonson; for the scenes were more admired than the entertainment of any masquerade; and how very slight a thing it is to give rest to his spirit in a copy of verses, as he said, as they were numerous and founded." Vol. II. p. 131. 1784.

The reader who has observed the kind solicitude with which Johnson puts forward the name of Jones, and the *Maque* painted under his own eye, will probably, unless already prejudiced,

FOR

## THE HONOUR OF WALES.

not, however, be under any concern for the poet. The fact is, that *Pleasure*, with the usual fate of Johnson's detractors, has not a syllable of truth or sense in his accusation. In the first place, it does not appear that Jones was, at this time, in England, at all events he was not employed on *Pleasure Recreations* in 1619; which was probably fitted up by Nicholas Lanier, who prepared the scenery for the *Maque of Lullay*. In the second place, the title page before us, is not a *Maque*, but an Antiquarian, a mere introduction. "The king (Johnson says) was so much pleased with the *Maque of Pleasure Recreations* to 1619, that he would see it again, with fewer additions (namely, those which immediately follow) for the *Honour of Wales*." In the third place, no scenery was painted by Iago Jones, or any other person, for "these additions." "The scene which preceded it before," the poet says, "only the name of it was changed, and what had been *Scythia* was now called *Crags of Wales*." This is more than sufficient to prove, that *Pleasure* had not even looked at the title of the work which he was so zealously employed to promote; but this is too common for notice.--Let us proceed then, in the last

\* When *Pleasure Recreations* was first published in 1619, the principal scene was the *Crags of Wales*, and the setting out of a new masquerade.



and then they danced their last Dance, and  
then the scene, which closed, and was  
as before.

And it ended.

And then he saw as he would see  
the scene with these ad-

FOR

## THE HONOUR OF WALES.

and then he saw as he would see  
the scene with these ad-  
and then he saw as he would see  
the scene with these ad-  
and then he saw as he would see  
the scene with these ad-  
and then he saw as he would see  
the scene with these ad-



FOR THE HONOUR OF WALES.] This, as Jonson has just said, is merely a kind of Antimasque, added, for the sake of variety, and the king's amusement, to *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*.

It is my destiny to encounter the blundering enemies of Jonson upon all occasions. In turning over Pennant's *Tour in Wales*, I stumbled unexpectedly upon the following passage. "There is a circumstance attending Inigo Jones, which deserves mention, as it bears some relation to the country from whence he may have derived his origin. When he was employed to furnish rare devices and paint the scenery for the masques of the festive year 1619,\* he painted the *Creigie'r eira*, or a scene in *Snowdonia*, for the Masque *For the Honour of Wales*. He did it with such success, as to excite the envy of the poet, Ben Johnson; for the scenes were more admired than the entertainment, which might very well be; but Johnson was so offended as to give vent to his spleen in a copy of verses, as imbecil as they were rancorous and ill founded." Vol. ii. p. 151. 1784.

The reader who has observed the kind solicitude with which Jonson puts forward the name of Jones in all the Masques printed under his own eye, will probably, unless already prejudiced by the stupid malignity of the Shakspeare commentators, be somewhat startled at this charge of "envy." He need not, however, be under any concern for the poet. The fact is, that Pennant, with the usual fate of Jonson's detractors, has not a syllable of truth or sense in his accusation. In the first place, it does not appear that Jones was, at this time, in England, at all events he was not employed on *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*; which was probably fitted up by Nicholas Lanier, who prepared the scenery for the *Masque of Lethe*. In the second place, the little piece before us, is not a Masque, but an Antimasque, a mere introduction. "The king (Jonson says) was so much pleased with the Masque of *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*, that he would see it again, with these additions (namely, those which immediately follow) for the *Honour of Wales*." In the third place, no scenery was painted by Inigo Jones, or any other person, for "these additions." "The scene stood precisely as before," the poet says, "only the name of it was changed, and what had been *Mount Atlas* was now called *Craig-Eriri*." This is more than sufficient to prove, that Pennant had not even looked at the title of the work which he was so zealously employed in abusing! but this is too common for notice.—Let us proceed then, in the last

\* What Pennant means by "festive," it is not easy to guess. The principal events of the year, were the death of the Queen, and the breaking out of a continental war.



place, to observe that the verses, however "imbecil and rancorous" they may be, were not written at this time, nor on this occasion. They were composed at least fourteen or fifteen years after this period, and refer in the most distinct and express manner to *Cloridia*, the last of Jonson's Masques. For thirty years nothing but kindness appears on the side of Jonson, (for I give no credit to the story of Inigo's being the Lantern Leatherhead of *Bartholomew Fair*;) nor do we know that he changed his mode of conduct without sufficient cause. Be this as it may, the charge of Pennant is as false as it is ridiculous, and with this only I am at present concerned.

The reader who has observed the kind solicitude with which Jonson puts forward the name of Jones in all the Masques printed under his own eye, will probably, unless already prejudiced by the stupid malignity of the Shakespearean commentators, be somewhat startled at this charge of "copy." He need not, however, be under any concern for the poet. The fact is, that Pennant, with the usual fate of Jonson's detractors, has not a syllable of truth or sense in his accusation. In the first place, it does not appear that Jones was, at this time, in England, at all events he was not employed on Pleasure-Recess. Indeed, which was probably fixed up by Nicholas Tabor, who prepared the scenery for the Masques of *De Witt*, in the second place, the little piece before us, is not a Masque, but an Antimasque, a mere introduction. "The King (Jonson says) was so much pleased with the Masque of Pleasure-Recess, that he would see it again, with these additions (namely, those which immediately follow) for the Honour of *De Witt*." In the third place, no scenery was painted by Inigo Jones, or any other person, for "these additions." The scene stood precisely as before, the poet says, "only the name of it was changed, and what had been *Flow'rs* *Alas* was now called *Cygnet-River*." This is more than sufficient to prove that Pennant had not even looked at the title of the work which he was so zealously employed in abusing! But this is too common for notice.--Let us proceed then, in the last

\* What Pennant means by "festive," it is not easy to guess. The principal events of the year, were the death of the Queen, and the wedding, and of a continental war.



FOR  
**THE HONOUR OF WALES.**

---

*The SCENE standing, as before, a Mountain; but now the name changed from Atlas to Craig-Eriri.*

*Enter GRIFFITH, JENKIN, and EVAN, a Welsh Attorney.*

*Grif.* Cossin, I know what belongs to this place symwhat petter than you; and therefore give me leave to be pold to advise you. 'Is not a small matter to offer yourself into presence of a king, and aull his court? Be not too byssie and forward, till you be caull'd; I tauke reason to you.

*Jen.* Cym, never tauke any taukes; if the king of Gread Prittaine keep it assizes here, I will cym into court; loog yow, do you see now, and please Got.

*Grif.* *Taw, d yn ynbhyd,<sup>1</sup> y, dhwyti-n abl i anabhy, pob peth oth folineb, ag y tyny gwatwar ar dy wlae.*

<sup>1</sup> *Griff.* *Taw, dyninthyd, &c.]* This ancient Briton is not very complimentary. He says, I believe, "Hold your tongue, block-head! your folly is enough to spoil every thing. You are a perfect marplot, a disgrace to your country."

The Welsh does not exactly follow the received orthography; but this may be accounted for, probably from the circumstance of its being sent to the press after Jonson's death. He had cer-



Jen. *Gad vyn lonyth.*<sup>2</sup> I say, I will appear in court.

*Ev.* Appear as yow s'ud do then, Dab Jenkin, in good sort; do not discredit the nation, and pyt wrong upon us aull by your rassnes.

*Jen.* What do yow caull rassnes, Evan y Gynrn? is not all the cyntrie, and aull Welse, and the prince of Wales too, abused in him? By this hand, I will tell it the king's own ears every 'oord, do you see him now? Bless your ursip, pray got is in heaven bless every ince of your ursip; and Wales is commend it to your ursip, from top to toe, with aull his hearts aull over, by got utch me, and would be glad as a silling to see yow in him. Come it down once a day, and try; I tell yow now, yow s'all be as welcomely there as where you were in yowr own cyntries<sup>3</sup> last two symmers, and pershance we'll made yow as good s'eere too: we'll promise yowr ursip as good a piece of seeze, as yow need pyt in your head, and pleas' yow s'all be toasted too. Go to, see him once upon a time yowr own sellive, is more good mean yow, than is aware of: by got' is very hard, but s'all make yow a shestice of peace the first days you come; and pershance (say nothing) knight o' the s'ire too: 'is not Worsters, nor Pembrokes, nor Montgymeries, s'all carry him from yow. But aull this while s'all I tell you a liddell now? 'Is a great huge deal of

tainly some acquaintance with the language, and appears from Howel's and other letters, to be extremely solicitous to procure such grammatical treatises on it as were extant in his time.

<sup>2</sup> *Gád vi'n lhonydh.*] Let me alone.

<sup>3</sup> *As where you were in yowr own cyntries.*] James visited Scotland for the first time after his accession to the English throne, in 1617. It was an unfortunate journey; for it gave rise to the "Book of Sports," *fons et origo malorum*.



anger upon yow, from all Wales and the nation, that your ursip would suffer our young master Sarles, your ursip's son and heir, and prince of Wales, the first time he ever play dance, to be pit up in a mountain (got knows where) by a palterly poet, how do you say him, Evan?

*Ev. Libia.*

*Jen. Vellhy! Libia.* And how do yow caull him the mountain? his name is——

*Ev. Adlas.*

*Jen. Hynno, hynno, Adlas?* Ay, please your ursip, 'is a Welse atturney, and a preddilie schollers, a wear him his long coat, lined with seepes-skin, as yow see every days o' the week. A very sufficient litigious fellows in the terms, and a finely poets out o' the terms; he has a sprig of lawrel already towards his girlonds. He was get in here a Twelfe-night and see aull; what do you call it, your matters, and says is naught, naught, stark naught.

*Ev.* I do say, an't please his madestee, I do not like him with all his heart; he is plug'd in by the ears, without aull piddies or mercies of proprieties or decorums. I will do injuries to no man before his madestee; but 'is a very vile and absurd as a man would wiss, that I do say, to pyt the prince of Wales in an outlandis mountain; when he is known, his highness has as goodly mountains, and as tawll a hills of his own, (look yow, do yow see now) and of as good standing, and as good discent as the proudest Adlas christned.

*Jen.* Ay, good Evan, I pray you reckon his madestee some of the Welse hills, the mountains.

*Ev.* Why there is Talgarth.

*Jen.* Well sayd.

† *Vellhy !]* An interjection of surprize. Hey-day! So! &c.



*Ev.* Eliennieth.

*Jen.* Well sayd, Evan.

*Ev.* Caider Arthur.

*Jen.* Toudge him, toudge him.

*Ev.* Pen-maen-maur.

*Jen.* Is good boys, Evan.

*Ev.* And Craig-Eriri.

*Jen.* *Aw, Vellhy!* Why law you now, 'is not Pen-maen-maur and Craig-Eriri as good sound as Adlas every whit of him?

*Ev.* 'Is caull'd the British Aulpes, Craig-Eriri, a very sufficient hills.

*Jen.* By got, we will play with him hills for hills, for sixteen and forty s'illings when he dares.

*Ev.* I pray you let it alone your wachers a liddle while, cossin Davy ap Jenkin, and give it leave I may give his madestee and the court informations toudging now the reformations.

*Jen.* Why, cannot yow and I tauke too, cossin? the haul (God bless it) is big inough to hold both our taukes, and we were twice as much as we are.

*Ev.* Why tauke it all then, if you think is reason in you.

*Jen.* No; I know is no reason, Evan, I confess him; but every man would shew himselfe a good subject as he can to his means; I am a subject by my place, and two heads is better than one I imagine under correction.

*Ev.* Got's ownes! here is no corrections, man; imagine what yow please, do in got's name, imagine, imagine, why do you not imagine? here is no penyrths of corrections.

*Grif.* *Awgdwin Tawson.*<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Awdijen, Tawson.*] I will make you hold your tongue, in spite of you. I know not whether the reader will thank either



*Ev.* 'Is so invincibles, so inmercifullys ignorant, a man knows not upon what inces of ground to stand to him ; does conceive it no more as I am a true Welse Christian, than (sirreverence o' the company<sup>6</sup>) the hilts of his dagger.

*Jen.* Go to, I will make the hilts conceive a knock upon your pate, and pershance a bump too, if you tauke.

*Ev.* How ! upon my pate ?

*Jen.* Yes, upon your pate, your poetly pate, and your law pate too.

*Grif.* *Tawson, Tawson !* For' got yow will go nere to hazard a thumb,<sup>7</sup> and a fowre finger of your best hand, if you knock him here ; you may knock him better s'eape at Ludlow a great deal : do you know the place where it is ?

*Ev.* Well, I can be patient, I trust, I trust, it is in a presence, I presume, that loves no quarrels nor replies, nor the lies, nor the shallenge, nor the duels : but—I will do my byssiness now,

me or Whalley for these unimportant versions ; and indeed I only give them lest the originals should be thought of more value than they are.

<sup>6</sup> *Sirreverence o' the company.*] If any confirmation be required of the correctness of my explanation of this phrase, vol. vi. p. 149, it may be found in the following extract from an old tract on the Origin of Tobacco. "The time hath beene, when if we did speake of this loathsome stuffe (tobacco) we used to put a *Sir reverence* before ; but we forget our good manners : and the best is I speak but to such as are as unmannerly in the taking of it, as I am in the speaking of it." I have endeavoured in more places than one to make assurance doubly sure, from a regard to Shakspeare. Some future editor, not prone by nature to wallow in beastliness, will, I trust, avail himself of these notices, to disencumber his page of a number of pretended explanations no less absurd than disgusting.

<sup>7</sup> *You will go near to hazard a thumb, &c.*] Griffith alludes to the penalty for striking in court, which was the loss of the right hand.



and make this a byssiness for another days hereafter: pleas' your madestee——By got I am out of my tempers terribly well, got forgive me, and pyt me in my selve again. How does your highness——I know not a 'oord or a syllable what I say; 'is do me that vexations.

*Grif.* O Evan, for the honour of Wales!

*Ev.* I remember him now, 'tis enough:—blessings upon me, is out o' my head again; lost, quite lost: this knock o' my pate has knock aull my wits out o' my brains, I think, and turn my reasons out of doors. Believe it, I will rub, and break your s'ins for this, I will not come so high as your head, but I will take your nose in my way, very sufficiently.

*Jen.* Hang your sufficiency.

*Ev.* 'Tis well, very well, 'tis better, better exceedingly well.

*Enter HOWELL and RHEESE, with their harps.*

*How.* What!——you mean ho! to make us so long tarry here, ha?

*Grif.* Marry, here is aull undone with distempers, methinks, and angers, and passions.

*Rheese.* Who is angry?

*Ev.* Why it is I is angry, and hungry too, if you mark me; I could eat his Flintseer face now: offer to knock my pate in the hearing of all these, and more too! well, before his madestee I do yet forgive him now with all my heart, and will be revenged another time.

*How.* Why that is good Evan, honest, brave Evan.

*Rheese.* Ha' yow told the king's madestee of the alterations?

*Ev.* I am now once again about him; peace:



please your madestee, the Welse nation hearing that the prince of Wales was to come into the hills again, afore your madestee, have a desire of his highness, for the honour of Wales, to make him a Welse hills, which is done without any manner of sharshese to your madestee, only shanging his name: he is caull now Craig-Eriri, a mountain in Carnarvanseere: has as grey beard, and as much snow upon his head aull the year long—

*Jen.* As Adlas for his guts.

*Ev.* He tells your madestee true, for aull he is a liddle out of season: but cym every man tell as much as he can now; my quality is, I hope, sufficiently known to his madestee, that I am Rector Chori is all my ambitions, and that I would have it aull Welse, that is the short and the long of the requests. The prince of Wales we know is all over Welse.

*Jen.* And then my lord marquis.<sup>8</sup>

*Ev.* Both my lord marquis is as good, noble, true Briton, as any ever is come out of Wales.

*Jen.* My lord Montgymery is as sound Welse too as flese and blood can make him.

*How.* And the Howards by got, is Welse as strait as any arrow.

*Ev.* Houghton is a town bear his name there by Pipidiauke.

*How.* And Erwin, his name is Wyn; but the Dutsmen come here in Wales, and caull him Heer-win.

*Rheese.* Then Car is plain Welse, Caerleon, Caermardin, Cardiffe.

*Jen.* And Palmer, his ancestors was call him Penmaure.

<sup>8</sup> *Jen.* And then my lord marquis.] Henry, fifth earl and first marquis of Worcester. What Evan says of him is no exaggeration of the truth.



*Rheese.* And Acmooty, is Ap-mouth-wye of Llanmouthwye.

*Jen.* And Abercromy, is aull one as Abermarlys.

*Ev.* Or Abertau.

*How.* Or Aberdugled haw.

*Rheese.* Or Abeshondhy.

*Jen.* Or Abergeveny.

*How.* Or Aberconway.

*Ev.* Aberconway is very like Abercromy, a liddle hard s'ift has pyt 'em aull into Wales; but our desires and petitions is, that the musiques be all Welse, and the dances, and no 'Ercules brought in now with a great staff, and a pudding upon him.

*Jen.* Aw! was his distaff, was not his club.

*Ev.* What need of 'Ercules, when Cadwallader—

*Jen.* Or Lluellin, or Rheese ap Gryffyth, or Cradock, or Owen Glendower, with a Welse hook and a goat-skin on his back, had done very better, and twice as well?

*Ev.* Nay, and to pyt apparel on a pottle of hay, and call him Lantæus.

*Grif.* The belly-gods too, was as proper a monster as the best of 'em.

*Ev.* I stand to it, there was neither poetries nor architectures, nor designs in that belly-god; nor a note of musics about him. Come, bring forth our musics, yow s'all hear the true Britan strains now, the ancient Welse harp——yow tauke of their Pigmees too, here is a Pigmees of Wales now: set forth another Pigmees by him!

*Enter two WOMEN, followed by the musicians.*

*1 Wo.* Aw *diesus!* what a bravely company is here! This is a finely haull indeed.

*2 Wo.* What a deal of fine candle it is!

*Jen.* Ay, peace; let his madestee hear the music.



2 Wo. *Ble mae yr Brenin?*<sup>9</sup>

Jen. *Docko ve.*

1 Wo. Diesus bless him! saint Davy bless him!  
I bring my boy o' my back ten mile here to loog  
upon him: loog Hullin, loog Hullin! *Stewch hum-*  
*maven nayd Dumma braveris:*<sup>1</sup> you s'all hear him  
play too.

Ev. Peace, no more pradling; begin set him  
down. [Music.]

### 1 S O N G.

Evan. *I' is not come here to tauk of Brut,  
From whence the Welse does take his root;  
Nor tell long pedigree of prince Camber,  
Whose linage would fill aull this chamber;  
Nor sing the deeds of old saint Davy,  
Th' ursip of which would fill a navy.  
But hark yow me now, for a liddel tales  
S'all make a gread deal to the credit of Wales;*

Cho. *In which we'll toudge your ears,  
With the praise of her thirteen s'eeres,  
And make yow as glad and merry  
As fourteen pot of Perry.  
Still, still, we'll toudge your ears,  
With the praise, &c.*

### 2 S O N G.

How. *'Tis true, was wear him sherkin freize,  
But what is that? we have store of seize,  
And Got is plenty of goats milk  
That sell him well, will buy him silk*

<sup>9</sup> *Ble mae yr Brenin.*] Or, ble mae 'r Brenin? Where is the  
king? *Docko ve.* There he is.

<sup>1</sup> *Stewch! Dymma, &c.*] This is woefully corrupt; but it  
seems to mean. Hist! hold your peace! see how he capers!



*Enough to make him fine to quarrel  
 At Hereford sizes in new apparel ;  
 And get him as much green velvet perhap,  
 S'all give it a face to his Monmouth cap.*  
 Cho. *But then the ore of Lempster,<sup>2</sup>  
 By got is never a sempster,  
 That, when he is spun, e'er did,  
 Yet match him with hir thrid.  
 Still, still, &c.*

## 3 S O N G.

Rheese. *Aull this's the back's ; now let us tell ye,  
 Of some provisions for the belly :  
 As cid, and goat, and great goat's mother,  
 And runt, and cow, and good cow's uther :  
 And once but taste o' the Welse mutton,  
 Your Englis seep's not worth a button.  
 And then for your fiss, s'all shoose it your diss.  
 Look but about, and there is a trout,*  
 Cho. *A salmon, cor, or chevin,  
 Will feed you six or seven,  
 As taul man as ever swagger,  
 With Welse hook, or long dagger.  
 Still, still, &c.*

<sup>2</sup> *But then the ore of Lempster.]* “As for the wool of Hereford (Fuller says) it is best known, to the honour thereof by the name of *Lempster ore*, being absolutely the finest in all England.” It is frequently noticed by our old poets : thus Herrick :

“By many a turn and many a cross,  
 The fairies reach a bank of moss,  
 Spungy and swelling, and far more  
 Soft, than the finest *Lempster ore*.” *Oberon's Palace.*



## 4 S O N G.

Evan. *But aull this while was never think  
A word in praise of our Welse drink,  
Yet for all that is a cup of Bragat,  
All England s'eere may cast his cab-at.  
And what you say to ale of Webley,  
Toudge him as well, you'll praise him trebly,  
As well as Metheglin, or sider, or meath,  
S'all s'ake it your dagger quite out o' the seath.*

Cho. *And oat-cake of Guarthenion,  
With a goodly leek, or onion,  
To give as sweet a rellis  
As e'er did harper Ellis.  
Still, still, &c.*

## 5 S O N G.

How. *And yet, is nothing now all this,  
If of our musiques we do miss ;  
Both harps and pipes too, and the crowd  
Must aull come in and tauke alowd,  
As loud as Bangu, Davie's bell,  
Of which is no doubt yow have hear tell,  
As well as our lowder Wrexham organ,  
And rumbling rocks in s'eere Glamorgan ;*<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *And rumbling rocks in s'eere Glamorgan.] In Barry island, are said to be subterranean noises like the blowing of a smith's bellows, or the strokes of hammers, supposed to proceed from the repercussion of the sea waters in the clefts of the rocks : and these the author here alludes to. WHAL.*

There is a noble passage on this subject in the *Fairie Queen*. In the true spirit of romantic poetry, Spencer attributes the din to the agency of Merlin and the Lady of the Lake.

*“ And if thou ever happen that same way  
To traveill, go to see that dreadfull place :  
It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)  
Under a rock that lyes a little space  
From the swift Barry, tombling downe apace,  
Emongst the woody hilles of Dyneuowre :*



Cho. *Where look but in the ground there,  
And you s'all see a sound there,  
That put him altogedder,  
Is sweet as measure pedder.  
Still, still, &c.*

## 6 S O N G.

Rheese. *Au, but what say yow should it shance too,  
That we should leap it in a dance too,  
And make it you as great a pleasure,  
If but your eyes be now at leisure ;  
As in your ears shall leave a laughter,  
To last upon you six days after ?  
Ha ! well-a-go to, let us try to do  
As your old Britton, things to be writ on.*

Cho. *Come put on other looks now,  
And lay away your hooks now ;  
And though yet yow ha' no pump, sirs,  
Let 'em hear that yow can jump, sirs,  
Still, still, &c.*

Jen. *Speak it your conscience now ; did your  
ursip ever see such a song in your days ? 'is not*

*But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace,  
To enter into that same balefull bowre,  
For feare the cruell Feends should thee unwares devowre.*

*But standing high aloft, low lay thine eare,  
And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines,  
And brasen caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,  
Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines  
Doe tosse, that it will stonn thy feeble braines,  
And oftentimes great grones, and grievous stownds,  
When too huge toile and labour them constraines :  
And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing sowndes  
From under that deepe rock most horribly rebowndes."*

B. 3. c. 3.



as finely a tunes as a man would wiss to put in his ears?

*Ev.* Come, his madesty s'all hear better to your dance.

*Here a Dance of MEN.*

*Ev.* Haw! well danced, very well danced!

*Jen.* Well plaid, Howell; well plaid, Rheese!  
*Da wharry! vellhee!* well danced, i' faith!

*Ev.* Good boys, good boys! pold and Prittan, pold and Prittan.

*Jen.* Is not better this now than pigmies? this is men, this is no monsters, and you mark him: well, caull forth you goats now, your ursip s'all see a properly natural devise come from the Welse mountains: is no tuns, nor no bottils: stand by there, s'ow his ursip the hills; was dronkenry in his eyes, that make that devise in my mind. But now marg, marg, your ursip, I pray yow now, and yow s'all see natures and proprieties; the very beasts of Wales s'all do more than your men pyt in bottils and barrils, there was a tale of a tub, i' faith. [*Music.*] Is the goat herd and his dog, and his son, and his wife make musiques to the goats as they come from the hills; give 'em rooms, give 'em rooms, now they cym! the elderly goats is indifferently grave at first, because of his beard, and only tread it the measures; byt yow will see him put off his gravities by and by well enough, and frisk it as fine as e'er a kid on 'em aull. The Welse goat is an excellent dancer by birth, that is written of him, and of as wisely carriage, and comely behaviours a beast (for his footing especially) as some one or two man, got bless him.



*Ev.* A haul, a haul, come a haul ! *Aw vellhee.*

*Here the Dance of GOATS.*

1 *Wo.* Nay, and your madestee bid the Welse goats welcome ; the Welse wen'ces s'all sing your praises, and dance your healths too.

S O N G.

1 *Wom.* *Au, God bless it our good king S'ames,*  
*His wife and his sildren, and aull his reams,*

2 *Wom.* *And aull his ursipful s'istice of peace about*  
*him,*

1 *Wom.* *And send that his court be never without him.*

2 *Wom.* *Ow, that her would come down into Wales,*

1 *Wom.* *Her s'ud be very welcome to Welse Ales.*

2 *Wom.* *I have a cow,*

1 *Wom.* *And I have a hen ;*

2 *Wom.* *S'all give it milk,*

1 *Wom.* *And eggs for aull his men.*

*Both.* *It self s'all have venison and other seere,*  
*And may it be starved, that steal him his deer,*  
*There, there, and every where.*

*Jen.* Cym, dance now, let us hear your dance,  
dance.

*Ev.* Ha ! well plaid Ales.

*How.* For the honour of Wales.

*Here the Men and Women dance together.*

*Jen.* Digon ! enough, enough, digon.\*—Well now all the absurdities is removed and clear'd ; the rest, and please your grace, s'all tarry still,

\* *Digon !]* i. e. enough ! The words below should be Dyffryn oyr, and Gelhy oyr.



and go on as it was ; Virtue and Pleasure was well enough, indifferently well enough : only we will intreat Pleasure to cym out of Driffimdore, that is the Golden Valley, or Gelthleedore, that is the Golden Grove, and is in Care Marden, the Welse Garden. Is a thousand place in Wales as finely places as the Esperides every crum of him ; Merlin was born there too, put we would not make him rise now and wake him, because we have his prophecies already<sup>5</sup> of your madestee's name to as good purpose, as if he were here in presence, *Pod hy geller, Evan?*

*Ev.* You will still pyt your selve to these plunses, you mean his madestee's anagrams of *Charles James Stuart*.

*Jen.* Ay, that is *Claimes Arthur's Seate*, which is as much as to say, your madestee s'ud be the first king of Gread Prittan, and sit in *Cadier Arthur*, which is Arthur's Chair, as by Got's blessing you do : and then your son, master Sharles his, how do you caull him ? is *Charles Stuart*, *Calls tru hearts*, that is us, he calls us, the Welse nation to be ever at your service, and love you, and honour you, which we pray you understand it his meaning. And that the musicians yonder are so many Brittis bards that sing o'pen the hills

<sup>5</sup> *We would not make him rise now, because we have his prophecies already, &c.]* This alludes to the speech of the Lady of the Lake, in *Prince Henry's Barriers*, (p. 161.)

“ And that a monarch equal good and great,

Wise, temperate, just and stout, CLAIMES ARTHUR'S SEAT.”

The last three words of which form, as Evan observes, and as graver heads than his had observed long before him, the celebrated anagram, CHARLES JAMES STUART, and prove, to the satisfaction of all the world, that this good monarch was the person at whose high destinies Merlin pointed, and in whom the prediction was fulfilled. *Pod hy geller* is, Let us do as well as we can.



to let out the prince of Wales, and his Welse friends to you, and all is done.

*Grif.* Very homely done it is I am well assured, if not very rudely : but it is hoped your majesty will not interpret the honour, merits, love and affection of so noble a portion of your people, by the poverty of these who have so imperfectly utter'd it : you will rather for their sakes, who are to come in the name of Wales, my lord the prince, and the others, pardon what is past, and remember the country has always been fruitful of loyal hearts to your majesty, a very garden and seed-plot of honest minds and men : what lights of learning hath Wales sent forth for your schools ? what industrious students of your laws ? what able ministers of your justice ? whence hath the crown in all times better servitors, more liberal of their lives and fortunes ? where hath your court or council, for the present, more noble ornaments or better aids ? I am glad to see it, and to speak it, and though the nation be said to be unconquered, and most loving liberty, yet it was never mutinous, and please your majesty, but stout, valiant, courteous, hospitable, temperate, ingenious, capable of all good arts, most lovingly constant, charitable, great antiquaries, religious preservers of their gentry and genealogy, as they are zealous and knowing in religion.

In a word, it is a nation bettered by prosperity so far, as to the present happiness it enjoys under your most sacred majesty, it wishes nothing to be added but to see it perpetual in you and your issue.

God of his great goodness grant it, and shew he is an arrant knave, and no true Briton, does not say Amen too with his heart.

---

PLEASURE RECONCILED TO VIRTUE followed :  
and so it ended.



## WORLD IN THE MOON

## NEWS

FROM THE

## NEW WORLD

## DISCOVERED IN THE MOON.

## A MASQUE.

As it was presented at Court before King JAMES,  
1620.

*Nascitur è tenebris : et se sibi vindicat orbis.*

*Print.* Indeed I am all for sale, gentlemen;

you say true, I am a printer, and a printer of  
news; and I do hearken after them, wherever  
they be, at any rates; I'll give any thing for a  
good copy now, be it true or false, so it be news.

*I Her.* A fine youth!

*Caro.* And I am for matter of state, gentlemen,



THE HONOUR OF WALES

NEWS FROM THE NEW WORLD, &c.] This was the Author's first Masque after his return from Scotland, where he had been on a visit to his "friend" Drummond. A masque had been composed for the court during his absence, (I know not by whom,) and ill received; so that the wish for Jonson's return was pretty generally expressed. "I have heard," says this second Pylades,\* (putting aside for a moment the atrocious string of calumnies which he was industriously fabricating against his unsuspecting correspondent,) "I have heard from court, that the late Mask was not so approved of the king, as in former times, and that your absence was regretted. *Such applause hath true worth!* even of those who are otherwise not for it. Your loving friend." Jan. 17, 1619.

Jonson did not disappoint his admirers, for the *World in the Moon* is written with all the elegance and ease of the best days of queen Ann. The satire too is of the most delicate kind, and the wit is perpetual and abundant.

---

\* Drummond's *Letters* "to his worthy friend, B. Jonson." fol. p. 233.



THE  
WORLD IN THE MOON.

---

*Enter two* HERALDS, *a* PRINTER, CHRONICLER,  
*and* FACTOR.

1 *Her.* News, news, news!

2 *Her.* Bold and brave news!

1 *Her.* New as the night they are born in.

2 *Her.* Or the phant'sie that begot them.

1 *Her.* Excellent news!

2 *Her.* Will you hear any news?

*Print.* Yes, and thank you too, sir: what's the price of them?

1 *Her.* Price, coxcomb! what price, but the price of your ears? As if any man used to pay for any thing here.

2 *Her.* Come forward; you should be some dull tradesman by your pig-headed sconce now, that think there's nothing good any where, but what's to be sold.

*Print.* Indeed I am all for sale, gentlemen; you say true, I am a printer, and a printer of news; and I do hearken after them, wherever they be, at any rates; I'll give any thing for a good copy now, be it true or false, so it be news.

1 *Her.* A fine youth!

*Chron.* And I am for matter of state, gentlemen,



by consequence, story, (my Chronicle,) to fill up my great book, which must be three ream of paper at least; I have agreed with my stationer aforehand to make it so big, and I want for ten quire yet. I have been here ever since seven a clock in the morning to get matter for one page, and I think I have it complete; for I have both noted the number, and the capacity of the degrees here; and told twice over how many candles there are in the room lighted, which I will set you down to a snuff precisely, because I love to give light to posterity in the truth of things.

1 *Her.* This is a finer youth!

*Fac.* Gentlemen, I am neither printer nor chronologer, but one that otherwise take pleasure in my pen: a factor of news for all the shires of England; I do write my thousand letters a week ordinary, sometimes twelve hundred, and maintain the business at some charge both to hold up my reputation with mine own ministers in town, and my friends of correspondence in the country; I have friends of all ranks, and of all religions, for which I keep an answering catalogue of dispatch; wherein I have my puritan news, my protestant news, and my pontifical news.

2 *Her.* A superlative this!

*Fac.* And I have hope to erect a Staple for News ere long,<sup>1</sup> whither all shall be brought, and thence again vented under the name of Staple-news, and not trusted to your printed conundrums of the serpent in Sussex,<sup>2</sup> or the witches bidding

<sup>1</sup> *And I have hope to erect a Staple for News ere long, &c.]* The comedy of the *Staple of News* is formed upon the hint here given. W<sup>H</sup>AL.

<sup>2</sup> *And not trusted to your printed conundrums of the serpent in Sussex.]* In 1614, there was a discourse published of a strange monstrous *Serpent* in St. Leonard's forest, in Sussex, which was



the devil to dinner at Derby : news, that when a man sends them down to the shires where they are said to be done, were never there to be found!

*Print.* Sir, that's all one, they were made for the common people; and why should not they have their pleasure in believing of lies are made for them, as you have in Paul's, that make them for your selves.

1 *Her.* There he speaks reason to you, sir.

*Fact.* I confess it; but it is the printing I am offended at, I would have no news printed; for when they are printed they leave to be news; while they are written, though they be false, they remain news still.

*Print.* See men's divers opinions! It is the printing of them makes them news to a great

discovered there in the month of August in the same year. The relation is set forth with an air of great sincerity, and attested by eye witnesses living on the place. But from the description, we are to suppose something further intended by it, or that some *conundrum* or other, as the poet styles it, was couched under the account. "This serpent or dragon, as some call it, is reputed  
"to be nine feet, or rather more in length, and shaped almost  
"in the form of an axle-tree of a cart, a quantity of thickness  
"in the middle, and somewhat smaller at both ends. The former  
"part, which he shoots forth as a neck, is supposed to be an  
"ell long with a white ring as it were of scales about it. The  
"scales along his back seem to be blackish, and so much as is  
"discovered under his belly appeareth to be red; for I speak  
"of no nearer description, than of a reasonable ocular distance.  
"There are likewise on either side of him discovered two great  
"bunches so big as a large foot-ball: and, as some think, will  
"in time grow to wings." &c. More to the same purpose may be found in the account, which is reprinted in the 3d vol. of the *Harleian Miscellany*. There is an allusion to this same dragon in Fletcher's *Wit without money*:

*Val.* " ——— Write, write any thing,  
The world's a fine believing world, write news.

*Lance.* *Dragons in Sussex*, sir, or fiery battles  
Seen in the air at Aspurge." *WHAL.*

VOL. VII.

A a



many who will indeed believe nothing but what's in print. For those I do keep my presses, and so many pens going to bring forth wholesome relations, which once in half a score years, as the age grows forgetful, I print over again with a new date, and they are of excellent use.

*Chron.* Excellent abuse rather.

*Print.* Master Chronicler, do not you talk, I shall—

1 *Her.* Nay, gentlemen, be at peace one with another, we have enough for you all three, if you dare take upon trust.

*Print.* I dare, I assure you.

*Fact.* And I, as much as comes.

*Chro.* I dare too, but nothing so much as I have done: I have been so cheated with false relations in my time, as I have found it a far harder thing to correct my book, than collect it.

*Fact.* Like enough: but to your news, gentlemen, whence come they?

1 *Her.* From the Moon, ours, sir.

*Fact.* From the Moon! which way? by sea or by land?

1 *Her.* By moon-shine; a nearer way, I take it.

*Print.* Oh, by a trunk!<sup>3</sup> I know it, a thing no bigger than a flute-case: a neighbour of mine, a spectacle-maker, has drawn the moon through it at the bore of a whistle, and made it as great as a drum-head twenty times, and brought it within the length of this room to me, I know not how often.

*Chro.* Tut, that's no news: your perplexive glasses are common. No, it will fall out to be

<sup>3</sup> Oh, by a trunk.] It has been already observed that the word *trunk* is used by our old writers for a *tube*. I know not when the well-chosen term *telescope* first came into use.



Pythagoras's way,<sup>4</sup> I warrant you, by writing and reading in the moon.

*Print.* Right, and as well read of you, i' faith: for Cornelius Agrippa has it, *in disco lunæ*, there 'tis found.

1 *Her.* Sir, you are lost, I assure you: for ours came to you neither by the way of Cornelius Agrippa, nor Cornelius Drible.

2 *Her.* Nor any glass of —

1 *Her.* No philosopher's phant'sie.

2 *Her.* Mathematician's perspicil.

1 *Her.* Or brother of the Rosie Cross's intelligence, no forced way, but by the neat and clean power of poetry.

2 *Her.* The mistress of all discovery.

1 *Her.* Who after a world of these curious uncertainties, hath employed thither a servant of her's in search of truth: who has been there—

2 *Her.* In the moon.

1 *Her.* In person,

2 *Her.* And is this night return'd.

*Fact.* Where? which is he? I must see his dog at his girdle, and the bush of thorns at his back, ere I believe it.

1 *Her.* Do not trouble your faith then, for if that bush of thorns should prove a goodly grove of oaks, in what case were you and your expectation?

2 *Her.* These are stale ensigns of the stage's man in the moon, delivered down to you by musty antiquity, and are of as doubtful credit as the makers.

*Chro.* Sir, nothing again antiquity, I pray you, I must not hear ill of antiquity.

1 *Her.* Oh! you have an old wife, belike, or

<sup>4</sup> *Pythagoras's way, &c.*] See p. 15.



your venerable jerkin there,—make much of them. Our relation, I tell you still, is news.

2 *Her.* Certain and sure news.

1 *Her.* Of a new world.

2 *Her.* And new creatures in that world.

1 *Her.* In the orb of the moon.

2 *Her.* Which is now found to be an earth inhabited.

1 *Her.* With navigable seas and rivers.

2 *Her.* Variety of nations, policies, laws.

1 *Her.* With havens in't, castles, and port-towns.

2 *Her.* Inland cities, boroughs, hamlets, fairs, and markets.

1 *Her.* Hundreds and wapentakes! forests, parks, coney-ground, meadow-pasture, what not?

2 *Her.* But differing from ours.

*Fact.* And has your poet brought all this?

*Chro.* Troth, here was enough: 'tis a pretty piece of poetry as 'tis.

1 *Her.* Would you could hear on, though!

2 *Her.* Give your minds to't a little.

*Fact.* What inns or ale-houses are there there? does he tell you?

1 *Her.* Truly, I have not ask'd him that.

2 *Her.* Nor were you best, I believe.

*Fact.* Why in travel a man knows these things without offence; I am sure if he be a good poet he has discovered a good tavern in his time.

1 *Her.* That he has, I should think the worse of his verse else.

*Print.* And his prose too, i' faith.

*Chro.* Is he a man's poet, or a woman's poet, I pray you?

2 *Her.* Is there any such difference?

*Fact.* Many, as betwixt your man's tailor, and your woman's tailor.



1 *Her.* How, may we beseech you?

*Fact.* I'll shew you; your man's poet may break out strong and deep i' the mouth, as he said of Pindar, *Monte decurrens velut amnis*: but your woman's poet must flow, and stroke the ear, and, as one of them said of himself sweetly,

*Must write a verse as smooth and calm as cream,<sup>5</sup>  
In which there is no torrent, nor scarce stream.*

2 *Her.* Have you any more on't.

*Fact.* No, I could never arrive but to this remnant.

1 *Her.* Pity! would you had had the whole piece for a pattern to all poetry.

*Prin.* How might we do to see your poet? did he undertake this journey, I pray you, to the moon on foot?

1 *Her.* Why do you ask?

*Print.* Because one of our greatest poets (I know not how good a one) went to Edinburgh on foot,<sup>6</sup> and came back; marry, he has been restive, they say, ever since; for we have had nothing from him: he has set out nothing, I am sure.

<sup>5</sup> *Must write a verse, &c.]* I have been amused with a little piece of malice by Theobald. Opposite this passage, he has written on the margin of his copy, (the 8vo. of 1715,\*) *Woman's Poet, his soft versification, Mr. P—.* And in the "Discoveries," where the couplet recurs, he has again set a mark on it. Poor Theobald was probably much comforted by this private hit, *hoc opertum, hoc ridere suum*; and Pope, perhaps, would have been disturbed if he had known it.

<sup>6</sup> *Because one of our greatest poets, I know not how good a one, went to Edinburgh on foot.]* He here means himself, having walked to Scotland, on purpose to visit Drummond of Hawthornden, in the year 1619. WHAL.

\* By an oversight, which I have but now discovered, Theobald's copy is said to be the *folio* one, vol. iii, p. 351.



1 *Her.* Like enough, perhaps he has not all in; when he has all in, he will set out, I warrant you, at least those from whom he had it: it is the very same party that has been in the moon now.

*Prin.* Indeed! has he been there since? be-like he rid thither then?

*Fact.* Yes, post, upon the poet's horse, for a wager.

1 *Her.* No, I assure you, he rather flew upon the wings of his muse. There are in all but three ways of going thither: one is Endymion's way, by rapture in sleep, or a dream. The other Menippus's way, by wing, which the poet took. The third, old Empedocles's way; who, when he leaped into Ætna, having a dry sear body, and light, the smoke took him, and whift him up into the moon, where he lives yet waving up and down like a feather, all soot and embers, coming out of that coal-pit: our poet met him, and talk'd with him.

*Chro.* In what language, good sir?

2 *Her.* Only by signs and gestures, for they have no articulate voices there, but certain motions to music: all the discourse there is harmony.

*Fact.* A fine lunatic language, in faith; how do their lawyers then?

2 *Her.* They are Pythagoreans, all dumb as fishes, for they have no controversies to exercise themselves in.

*Fact.* How do they live then?

1 *Her.* On the dew of the moon, like grasshoppers, and confer with the doppers.<sup>7</sup>

*Fact.* Have you doppers?

<sup>7</sup> *with the doppers.*] i. e. with the Anabaptists, who were in ill repute at this time. See the *Staple of News*.



2 *Her.* A world of doppers ! but they are there as lunatic persons, walkers only : that have leave only to HUM and HA, not daring to prophesy, or start up upon stools to raise doctrine.

1 *Her.* The brethren of the Rosie Cross have their college within a mile of the moon ; a castle in the air that runs upon wheels with a winged lanthorn—

*Print.* I have seen it in print.

2 *Her.* All the phantastical creatures you can think of are there.

*Fact.* 'Tis to be hoped there are women there, then.

1 *Her.* And zealous women, that will out-groan the groaning wives of Edinburgh.

*Fact.* And lovers as phantastic as ours.

2 *Her.* But none that will hang themselves for love, or eat candles ends, or drink to their mistresses eyes, till their own bid them good night, as the sublunary lovers do.

*Fact.* No, sir ?

2 *Her.* No, some few you shall have, that sigh or whistle themselves away ; and those are presently hung up by the heels like meteors, with squibs in their tails, to give the wisersort warning.

*Print.* Excellent !

*Fact.* Are there no self-lovers there ?

2 *Her.* There were ; but they are all dead of late for want of tailors.

*Fact.* 'Slight, what luck is that ! we could have spared them a colony from hence.

2 *Her.* I think some two or three of them live yet, but they are turn'd moon-calves by this.

*Print.* O, ay, moon-calves ! what monster is that, I pray you ?

2 *Her.* Monster ! none at all, a very familiar thing, like our fool here on earth.



1 *Her.* The ladies there play with them instead of little dogs.

*Fact.* Then there are ladies?

2 *Her.* And knights and squires.

*Fact.* And servants and coaches?

1 *Her.* Yes, but the coaches are much o' the nature of the ladies, for they go only with wind.

*Chro.* Pretty, like China waggons.

*Fact.* Have they any places of meeting with their coaches, and taking the fresh open air, and then covert when they please, as in our Hyde-park or so?

2 *Her.* Above all the Hyde-parks in Christendom, far more hidden and private; they do all in clouds there; they walk in the clouds, they sit in the clouds, they lie in the clouds, they ride and tumble in the clouds, their very coaches are clouds.

*Print.* But have they no carmen to meet and break their coaches?

2 *Her.* Alas, carmen! they will over a carman there, as he will do a child here: you shall have a coachman with cheeks like a trumpeter, and a wind in his mouth, blow him afore him as far as he can see him; or skir over him with his bats wings, a mile and a half, ere he can steer his wry neck to look where he is.

*Fact.* And they have their New Wells too, and physical waters, I hope, to visit, all time of year?

1 *Her.* Your Tunbridge, or the Spaw itself are mere puddle to them: when the pleasant months of the year come, they all flock to certain broken islands which are called there the Isles of Delight.

*Fact.* By clouds still?

1 *Her.* What else! their boats are clouds too.



2 *Her.* Or in a mist ; the mists are ordinary in the moon ; a man that owes money there, needs no other protection ; only buy a mist, and walk in't, he is never discerned ; a matter of a baubee does it.

1 *Her.* Only one island they have, is call'd the isle of the Epicœnes, because there under one article both kinds are signified, for they are fashioned alike, male and female the same ; not heads and broad hats,<sup>7</sup> short doublets and long points ; neither do they ever untruss for distinction, but laugh and lie down in moon-shine, and stab with their poniards ; you do not know the delight of the Epicœnes in moon-shine.

2 *Her.* And when they have tasted the springs of pleasure enough, and bill'd, and kist, and are ready to come away ; the shees only lay certain eggs, (for they are never with child there,) and of those eggs are disclosed a race of creatures like men, but are indeed a sort of fowl, in part covered with feathers, (they call them VOLATEES,) that hop from island to island ; you shall see a covey of them, if you please, presently.

1 *Her.* Yes, faith, 'tis time to exercise their eyes, for their ears begin to be weary.

2 *Her.* *Then know we do not move these wings so soon  
On which our poet mounted to the moon,  
Menippus like, but all'twixt it and us,  
Thus clears and helps to the presentment, thus.*

*Enter the VOLATEES for the Antimasque, and DANCE.  
After which*

2 *Her.* We have all this while (though the muses' heralds) adventured to tell your majesty

<sup>7</sup> Not heads.] i. e. closely shorn, or polled.



no news; for hitherto we have moved rather to your delight, than your belief. But now be pleased to expect a more noble discovery worthy of your ear, as the object will be your eye: a race of your own, formed, animated, lightened and heightened by you, who rapt above the moon far in speculation of your virtues, have remained there intranced certain hours, with wonder of the piety, wisdom, majesty reflected by you on them, from the divine light, to which only you are less. These, by how much higher they have been carried from earth, to contemplate your greatness, have now conceived the more haste, and hope, in this their return home to approach your goodness; and led by that excellent likeness of yourself, the truth, imitating Procritus's endeavour, that all their motions be formed to the music of your peace, and have their ends in your favour, which alone is able to resolve and thaw the cold they have presently contracted in coming through the colder region. [*Music.*

*Here the Scene opens, and discovers the Region of the Moon, from which the MASQUERS descend, and shake off their isicles.*

#### 1 S O N G.

*Howe'er the brightness may amaze,  
Move you, and stand not still at gaze,  
As dazzled with the light:  
But with your motions fill the place,  
And let their fulness win you grace,  
Till you collect your sight.*

*So while the warmth you do confess,  
And temper of these rays no less,  
To quicken than refine.*



*You may by knowledge grow more bold,  
And so more able to behold  
The body whence they shine.*

The first DANCE follows.

2 S O N G.

*Now look and see in yonder throne,  
How all those beams are cast from one !  
This is that orb so bright,  
Has kept your wonder so awake ;  
Whence you as from a mirror take  
The sun's reflected light.*

*Read him as you would do the book  
Of all perfection, and but look  
What his proportions be ;  
No measure that is thence contrived,  
Or any motion thence derived,  
But is pure harmony.*

Here the Main Dance and REVELS.

3 S O N G.

*Not that we think you weary be,  
For he  
That did this motion give,  
And made it so long live,  
Could likewise give it perpetuity.*

*Nor that we doubt you have not more,  
And store  
Of changes to delight,  
For they are infinite,  
As is the power that brought forth these before.*



*But since the earth is of his name  
And fame  
So full, you cannot add,  
Be both the first and glad  
To speak him to the region whence you came.*

## The last Dance.

4 SONG.

Look, look already where I am,  
Bright Fame,  
Got up unto the sky,  
Thus high,  
Upon my better wing,  
To sing  
The knowing king,  
And made the music here,  
With yours on earth the same.

Cho. *Join then to tell his name,  
And say but James is he:  
All ears will take the voice,  
And in the tune rejoice,  
Or Truth hath left to breathe, and Fame  
hath left to be.*

1 *Her.* See what is that this music brings,  
And is so carried in the air about?

2 *Her.* Fame, that doth nourish the renown of  
kings,  
And keep that fair which Envy would  
blot out.

*Thus it ended.*



The Speech at the King's Entertainment at Burleigh,  
made in the Character of the Poet.

A Glasgow, &c. From the folio 1641. But a copy of it had  
stolen abroad, and been printed the year 1640, together with  
a few of Johnson's minor poems, by J. G. in 1640, &c.  
The folio, given gratis to be trusted, is here, erroneously,  
correct, and gives the miserable inaccuracy of those who  
those hands the poet's paper. The surreptitious copy, in  
time, is somewhat less perfect, but yet better than errors.  
These I have been enabled to remove, by the  
assistance of a friend, friend, friend, friend, friend, friend,  
Heber, had to send me a collection, as the reader is  
already apprised, I have a very valuable collection. This, which is  
in his own hand, and is a very valuable collection, is the  
existence, is a very valuable collection, is the existence,  
in existence, is a very valuable collection, is the existence,  
in existence, is a very valuable collection, is the existence,

## M A S Q U E

OF THE

## METAMORPHOSED GIPSIES.

AS IT WAS THRICE PRESENTED TO  
KING JAMES.

First at BURLEIGH on the Hill; next at BELVOIR;  
and lastly at WINDSOR, August 1621.



A MASQUE, &c.] From the folio 1641. But a copy of it had stolen abroad, and been printed the year before, together with a few of Jonson's minor poems, by J. Okes, in 12mo.

The folio, never greatly to be trusted, is here grievously incorrect, and proves the miserable incapacity of those into whose hands the poet's papers fell. The surreptitious copy, in 12mo. is somewhat less imperfect, but yet leaves many errors. These I have been enabled in some measure to remove, by the assistance of a MS. in the possession of my friend Richard Heber, Esq. to whose invaluable collection, as the reader is already apprized, I have so many obligations. This, which is in his own hand, and is perhaps the only MS. piece of Jonson's in existence, is more full and correct than either of the printed copies, the folio in particular, and is certainly prior to them both. It fills up many lacunæ and, in one instance, completes a stanza, by furnishing three lines, which no ingenuity could have supplied.

This Masque, as the title tells us, was performed before James and his Court at three several places. As the actors, as well as the spectators, varied at each, it became necessary to vary the language; and Jonson, who always attended the presentation of his pieces, was called on for additions adapted to the performers and the place. These unfortunately are not very distinctly marked either in the MS. or the printed copies, though occasional notices of them appear in the former. As every thing that was successively written for the new characters is come down to us, the *Gipsies Metamorphosed* appears of immoderate length; it must however have been highly relished by the Court; and the spirit and accuracy with which the male characters are drawn, and the delicacy and sweetness with which some of the female ones are depicted, though they cannot delight (as at the time) by the happiness of their application, may yet be perused with pleasure as specimens of poetic excellence, ingenious flattery, or adroit satire.



[ 368 ]

The Speech at the KING's entrance at BURLEIGH,  
made in the character of the PORTER.

*IF for our thoughts there could but speech be found,  
And all that speech be utter'd in one sound,  
So that some power above us would afford  
The means to make a language of a word,  
It should be WELCOME ! in that only voice  
We would receive, retain, enjoy, rejoice ;  
And all effects of love and life dispense,  
Till it were call'd a copious eloquence ;  
For should we vent our spirits, now you are come,  
In other syllables, were as to be dumb.  
Welcome, O welcome, then, and enter here,  
The house your bounty built, and still doth rear.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> *The house your bounty built, and still doth rear, &c.] Villiers (now marquis of Buckingham) was in the zenith of his favour. Honours were showered upon all his relatives and friends. His mother was made a countess, her children promoted, and married to persons of rank and fortune, and not a second cousin overlooked in the distribution of wealth and titles. If, as the speech says, the Marquis was "turn'd all to gratitude," it was well, and yet no more than so indulgent a master and friend as James deserved. Burleigh was burnt to the ground by the Parliament forces in 1645. They had made it a place of arms, and on evacuating it set it on fire. The destruction of a mansion once inhabited by the great object of their hate, the duke of Buckingham, must have gratified them beyond measure.*

*By the house your bounty built, the poet alludes classically and simply to the raising up of the family. In a literal sense, the house was originally constructed by some of the Harrington family ; though much enlarged and beautified by the present possessor.*

*No introductory speech is given to the presentation at Belvoir. Buckingham had married the earl of Rutland's daughter, so that the Royal appearance at that castle was not without some compliment, perhaps, to the favourite.*



*With those high favours, and those heap'd increases  
 Which shews a hand not grieved but when it ceases.  
 The MASTER is your creature, as the place ;  
 And every good about him is yaur grace :  
 Whom, though he stand by silent, think not rude,  
 But as a man turn'd all to gratitude.  
 For what he ne'er can hope, how to restore,  
 Since while he meditates one, you pour on more.  
 Vouchsafe to think he only is opprest  
 With their abundance, not that in his breast  
 His powers are stupid grown ; for please you enter  
 Him, and his house, and search him to the centre ;  
 You'll find within no thanks, or vows there shorter,  
 For having trusted thus much to his Porter.*



## THE PROLOGUE AT WINDSOR.

*As many blessings as there be bones  
 In Ptolemy's fingers, and all at ones,  
 Held up in an Andrew's cross for the nones,  
 Light on you, good master ;  
 I dare be no waster  
 Of time or of speech,  
 Where you are in place :  
 I only beseech  
 You take in good grace,  
 Our following the court,  
 Since 'tis for your sport  
 To have you still merry,  
 And not make you weary.  
 We may strive to please,  
 So long (some will say) till we grow a disease.  
 But you, sir, that twice  
 Have graced us already, encourage to thrice ;  
 Wherein if our boldness your patience invade,  
 Forgive us the fault that your favour hath made.*



THE  
GIPSIES METAMORPHOSED.

---

*Enter a Gipsy (being the JACKMAN,<sup>1</sup>) leading a horse laden with five little children bound in a trace of scarfs upon him; followed by a second, leading another horse laden with stolen poultry, &c.*

*Jack.* Room for the five princes of Ægypt, mounted all upon one horse,<sup>2</sup> like the four sons

<sup>1</sup> *Being the Jackman.*] “You shall understand that the *Jackman* hathe his name of a *Jacke*, which is a seal in their language, as one that should make writings and set scales for lycences and pasportes.” *Caveat for Cursitors.*

<sup>2</sup> *Mounted all upon one horse, like the four sons of Aymon.*] This alludes to a story in the romantic history of Charlemagn: I find the same circumstance mentioned by Skelton, in his *Philip Sparrow*:

“And though that read have I  
Of Gawen, and sir Guy—  
Of quatre filz Amund,  
And how they were summon’d  
To Rome to Charlemayne,  
Upon a great payne,  
And how they rode each one  
On Bayard Mountalbon.”

W<sup>H</sup>AL.

*Le livre de quatre fitz Aymon*, &c. (a popular story in the days of romance,) was translated into English, and printed in a small folio, in 1504, by *Wynkyn de Worde*, and again, in 1554 by *W. Copland*, with this title, *A pleasaunt and goodly Historie of the four sons of Aimon*. On the title-page is a ridiculous wooden cut (given however in sober sadness) of four men sitting on one horse, with their swords drawn. It is to this that the poet alludes.



of Aymon, to make the miracle the more by a head, if it may be! Gaze upon them, as on the offspring of Ptolemy, begotten upon several Cleopatras, in their several counties; especially on this brave spark struck out of Flintshire, upon justice Jug's daughter, then sheriff of the county, who running away with a kinsman of our captain's, and her father pursuing her to the marches, he great with justice, she great with juggling, they were both, for the time, turn'd stone, upon the sight each of other, in Chester: till at last, (see the wonder,) a jug of the town-ale reconciling them, the memorial of both their gravities,<sup>3</sup> his in beard, and her's in belly, hath remained ever since preserved in picture upon the most stone jugs of the kingdom. The famous imp yet grew a wretchock;<sup>4</sup> and though

<sup>3</sup> *The memorial of both their gravities, &c.]* The long beards and big bellies of the stone jugs of the poet's days, have been already noticed. See vol. v. p. 338.

<sup>4</sup> *The famous imp yet grew a wretchcock.]* All the dictionaries and glossaries I have consulted, will not help us to this term. The word *wrethock* indeed occurs in Skelton's *Eleanor Rummyng*; the exact sense I am not able to assign; but it is applied to fowls, and I am apt to think that *wretchcock* and *wrethock* have the same sense, whatever it be.

“The goslings were untied,  
Elinour began to chide;  
They be wrethocke thou hast brought,  
They are sheer shaking nought.” WHAL.

*Yet grew a wretchock.]* i. e. pined away, instead of thriving. Whalley appears to have puzzled himself sorely in this page, (for he has much that I have not copied,) about a matter of very little difficulty. In every large breed of domestic fowls, there is usually a miserable little stunted creature, that forms a perfect contrast to the growth and vivacity of the rest. This unfortunate abortive, the goodwives, with whom it is an object of tenderness, call a *wrethcock*; and this is all the mystery. Was Whalley ignorant that what we now term chick, was once chocke and chooke? *Wrethocke*, which he probably copied from the execrable edition of Skelton's works, 1736, is



for seven years together he was carefully carried at his mother's back, rock'd in a cradle of Welsh cheese, like a maggot, and there fed with broken beer, and blown wine of the best daily, yet looks as if he never saw his *quinquennium*.<sup>5</sup> 'Tis true, he can thread needles on horse-back, or draw a yard of inkle through his nose: but what is that to a grown gipsy, one of the blood, and of his time, if he had thrived! therefore, till with his painful progenitors he be able to beat it on the hard hoof, to the *bene bowse*,<sup>6</sup> or the *stawling-ken*, to *nip a jan*, and *cly the jark*, 'tis thought fit he march in the infants' equipage;

*With the convoy, cheats and peckage,  
Out of clutch of Harman Beckage,<sup>7</sup>  
To their libkins at the Crackman's,  
Or some skipper of the Blackman's.*

2 *Gipsy*. Where the cacklers, but no grunTERS,<sup>8</sup>  
Shall uncas'd be for the hunters:  
Those we still must keep alive;  
Ay, and put them out to thrive

merely a false transcript of a *t* for a *c*, a very common error, but which the editor was too blind to notice, or too stupid to amend.

<sup>5</sup> *his quinquennium.*] Whalley's grave doubts concerning this simple phrase, make it necessary to observe that it means his fifth year. The wretchock was seven years old, and yet looked as if he was not five.

<sup>6</sup> *The bene bowse.*] i. e. the good liquor. Stawling, or stalling-ken is a receptacle for purchase, or stolen goods. To nip a jan, is, I believe, to pick a pocket; and to cly the jark, something of a similar nature.

<sup>7</sup> *The clutch of Harman Beckage, &c.*] Harman Beck is a constable. Libkins are lodgings; Crackmans, hedges; a Skipper is a barn or outhouse, and if a Blackman be not night, I know not what else it is.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *but no grunTERS.*] A side compliment to the king, who hated pork in all its varieties.



In the parks, and in the chases,  
And the finer walled places ;  
As St. James's, Greenwich, Tibals,  
Where the acorns, plump as chibals,  
Soon shall change both kind and name,  
And proclaim them the king's game.  
So the act no harm may be  
Unto their keeper Barnaby ;  
It will prove as good a service,  
As did ever gipsy Gervice,  
Or our captain Charles, the tall-man,  
And a part too of our salmon.\*

*Jackman.* If we here be a little obscure, 'tis our pleasure ; for rather than we will offer to be our own interpreters, we are resolved not to be understood : yet if any man doubt of the significance of the language, we refer him to the third volume of Reports, set forth by the learned in the laws of canting, and published in the gipsy tongue. Give me my guittara, and room for our chief !  
[*Music.*]

*Enter the CAPTAIN, with six of his Attendants.*

*Here they DANCE.*

*After which.*

S O N G.

*Jack. From the famous Peak of Darby,  
And the Devil's arse there hard by,  
Where we yearly keep our musters,  
Thus the Ægyptians throng in clusters.*

\* Of our salmon.] i. e. of our oath, of our respectful duty ;  
The *salam* of the East. The gipsy Gervice is a stranger to me :  
—perhaps he was Gervase Holles.



*Be not frightened with our fashion,  
Though we seem a tatter'd nation;  
We account our rags our riches,  
So our tricks exceed our stitches.*

*Give us bacon, rinds of walnuts,  
Shells of cockles, and of small nuts,  
Ribands, bells, and saffron'd linen,  
All the world is ours to win in.*

*Knacks we have that will delight you,  
Sights of hand that will invite you  
To endure our tawny faces,  
And not cause you cut your laces.<sup>1</sup>*

*All your fortunes we can tell ye,  
Be they for the back or belly:  
In the moods too, and the tenses,  
That may fit your fine five senses.*

*Draw but then your gloves, we pray you,  
And sit still, we will not fray you;  
For though we be here at Burley,  
We'd be loth to make a hurly.*

*Enter the PATRICO.<sup>2</sup>*

*Pat. Stay, my sweet singer,  
The touch of thy finger  
A little, and linger,  
For me, that am bringer  
Of bounds to the border,  
The rule and recorder,  
And mouth of your order,*

<sup>1</sup> *And not cause you cut your laces.]* At Winsor, Jonson's MS. says, this line was altered to

“And not cause you quit your places.”

There is not much poetry in the substitution, but it probably raised a smile at the courtiers expense.

<sup>2</sup> *The Patrico.]* The orator of the gang, the mock-priest. See vol. iv. p. 433.



As priest of the game,  
And prelate of the same.

There's a *gentry cove* here,<sup>3</sup>  
Is the top of the shire,  
Of the Bever-Ken,  
A man among men;  
You need not to fear,  
I've an eye and an ear  
That turns here and there,  
To look to our gear:

Some say that there be  
One or two, if not three,  
That are greater than he.

And for the *roome-morts*,<sup>4</sup>  
I know by their ports,  
And their jolly resorts,  
They are of the sorts  
That love the true sports  
Of king Ptolemeus  
Our great Coriphæus,  
And queen Cleopatra,  
The gipsies grand matra.

Then if we shall shark it,  
Here fair is and market.

Leave pig by and goose,  
And play fast and loose,

<sup>3</sup> *A gentry-cove.*] i. e. a great man, a gentleman. Of the Bever-Ken, of Belvoir castle: alluding to the earl of Rutland, who was probably lieutenant of the county. When the Masque was performed at Belvoir castle, the first couplet stood thus:

“There be *gentry coves* here  
Are the chiefs of the shire.” MS.

<sup>4</sup> *Roome or rum morts,*] i. e. great ladies.



A short cut, and long,  
 With, ever and among,  
 Some inch of a song,  
 Pythagoras' lot,  
 Drawn out of a pot ;  
 With what says Alchindus,  
 And Pharaotes Indus,  
 John de Indagine,  
 With all their *paginae*  
 Treating of palmistry,  
 And this is almisty.

Lay by your wimbles,  
 Your boring for thimbles,  
 Or using your nimbles,  
 In diving the pockets,  
 And sounding the sockets  
 Of *simper-the-cockets* ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Or angling the purses  
 Of such as will curse us ;  
 But in the strict duel,  
 Be merry and cruel,

<sup>5</sup> *Simper-the-cockets.*] This expression occurs in Skelton's ballad of *Eleanor Rumming* :

“ In her tursed flocket  
 And grey russet rocket  
 With *simper-the-cocket*.”

Cotgrave, in his French dictionary, helps us to a meaning that agrees extremely well with the passage in Jonson ; “ *Coquene*, a beggar woman : also a cockney, *simper de cockit*, nice thing.”

W<sup>H</sup>AL.

The expression is also used by old Heywood, in his *Dialogue*.

“ Upright as a candle standeth in a socket,  
 Stood she that day, so *simpre de cocket*.”

“ This,” says Warton, “ I do not understand, it is marked by the author as a proverb. It is undoubtedly a colloquial phrase.” The sense of it, however, is sufficiently obvious. *Cocket* was a fine species of bread, as distinguished from common bread ; hence perhaps, the name was given to an overstrained affectation of delicacy. To *simper* at, or over, a thing, is to touch it *as in scorn*.



Strike fair at some jewel,  
That mint may accrue well,  
For that is the fuel,  
To make the tuns brew well,  
And the pot ring well,  
And the brain sing well,  
Which we may bring well  
About by a string well,  
And do the thing well.

It is but a strain  
Of true legerdemain  
Once, twice, and again.

Or what will you say now,<sup>6</sup>  
If with our fine play now,  
Our knackets and dances,  
We work on the fancies  
Of some of these Nancies,  
These Trickets and Tripsies,  
And make them turn gipsies.

Here's no justice Lippus  
Will seek for to nip us,  
In Cramp-ring or Cippus,<sup>7</sup>  
And then for to strip us,  
And after to whip us,

<sup>6</sup> *Or what will you say now.*] At Winsor (the MS. informs us,) these lines (which are also in the folio) were substituted :

Or what will you say now,  
If with our fine play now,  
Our feats, and our fingering,  
Here without lingering ;  
Cozening the sights  
Of the lords and the knights,  
Some one of their Georges  
Come off to save charges.

<sup>7</sup> *In Cramp-ring or Cippus.*] The first word means shackles, fetters ; the other, the stocks, or pillory.



While here we do tarry,  
 His justice to vary;  
 But be wise and wary,  
 And we may both carry  
 The Kate and the Mary,  
 And all the bright aery,  
 Away to the quarry,\*  
 If our brave Ptolemy  
 Will but say, Follow me.

3 *Gipsy*. Captain, if ever at the Bowzing Ken,  
 You have in draughts of Darby drill'd your men,  
 And we have serv'd there armed all in ale,  
 With the brown bowl, and charg'd in braggat  
 stale :<sup>9</sup>

If muster'd thus, and disciplined in drink,  
 In our long watches we did never wink,  
 But so commanded by you, kept our station,  
 As we preserv'd our selves a loyal nation;  
 And never yet did branch of statute break,  
 Made in your famous palace of the Peak.  
 If we have deem'd that mutton, lamb, or veal,  
 Chick, capon, turkey, sweetest we did steal;

\* After this verse, in the MS. and in the folio is the following passage, which is directed to be spoken at Winsor. The nobleman alluded to is the earl of Worcester.

The George and the garter,  
 Into our own quarter :  
 Or durst I go further  
 In method and order :  
 There's a purse and a seal,  
 I have a great mind to steal.  
 That when our tricks are done,  
 We might seal our own pardon.  
 All this we may do,  
 And a great deal more too,  
 If, &c.

<sup>9</sup> *With the brown bowl, and charg'd in braggat stale.] Braggat is a drink made of honey, ale, and spices. WHAL.*



As being by our Magna Charta taught  
To judge no viands wholesome that are bought.  
If for our linen we still us'd the lift,  
And with the hedge (our Trade's Increase) made  
shift,<sup>1</sup>

And ever at your solemn feasts and calls,  
We have been ready, with the Ægyptian brawls,  
To set Kit Callot forth in prose or rhyme,<sup>2</sup>  
Or who was Cleopatra for the time.

If we have done this, that, more, such, or so ;  
Now lend your ear but to the Patrico.

*Capt.* Well, dance another strain, and we'll  
think how.

*1 Gipsy.* Mean time in song do you conceive  
some vow. [*Music.*

*Here they DANCE.*

2 S O N G.

*Pat.* *The faery beam upon you,  
The stars to glister on you ;  
A moon of light,  
In the noon of night,  
Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you !  
The wheel of fortune guide you,  
The boy with the bow beside you ;  
Run aye in the way,  
Till the bird of day,  
And the luckier lot betide you !*

<sup>1</sup> *Our Trade's Increase.*] This is a humorous allusion to the name of a ship sent out by the first Indian adventurers. Its unusual bulk made it a subject of much conversation in those days. The hedge (on which linen was hung out to dry,) was the Galleon of this honest fraternity.

<sup>2</sup> *To set Kit Callot forth, &c.*] Kate the callot or strumpet. The worthy associate, Whalley says, of one Giles Hather, who first took up the trade of a gipsy in this country.



## 380 THE GIPSIES METAMORPHOSED.

*Capt.* [*surveying the company.*] Bless my sweet masters, the old and the young,  
From the gall of the heart, and the stroke of the tongue.

With you, lucky bird, I begin ; [*Goes up to the king.*] let me see,  
I aim at the best, and I trow you are he :<sup>3</sup>  
Here's some luck already, if I understand  
The grounds of mine art ; here's a gentleman's hand.

I'll kiss it for luck sake : You should, by this line,  
Love a horse and a hound, but no part of a swine.  
To hunt the brave stag, not so much for the food,  
As the weal of your body, and the health of your blood.

You're a man of good means, and have territories  
store,

Both by sea and by land ; and were born, sir, to  
more,

Which you, like a lord, and a prince of your  
peace,

Content with your havings, despise to increase :  
You are no great wencher I see by your table,  
Although your Mons Veneris says you are able ;  
You live chaste and single, and have buried your  
wife,<sup>4</sup>

And mean not to marry, by the line of your life.

<sup>3</sup> *I aim at the best, &c.*] It should be observed that all who took part in these entertainments were constantly masked ; and, probably not always known to one another. The performers were undoubtedly in the secret ; but the spectators, who were very numerous, must have derived much amusement from a palpable hit, which enabled them to form a tolerable guess at the respective characters. James is admirably described in these lines.

<sup>4</sup> *And have buried your wife.*] Queen Anne died in the early part of 1619. By her death, the grace and splendour of the English court suffered a visible eclipse. "She loved shows and expensive amusements," Hume says, "but possessed little taste in



Whence he that conjectures your qualities, learns  
You are an honest good man, and have care of  
your bearns.

Your Mercury's hill too, a wit doth betoken,  
Some book-craft you have, and are pretty well  
spoken.

But stay,—in your Jupiter's Mount, what is here?  
A king! a monarch! what wonders appear!  
High, bountiful, just; a Jove for your parts,  
A master of men, and that reign in their hearts.

I'll tell it my train,  
And come to you again. *[Withdraws.]*

3 S O N G.

Pat. *To the old, long life and treasure;  
To the young, all health and pleasure;  
To the fair, their face  
With eternal grace;  
And the soul to be loved at leisure.  
To the witty, all clear mirrors,  
To the foolish their dark errors;*

her pleasures." Of *taste*, Hume had no more idea than the pen he was writing with;—a defect *most incident* to his cold-blooded fraternity.—Anne possessed an excellent taste, and her pleasures were elegant and refined in no common degree. The honest puritan Arthur Wilson, is far better worth listening to on this subject, notwithstanding his prejudices. "She was," he says, "in her great condition a good woman, not tempted from that height she stood on, to embroil her spirit much with things below her, (as some busy-bodies do) only giving herself content in her own house, with such recreations as might not make time tedious to her." *Life of James*, p. 129. I know not whether the chiromantic terms in this speech be worth a note: briefly, however, the *line of life* is the line encompassing the ball of the thumb; the *Mons Veneris* is the root or mount of the thumb; *Mercury's hill* is the root of the little finger, and *Jupiter's mount* the bottom or root of the fore-finger.



*To the loving sprite,  
A secure delight :  
To the jealous his own false terrors.*

*Capt.* [*Advances again to the king.*] Could any  
doubt that saw this hand,  
Or who you are, or what command  
You have upon the fate of things,  
Or would not say you were let down  
From heaven, on earth to be the crown,  
And top of all your neighbour-kings?

To see the ways of truth you take,  
To balance business, and to make  
All Christian differences cease :  
Or till the quarrel and the cause  
You can compose, to give them laws,  
As arbiter of war and peace.

For this, of all the world, you shall  
Be styled James the Just, and all  
Their states dispose, their sons and daughters,

And for your fortunes, you alone,  
Among them all shall work your own,  
By peace, and not by human slaughters.

But why do I presume, though true,  
To tell a fortune, sir, to you,  
Who are the maker here of all ;  
Where none do stand, or sit in view,  
But owe their fortunes unto you,  
At least what they good fortune call?

My self a Gipsy here do shine,<sup>s</sup>  
Yet are you maker, sir, of mine.  
Oh that confession could content

<sup>s</sup> *Myself a Gipsy here do shine.*] It appears not only from this



So high a bounty, that doth know  
No part of motion, but to flow,  
And giving never to repent!

May still the matter wait your hand,  
That it not feel or stay, or stand;  
But all desert still over-charge.  
And may your goodness ever find  
In me, whom you have made, a mind  
As thankful as your own is large! [*Music.*]

*Here they DANCE.*

*After which,*

*The Prince's fortune is offered at by the*

2 *Gipsy.* As my captain hath begun  
With the sire, I take the son:—  
Your hand, sir!  
Of your fortune be secure,  
Love and she are both at your  
Command, sir!  
See what states are here at strife,  
Who shall tender you a wife,  
A brave one;  
And a fitter for a man,  
Than is offer'd here, you can  
Not have one.

but from several other incidental notices, that the marquis of Buckingham himself played the Captain. This elegant address to James has more than one allusion to the well meant, but unsuccessful endeavours of this good king to preserve the peace of the continent, when all was fast falling into confusion. The 2 Gipsy was played by the marquis's brother.



# 384 THE GIPSIES METAMORPHOSED.

She is sister of a star,  
 One the noblest now that are,  
     Bright Hesper,  
 Whom the Indians in the East  
 Phosphor call, and in the West  
     Hight Vesper.

Courses even with the sun,  
 Doth her mighty brother run,  
     For splendor.

What can to the marriage-night,  
 More than morn and evening light,  
     Attend her?

Save the promise before day,  
 Of a little James to play  
     Hereafter

'Twixt his grandsires knees, and move  
 All the pretty ways of love,  
     And laughter.

Whilst with care you strive to please  
 In your giving his cares ease,  
     And labours:  
 And by being long the aid  
 Of the empire, make afraid  
     Ill neighbours.

Till yourself shall come to see  
 What we wish yet far to be  
     Attending:

For it skills not when or where  
 That begins, which cannot fear  
     An ending.

<sup>6</sup> *Courses even with the sun,  
 Doth her mighty brother run.*] The preceding lines plainly  
 shew us the Spanish match was now in agitation; and the verses  
 are the Spaniards boast, "that the sun never sets in their king's  
 dominions." **W<sup>H</sup>AL.**



Since your name in peace or wars,<sup>7</sup>  
 Nought shall bound, until the stars  
     Up take you:  
 And to all succeeding view,  
 Heaven a constellation new  
     Shall make you. [Music.]

*Here they DANCE.*

*After which*

*The lady marquess BUCKINGHAM's,<sup>3</sup> by the*

3 *Gip.* Hurl after an old shoe,  
     I'll be merry, whate'er I do,  
     Though I keep no time,  
     My words shall chime,  
     I'll overtake the sense with a rhyme.—  
         Face of a rose,  
         I pray thee depose  
 Some small piece of silver; it shall be no loss,  
 But only to make the sign of the cross:  
     If your hand you hallow,  
     Good fortune will follow,  
     I swear by these ten,<sup>4</sup>  
     You shall have it agen,  
     I do not say when.

<sup>7</sup> *Since your name in peace or wars, &c.]* The close of this stanza is certainly wanting; for there can be little doubt, but the poet originally gave it complete as the preceding. WHAL.

It is now fortunately supplied from Mr. Heber's valuable manuscript.

<sup>8</sup> *The lady marquess Buckingham.]* Catherine, only daughter and heiress of the earl of Rutland, by his first wife. If Wilson may be trusted, the lady had ventured somewhat too far before marriage; unless, as is far more probable, the elopement of which he speaks, was a concerted plan of the lovers to procure the consent of the "stout old earl," her father, to the nuptials.

<sup>7</sup> *I swear by these ten.]* i. e. his fingers. WHAL.



But, lady, either I am tipsy,  
 Or you are to fall in love with a gipsy ;  
 Blush not, dame Kate,  
 For, early or late,  
 I do assure you, it will be your fate.

Nor need you be once asham'd of it, madam,  
 He's as handsome a man as ever was Adam.

A man out of wax,  
 As a lady would aks :  
 Yet he is not to wed ye,  
 H' has enjoy'd you already,  
 And I hope he has sped ye.—  
 A dainty young fellow ;  
 And though he look yellow,  
 He ne'er will be jealous,  
 But love you most zealous,  
 There's never a line in your hand but doth tell us.

And you are a soul so white, and so chaste,  
 A table so smooth, and so newly ra'ste,  
 As nothing call'd foul  
 Dares approach with a blot,  
 Or any least spot ;  
 But still you control,  
 Or make your own lot,  
 Preserving love pure, as it first was begot.

But, dame, I must tell ye,  
 The fruit of your belly,  
 Is that you must tender,  
 And care so to render ;  
 That as your self came

• *Or you are to fall in love with a gipsy.*] This confirms the observation in a former page. The allusion to the handsome person of the marquis is not overstrained. Wilson says that "he was a man of excellent symmetry and proportion of parts."



In blood, and in name,  
From one house of fame,  
So that may remain  
The glory of twain. [Music.

*Here they DANCE.*

*After which,*

*The countess of RUTLAND's,<sup>1</sup> by the*

3 *Gip.* You, sweet lady, have a hand too,  
And a fortune you may stand to ;  
Both your bravery, and your bounty,  
Style you mistress of the county :  
You will find it from this night,  
Fortune shall forget her spight,  
And heap all the blessings on you,  
That she can pour out upon you.  
To be lov'd, where most you love,  
Is the worst that you shall prove :  
And by him to be embraced,  
Who so long hath known you chaste,  
Wise and fair ; whilst you renew  
Joys to him, and he to you :  
And when both your years are told,  
Neither think the other old.

*And the countess of EXETER's,<sup>2</sup> by the*

*Patrico.* Madam, we knew of your coming so late,  
We could not well fit you a nobler fate

<sup>1</sup> *Countess of Rutland.*] The lady to whom this pretty compliment is paid, was, I believe, Cecily, daughter of sir James Tufton of Hathfield in Kent, second wife to the earl of Rutland, and mother-in-law to the lady last mentioned.

<sup>2</sup> *Countess of Exeter.*] Frances, daughter of William, fourth lord Chandos, and second wife of Thomas, earl of Exeter, and eldest son to that great statesman, Cecil, lord Burleigh. She



Than what you have ready made :  
 An old man's wife  
 Is the light of his life,  
 A young one is but his shade.  
 You will not importune,  
 The change of your fortune :  
 For if you dare trust to my fore-casting,  
 'Tis presently good, and it will be lasting.

[*Music.*

*Here they DANCE.*

*After which*

*The countess of BUCKINGHAM's,<sup>3</sup> by the*

4 *Gip.* Your pardon, lady, here you stand,  
 If some should judge you by your hand,  
 The greatest felon in the land  
 Detected.  
 I cannot tell you by what arts  
 But you have stolen so many hearts,  
 As they would make you at all parts  
 Suspected.

was a young widow when this nobleman, then in the seventieth year of his age, took her to wife. To this disproportion of years, Jonson alludes, as handsomely as the subject allowed. The earl died soon after this was written, at fourscore, and the countess, who survived him more than forty years, became the object of much obloquy and envy, as Saunderson says, "on account of her preferment." She was involved in a malicious charge of adultery by lady Roos, (wife of her husband's eldest son,) and such was the diabolical malice of her persecutors, that it required all the zeal and sagacity of James, to extricate her from their toils.

<sup>3</sup> *Countess of Buckingham.*] Mother of the favourite, by sir George Villiers. She was at this time the wife of sir Thomas Compton, brother of the earl of Northampton. She was created, Wilson says, "a countess by patent," while her husband had no additional title, except that which was given him by the malice or scandal of the public, on his lady's account.



Your very face first such a one  
As being view'd, it was alone,  
Too slippery to be look'd upon;<sup>4</sup>

And threw men:  
But then your graces they were such,  
As none could e'er behold too much;  
Both every taste and every touch

So drew men.  
Still blest in all you think or do,  
Two of your sons are Gipsies too,  
You shall our queen be, and, see who

Importunes  
The heart of either yours or you;  
And doth not wish both George and Sue,<sup>5</sup>  
And every bairn besides, all new  
Good fortunes.

*The lady PURBECK's,<sup>6</sup> by the*

2 *Gip.* Help me, wonder, here's a book,  
Where I would for ever look :

<sup>4</sup> *Too slippery to be look'd upon.*] Jonson seems fond of this verse, which he has given in two other places. It is, as the reader knows, from Horace :

*Et vultus nimium lubricus aspicitur.*

<sup>5</sup> *George and Sue.*] The marquis, and his sister. Susanna married William Fielding, earl of Denbigh, ancestor to the present earl.

<sup>6</sup> *The lady Purbeck.*] The beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother, lady Elizabeth Hatton, by her second husband, sir Edward Coke, and wife of John Villiers (elder brother of the marquis of Buckingham) viscount Purbeck. Nothing can be more elegant than the lines here addressed to her : but there was a change awaiting her which the gipsy did not foresee. In less than three years after this period, she was detected in an intrigue with sir Robert Howard, and fled from her husband's house, to which she never returned. Her extraordinary charms seem to have softened the rigid breast of Wilson. "A lady of transcending beauty," he calls her, "but accused of wantonness."



Never yet did gipsy trace  
 Smoother lines in hands or face :  
 Venus here doth Saturn move,  
 That you should be Queen of Love ;  
 And the other stars consent ;  
 Only Cupid's not content ;  
 For though you the theft disguise,  
 You have robb'd him of his eyes.  
 And to shew his envy further,  
 Here he chargeth you with murther :  
 Says, although that at your sight,  
 He must all his torches light ;  
 Though your either cheek discloses  
 Mingled baths of milk and roses ;  
 Though your lips be banks of blisses,  
 Where he plants, and gathers kisses ;  
 And yourself the reason why,  
 Wisest men for love may die ;  
 You will turn all hearts to tinder,  
 And shall make the world one cinder.

*And the lady ELIZABETH HATTON's,<sup>7</sup> by the*

5 *Gip.* Mistress of a fairer table  
 Hath no history nor fable :  
 Others fortunes may be shown,  
 You are builder of your own.  
 And whatever heaven hath gi'n you,  
 You preserve the state still in you ;  
 That which time would have depart,  
 Youth without the help of art,  
 You do keep still, and the glory  
 Of your sex is but your story.

<sup>7</sup> *Lady Elizabeth Hatton.*] The widow of sir Christopher Hatton, and at this time married to sir Edward Coke. Jonson compliments her with great delicacy.



*The Lord Chamberlain's,<sup>8</sup> by the*

*Jackman.* Though you, sir, be Chamberlain, I  
have a key  
To open your fortune a little by the way :  
You are a good man,  
Deny it that can :  
And faithful you are,  
Deny it that dare.

You know how to use your sword and your pen,  
And you love not alone the arts, but the men :  
The Graces and Muses every where follow  
You, as you were their second Apollo ;  
Only your hand here tells you to your face,  
You have wanted one grace,  
To perform what has been a right of your place :  
For by this line, which is Mars his trench,  
You never yet help'd your master to a wench.

'Tis well for your honour he's pious and chaste,  
Or you had most certainly been displaced.

*Here they DANCE.*

*The Lord Keeper's fortune,<sup>9</sup> by the*

*Patrico.* As happy a palm, sir, as most i' the land,—  
It should be a pure, and an innocent hand,  
And worthy the trust,  
For it says you'll be just,

<sup>8</sup> *The Lord Chamberlain.*] The great earl of Pembroke. His name is his eulogy. It appears from the MS. that the fortunes of the noblemen were substituted, at Windsor, in place of those of the ladies, which we have just finished. They should perhaps be placed at the bottom of the page ; but I have followed the printed copies. The reader will observe however that the *Gipsies Metamorphosed* was not so long in action as it has hitherto appeared to be.

<sup>9</sup> *The Lord Keeper.*] Williams, lord Bishop of Lincoln. Hume



And carry that purse  
 Without any curse  
 Of the public weal,  
 When you take out the seal.  
 You do not appear,  
 A judge of a year.  
 I'll venture my life,  
 You never had wife,  
 But I'll venture my skill,  
 You may when you will.  
 You have the king's conscience too in your breast,  
 And that's a good guest;  
 Which you'll have true touch of,  
 And yet not make much of,  
 More than by truth yourself forth to bring  
 The man that you are, for God and the king.

*The Lord Treasurer's fortune,<sup>1</sup> by the*  
 3 *Gipsy.* I come to borrow, and you'll grant my  
 demand, sir,  
 Since 'tis not for money, pray lend me your hand,  
 sir,  
 And yet this good hand, if you please to stretch it,  
 Had the errand been money, could easily fetch it:

terms him a man of spirit and learning, and a popular preacher. He was, however, somewhat refractory, and gave the court much trouble in after times.

<sup>1</sup> *The Lord Treasurer.*] Lionel, lord Cranfield, afterwards earl of Middlesex. He did not enjoy this situation long; being impeached for malversation by the Commons in 1624, deprived of his high office, and fined fifty thousand pounds. Buckingham, who had raised him from the counting-house, urged on his fall. James, however, who believed him innocent, would not call for the payment of the fine, and Charles, upon his accession, freely remitted the whole. His titles and estates came into the Dorset family by the marriage of his granddaughter, Frances, with Richard Sackville, earl of Dorset. He is said, in some accounts of those times, to have "reformed the household and augmented the customs." To this the concluding lines of the speech allude.



You command the king's treasure, and yet on  
 my soul  
 You handle not much, for your palm is not foul:  
 Your fortune is good, and will be to set  
 The office upright, and the king out of debt;  
 To put all that have pensions soon out of their  
 pain,  
 By bringing the exchequer in credit again.

*The Lord Privy Seal's,<sup>2</sup> by the*

<sup>2</sup> *Gip.* Honest and old,  
 In those the good part of a fortune is told;  
 God send you your health,  
 The rest is provided, honour and wealth:  
 All which you possess,  
 Without the making of any man less,  
 Nor need you my warrant, enjoy it you shall,  
 For you have a good privy seal for it all.

*The Earl Marshal's,<sup>3</sup> by the*

<sup>3</sup> *Gip.* Next the great master, who is the donor,  
 I read you here the preserver of honour,

<sup>1</sup> *The Lord Privy Seal.*] Edward, fourth earl of Worcester. He died in a good old age, about six years after this period, beloved and honoured by the people. There is something so simple and affecting in sir Robert Naunton's character of this nobleman, that I am tempted to subjoin it. "In his youth he was a very fine gentleman, and the best horseman and tilter of the times, which were then the man-like and noble recreations of the court, and such as took up the applause of men as well as the praise and commendation of ladies. And when years had abated these exercises of honour, he grew then to be a faithful and profound counsellor. He was the last liver of all the servants of the Queen's (Elizabeth's) favour, and had the honour to see his renowned mistress, and all of them, laid in the places of their rest: and for himself, after a life of a very noble and remarkable reputation, he died rich, and in a peaceable old age." *Frag. Regalia.*

<sup>2</sup> *The Earl Marshal.*] Thomas Howard, earl of Arundel and



And spy it in all your singular parts,  
 What a father you are, and a nurse of the arts,  
 By cherishing which, a way you have found,  
 How they free to all, to one may be bound:  
 And they again love their bonds; for to be  
 Obligated to you, is the way to be free.  
 But this is their fortune:—hark to your own.  
 Yours shall be to make true gentry known  
 From the fictitious, not to prize blood  
 So much by the greatness as by the good;  
 To shew, and to open clear virtue the way,  
 Both whither she should, and how far she may:  
 And whilst you do judge 'twixt valour and noise,  
 To extinguish the race of the roaring boys.

*The Lord Steward's,<sup>4</sup> by the*

*4 Gip.* I find by this hand,  
 You have the command  
 Of the very best man's house in the land:  
 Our captain and we,  
 Ere long, will see  
 If you keep a good table;  
 Your master is able,  
 And here be bountiful lines, that say  
 You'll keep no part of his bounty away.  
 There's written *frank*  
 On your Venus' bank:  
 To prove a false Steward, you'll find much-ado,  
 Being a true one by blood, and by office too.

Surrey, grandson of the duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded in 1571. His name, like some of the others, has occurred more than once, before, in these Masques.

<sup>4</sup> *The Lord Steward.*] There was more than one this year; but the person who held this high office when the *Masque of Gipsies* was performed, was Lodowick Stewart, duke of Lenox and Richmond. Hence the allusion in the last line.



*The Lord Marquis HAMILTON's,*<sup>5</sup> *by*

3 *Gip.* Only your hand, Sir, and welcome to court;  
 Here is a man both for earnest and sport.  
 You were lately employ'd,  
 And your master is joy'd  
 To have such in his train  
 So well can sustain  
 His person abroad,  
 And not shrink for the load,—  
 But had you been here,  
 You should have been a gipsy, I swear;  
 Our captain had summon'd you by a doxy,  
 To whom you would not have answer'd by proxy,  
 One, had she come in the way of your scepter,  
 'Tis odds, you had laid it by to have leapt her.  
 [Music.]

<sup>5</sup> *Lord Marquis Hamilton.*] James, son of John, second marquis of Hamilton, and earl of Cambridge. He was much beloved by the king, and died a few months before him, in his thirty-sixth year. I cannot inform the reader on what particular mission he had been employed: he was much trusted by James in the affairs of Scotland, and was lord high commissioner to the Parliament which met in the present year, 1621.

<sup>6</sup> Here follows in the printed copies :

“ *The earl of Bucklough's, by the Patrico.*

A hunter you have been heretofore,  
 And had game good store :

But ever you went

Upon a new scent,

And shifted your loves

As often as they did their smocks, or their gloves :

But since that your brave intendiments are

Now bent for the war,

The world shall see

You can constant be,

One mistress to prove,

And court her for your love.



*Here they DANCE.*

*After which*

*MUSIC, which leads to 2 DANCE.*

*During which the PATRICO and JACKMAN sing this  
SONG: and towards the end of it, Cockrel, Clod,  
Townshead, Puppy, and other Clowns enter  
behind.*

Patr. *Why, this is a sport,  
See it north, see it south;  
For the taste of the court,*

Jack. *For the court's own mouth.  
Come, Windsor, the town,  
With the mayor, and oppose,  
We'll put them all down,*

Patr. *Do-do-down, like my hose.  
A gipsy in his shape,  
More calls the beholder,  
Than the fellow with the ape,*

Jack. *Or the ape on his shoulder.  
He's a sight that will take  
An old judge from his wench,  
Ay, and keep him awake;*

Patr. *Yes, awake on the bench.  
And has so much worth,  
Though he sit in the stocks,  
He will draw the girls forth,*

Jack. *Ay, forth in their smocks.  
Tut, a man's but a man;  
Let the clowns with their sluts*

*Pallas shall be both your sword and your gage;  
Truth bear your shield, and Fortune your page."*

The nobleman here mentioned, was Walter Scot, lord Scot, created earl of Buccleugh in 1619. These lines do not appear in Jonson's MS. It was probably an occasional character, written upon the spur of the moment.



*Come mend us if they can,*  
 Patr. *If they can for their guts.*  
 Both. *Come mend us, come lend us, their shouts and*  
*their noise,*  
*Like thunder, and wonder at Ptolemy's boys.*

*Cock.* Oh the Lord! what be these? Tom, dost thou know? Come hither, come hither, Dick, didst thou ever see such? the finest olive-colour'd spirits, they have so danced, and gingled here, as they had been a set of over-grown fairies.

*Clod.* They should be morris-dancers by their gingle,<sup>6</sup> but they have no napkins.

*Cock.* No, nor a hobby-horse.

*Clod.* Oh, he's often forgotten, that's no rule; but there is no Maid Marian nor Friar amongst them, which is the surer mark.

*Cock.* Nor a fool that I see.

*Clod.* Unless they be all fools.

*Town.* Well said, Tom Fool; why, thou simple parish ass thou, didst thou never see any gipsies? These are a covey of gipsies, and the bravest new covey that ever constable flew at; goodly, game gipsies, they are gipsies of this year, of this moon, in my conscience.

*Clod.* Oh, they are called the Moon-men, I remember now!

*Cock.* One shall hardly see such gentlemen-like gipsies though, under a hedge, in a whole summer's day, if they be gipsies.

<sup>6</sup> *They should be Morris-dancers, &c.]* See vol. ii. p. 50. The reader will be glad to be relieved from any repetitions on this trite subject. It may be just observed, however, that the friar mentioned below, with whom Warton says he is not acquainted, is friar Tuck, the domestic chaplain of Robin Hood, and the inseparable companion of Maid Marian.



*Town.* Male gipsies all, not a Mort among them.

*Pup.* Where, where? I could never endure the sight of one of these rogue-gipsies: which be they? I would fain see 'em.

*Clod.* Yonder they are.

*Pup.* Can they cant or mill?<sup>7</sup> are they masters in their art?

*Town.* No, batchelors these; they cannot have proceeded so far; they have scarce had their time to be lousy yet.

*Pup.* All the better: I would be acquainted with them while they are in clean life, they will do their tricks the cleanlier.

*Cock.* We must have some music then, and take out the wenches.

*Pup.* Music! we'll have a whole poverty of pipers; call Cheeks upon the bagpipe, and Tom Tickle-foot with his tabor. Clod, will you gather the pipe-money?

*Clod.* I'll gather it an you will, but I'll give none.

*Pup.* Why, well said! Claw a churl by the a—and he'll s—in your fist.

*Cock.* Ay, or whistle to a jade, and he'll pay you with a f—.

*Clod.* F—! 'tis an ill wind that blows no man to profit:—See where the minstrel comes in the mouth on't.

*Cock.* Ay, and all the good wenches of Windsor after him; yonder is Prue o' the park.

*Town.* And Frances o' the castle.

*Pup.* And Long Meg of Eaton.

*Clod.* And Christian o' Dorney.

*Town.* See the miracle of a minstrel!

*Cock.* He's able to muster up the smocks of the two shires.

<sup>7</sup> *Can they cant or mill.*] i. e. beg or steal. What *Puppy* means just below by *POVERTY*, I cannot tell: perhaps *posse*.



*Pup.* And set the codpieces and they by the ears at pleasure.

*Enter the two Pipers playing, and followed by PRUDENCE, FRANCES, CICELY, MEG, CHRISTIAN, and other Wenches.*

*Town.* I cannot hold now, there's my groat, let's have a fit for mirth sake.

*Cock.* Yes, and they'll come about us for luck's sake.

*Pup.* But look to our pockets and purses, for our own sake.

*Clod.* Ay, I have the greatest charge, if I gather the money.

*Cock.* Come, girls, here be gipsies come to town, let's dance them down. [*Music.*

*Here they take out the Wenches, and dance Country Dances,*

*During which the Gipsies and the Patrico come about them prying, and pick their pockets.*

*Pat.* Sweet doxies and dells,  
My Roses and Nells,  
Scarce out of the shells,  
Your hands, nothing else.  
We ring you no knells  
With our Ptolemy's bells,  
Though we come from the fells;  
But bring you good spells,  
And tell you some chances,  
In midst of your dances,  
That fortune advances,  
To Prudence or Frances;  
To Cicely or Harry,  
To Roger or Mary,  
Or Peg of the dairy;



To Maudlin or Thomas ;  
 Then do not run from us.  
 Although we look tawny,  
 We are healthy and brawny,  
 Whate'er your demand is,  
 We'll give you no jaundis.

*Pup.* Say you so, old gipsy ! 'Slid, these go to't in rhymes ; this is better than canting by the one half.

*Town.* Nay, you shall hear them : peace, they begin with Prudence ; mark that.

*Pup.* The wiser gipsies they, marry.

*Town.* Are you advised ?

*Pup.* Yes, and I'll stand to't, that a wise gipsy, (take him at the time o'the year) is as politic a piece of flesh as most justices in the county where he stalks.

3 *Gip.* *To love a keeper your fortune will be,  
 But the doucets better than him or his fee.*

*Town.* Ha, Prue, has he hit you in the teeth with the sweet bit ?

*Pup.* Let her alone, she'll swallow it well enough ; a learned gipsy !

*Town.* You'll hear more hereafter.

*Pup.* Marry, and I'll listen : who stands next ? Jack Cockrel ?

2 *Gip.* *You'll have good luck to horse-flesh, o'  
 my life,  
 You plough'd so late with the vicar's wife.<sup>8</sup>*

<sup>8</sup> *You'll have good luck to horse-flesh, o' my life,*

*You plough'd so late with the vicar's wife.]* In the small edition, this fortune is told with more humour in the following manner :

You'll steal yourself drunk, I find it here true,  
 As you rob the pot, the pot will rob you. WHAL.

This is also the reading of the MS. But Whalley should have



*Pup.* A prophet, a prophet, no gipsy! or if he be a gipsy, a divine gipsy.

*Town.* Mark Frances, now she's going to't, the virginity o' the parish!

*Pat.* *Fear not, in hell you'll never lead apes,  
A mortified maiden of five escapes.*

*Pup.* By'r lady, he touch'd the virgin-string there a little too hard. They are arrant learned men all I see; what say they upon Tom Clod? list.

1 *Gip.* *Clod's feet will in Christmas go near to  
be bare,*

*When he has lost all his hobnails at post  
and at pair.*

*Pup.* He has hit the right nail o' the head, his own game.

*Town.* And the very metal he deals in at play, if you mark it.

*Pup.* Peace, who's this? Long Meg?

*Town.* Long and foul Meg, if she be a Meg, as ever I saw of her inches: pray Heaven they fit her with a fair fortune! she hangs an a——terribly.

*Pup.* They slip her,<sup>9</sup> and treat upon Ticklefoot.

recollected that most of these "fortunes" contained little pieces of private history, and were adapted to the characters, who varied at every representation. Cockrel's fortune is a proverbial expression which occurs in many of our old dramas. Thus Glapthorne:

*Clare.* — If he be a parson

And I his wife, sure I shall make my friends

*Lucky to horse-flesh.*

*Wit in a Constable.*

And May:

"I hope to have good luck to *horse-flesh* now she is a parson's wife." *The Heir.*

<sup>9</sup> *They slip her.*] They do not slip Meg in the MS. nor in



402 THE GIPSIES METAMORPHOSED.

1 Gip. *On Sundays you rob the poor's box with  
your tabor ;*

*The collectors would do it, you save them  
a labour.*

*Pup.* Faith, but a little : they do it *non upstante*.

*Town.* Here's my little Christian forgot ; have  
you any fortune left for her ? a strait-laced  
Christian of sixteen.

*Pat.* *Christian shall get her a loose-bodied gown  
In trying how a gentleman differs from a  
clown.*

*Pup.* Is that a fortune for a Christian ? a Turk  
with a gipsy could not have told her a worse.

*Town.* Come, I'll stand myself, and once ven-  
ture the poor head o' the town ; do your worst,  
my name's Townshead, and here's my hand, I'll  
not be angry,

3 Gip. *A cuckold you must be, and that for three  
lives,*

*Your own, the parson's, and your wive's.*

*Town.* I swear I'll never marry for that, an't be  
but to give *fortune, my foe*, the lie : Come, Paul  
Puppy, you must in too.

*Pup.* No, I'm well enough ; I would have no  
good fortune an I might.

4 Gip. *Yet look to yourself, you'll have some ill  
luck,*

*And shortly,—for I have his purse at a pluck.*

[*Aside to the Patrico.*

*Pat.* Away, birds, mum !  
I hear by the hum,  
If beck-harman come,  
He'll strike us all dumb.  
With a noise like a drum,

the 12mo. ; but as there is nothing remarkable in her fortune,  
it may as well remain untold.



Let's give him our room,  
Here this way some,  
And that way others,  
We are not all brothers:  
Leave me to the cheats,  
I'll shew 'em some feats.

*[The Gipsies run off different ways.]*

*Pup.* What! are they gone? flown all of a sudden? This is fine, i' faith: a covey call you 'em? they are a covey soon scatter'd, methink: who sprung them I marle?

*Town.* Marry, yourself, Puppy, for aught I know; you quested last.<sup>a</sup>

*Clod.* Would he had quested first for me, and sprung them an hour ago!

*Town.* Why, what's the matter, man?

*Clod.* 'Slid, they have sprung my purse, and all I had about me.

*Town.* They have not, have they?

*Clod.* As I am true Clod, have they, and ransacked me of every penny—outcept I were with child with an owl, as they say, I never saw such luck, it's enough to make a man a whore.

*Pup.* Hold thy peace, thou talkst as if thou hadst a license to lose thy purse alone in this company: 'slid, here be those can lose a purse in honour of the gipsies, as well as thou for thy heart, and never make words of it: I have lost my purse too.

*Cock.* What was there in thy purse, thou keep'st such a whimpering? was the lease of thy house in it?

<sup>a</sup> *You quested last.] Quested is the sporting term for the dog's opening, or giving his tongue, when he scents the birds.*



*Pup.* Or thy grannam's silver ring?

*Clod.* No, but a mill sixpence of my mother's I loved as dearly, and a two-pence I had to spend over and above; besides, the harper<sup>4</sup> that was gathered amongst us to pay the piper.

*Town.* Our whole stock, is that gone? how will Tom Ticklefoot do to whet his whistle then!

*Pup.* Marry, a new collection, there's no music else, masters; he can ill pipe, that wants his upper lip.

*Town.* Yes, a bagpiper may want both.

*Pru.* They have robb'd me too of a dainty race of ginger, and a jet-ring I had, to draw Jack Straw hither on holy-days.

*Town.* Is't possible! fine-finger'd gipsies, i'faith.

*Meg.* And I have lost an enchanted nutmeg, all gilded over,<sup>5</sup> was enchanted at Oxford for me,

<sup>4</sup> *Besides, the harper that was gathered.*] i. e. the *ninepence*. This is a cant expression, I believe, for a piece of money coined by our princes for the use of Ireland. The sixpennies of Henry VIII. had a *harp* on them; so had those of Elizabeth; they occasionally passed for shillings, though evidently not current at that value: and to these the text probably alludes.

In Decker's *Sir Thomas Wyat*, one of the insurgents quits his party, on which the Captain observes:

“His name was Harper—let him go: desert us!  
Henceforth the *harpers*, for his sake, shall stand  
But for plain *ninepence* throughout all the land.”

And in Heywood's *Faire Maide of the Exchange*, the word is thus introduced:

*Bow.* “Thou wert by when I bought these gloves of a wench.

*Crisp.* That's true; they cost thee an English shilling—marry, it follows in the text that your shilling proved but a *harper*, and thou wert shamefully arraigned for it.

*Bow.* Good, but I excused myself.

*Crisp.* True, that thou thought'st it had been a shilling:—marry, thou hadst never another to change it.”

<sup>5</sup> *An enchanted nutmeg, all gilded over.*] Meg's nutmeg was



to put in my sweet-heart's ale a' mornings ; with a row of white pins that prick me to the very heart, the loss of them.

*Clod.* And I have lost, besides my purse, my best bride-lace I had at Joan Turnup's wedding, and a halp'orth of hobnails: Frances Addlebrech has lost somewhat too, besides her maiden-head.

*Fran.* Ay, I have lost my thimble, and a skein of Coventry blue I had to work Gregory Litchfield a handkerchief.<sup>6</sup>

*Chris.* And I, unhappy Christian as I am, have lost my Practice of Piety, with a bowed groat ; and the ballad of *Whoop Barnaby*, which grieves me ten times worse.

*Clod.* And Ticklefoot has lost his clout, he says, with a three-pence and four tokens in't ; besides his taboring-stick even now.

*Cock.* And I my knife and sheath, and my fine dog's-leather gloves.

*Town.* Have we lost never a dog amongst us ? where's Puppy ?

*Pup.* Here, good man Townshead, you have nothing to lose, it seems, but the Town's brains you are trusted with.

to be used as a love philtre ; but the practice of *gilding* nutmegs (however strange it may appear) was sufficiently common.

“ A *gilded* nutmeg, and a race of ginger,” occurs in the *Affectionate Shepherd*, 1594, and in many other poems of that age.

<sup>6</sup> *And a skein of Coventry blue.*] The celebrity of this city for its blue thread is often noticed by our early writers. See the *Masque of Owls*.



*Re-enter the PATRICO, with the rest of the Gipsies.*

Oh, my dear marrows !<sup>7</sup>  
 No shooting of arrows  
 Or shafts of your wit,  
 Each other to hit,  
 In your skirmishing fit.  
 Your store is but small,  
 Then venture not all :  
 Remember, each mock  
 Doth spend o' the stock.  
 And what was here done,  
 Being under the moon,  
 And at afternoon,  
 Will prove right soon  
*Deceptio visus,*  
*Done gratia risus.*—  
 There's no such thing  
 As the loss of a ring,  
 Or what you count worse,  
 The miss of a purse.  
 But hey for the main,  
 And pass of the strain,  
 Here's both come again !

And there's an old twinger  
 Can shew ye the ginger :  
 The pins and the nutmeg  
 Are safe here with slut Meg,  
 Then strike up your tabor,  
 And there's for your labour ;  
 The sheath and the knife,  
 I'll venture my life,  
 Shall breed you no strife,  
 But like man and wife,

<sup>7</sup> O my dear marrows.] i. e. companions, friends ; sometimes mates, or lovers.



Or sister and brother,  
Keep one with another,  
And light as a feather,  
Make haste to come hither.

The Coventry-blue  
Hangs there upon Prue,  
And here is one opens  
The clout and the tokens;  
Deny the bow'd groat,  
And you lie in your throat;  
Or the taborer's nine-pence,  
Or the six fine pence.

As for the ballad,  
Or the book, what you call it;  
Alas, our society  
Mells not with piety;  
Himself hath forsook it,  
That first undertook it.

For thimble or bride-lace,  
Search yonder side lass.  
All's to be found,  
If you look yourselves round:  
We scorn to take from ye,  
We had rather spend on ye.  
If any man wrong ye,  
The thief is among ye.

*Town.* Excellent, i' faith! a most restorative gipsy! all's here again; and yet by his learning of legerdemain, he would make us believe we had robbed ourselves; for the hobnails are come to me.

*Cock.* May be, he knew whose shoes lacked clouting.

*Pup.* Ay—he knows more than that, or I'll never trust my judgment in a gipsy again.

*Cock.* A gipsy of quality, believe it, and one of the king's gipsies, this; a drink-alian, or a



drink-braggatan? Ask him. The king has his noise of gipsies, as well as of bearwards and other minstrels.

*Pup.* What sort or order of gipsies, I pray, sir?

*Pat.* A flagon-flekian,  
A Devil's arse-a-Pekian  
Born first at Niglington,  
Bred up at Filchington,  
Boarded at Tappington,  
Bedded at Wappington.

*Town.* Fore me, a dainty derived gipsy!

*Pup.* But I pray, sir, if a man might ask on you, how came your captain's place first to be call'd the Devil's Arse?

*Pat.* For that take my word,  
We have a record,  
That doth it afford,  
And says our first lord,<sup>s</sup>

<sup>s</sup> *And says our first lord,*

*Cocklorrel he hight.*] Cock Lorrel is merely the master rogue. The following extract, taken from Beloe's *Anecdotes*, vol. i. p. 396, gives all that I know; and all, perhaps, that the reader may require to know, of this noted character.

"In a very curious tract in the Museum, entitled *Martin Mark-all, Beadle of Bridewell*, which gives an account of the London Rogues at that time, I find a personage named *Cocklorrel*, represented as the head of a gang of thieves in the time of Henry VIII.

"After him succeeded by the General Council one Cock Lorele, the most notorious knave that ever lived. By trade he was a tinker, often carrying a panne and a hammer for a show; but when he came to a good booty he would cast his profession in a ditch, and play the padder; and as he past through the town, would crie, *Ha' ye any worke for a tinker?* To write of his knaveries, it would aske a long time. This was he that reduced in forme the Catalogue of Vagabonds or Quartern of Knaves, called the Five and twentie Orders of Knaves.

"This Cock Lorele continued among them longer than any of



Cocklorrel he hight,  
On a time did invite  
The devil to a feast;  
The tail of the jest,  
(Though since it be long,)  
Lives yet in a song;  
Which if you would hear,  
Shall plainly appear,  
Like a chime in your ear.  
I'll call in my clerk,  
Shall sing like a lark.

*Cock.* Oh ay, the song, the song in any case;  
if you want music, we'll lend him our music.

Come in, my long shark,  
With thy face brown and dark;  
With thy tricks and thy toys,  
Make a merry, merry noise,  
To these mad country boys,  
And chant out the farce  
Of the grand Devil's Arse. [*Music.*]

### S O N G.

*Cocklorrel would needs have the Devil his guest,  
And bade him into the Peak to dinner,  
Where never the fiend had such a feast,  
Provided him yet at the charge of a sinner.*

his predecessors; for he ruled almost two and twentie years until the year A.D. 1533, and about the five and twenty year of Hen. VIII."

<sup>9</sup> This "Song" continued long in favour. It is mentioned with praise not only by the poets of Jonson's age, but by many of those who wrote after the Restoration.



410 THE GIPSIES METAMORPHOSED.

*His stomach was queasy, (he came thither coacht,)  
The jogging had made some crudities rise;  
To help it he call'd for a puritan poacht,  
That us'd to turn up the eggs of his eyes,*

*And so recovered unto his wish,  
He sate him down, and he fell to eat;  
Promoter in plumb-broth was the first dish,  
His own privy kitchen had no such meat.*

*Yet, though with this he much were taken,  
Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher,  
As soon as he spied the bar'd and bacon,  
By which you may note the Devil's a wench.*

*Six pickled tailors sliced and cut,  
Sempsters, and tirewomen, fit for his palate;  
With feathermen and perfumers put  
Some twelve in a charger to make a grand sallet.*

*A rich fat usurer stew'd in his marrow,  
And by him a lawyer's head and green sauce;  
Both which his belly took in like a barrow,  
As if till then he had never seen sauce.*

*Then carbonadoed and cook'd with pains,  
Was brought up a cloven serjeant's face:  
The sauce was made of his yeoman's brains,  
That had been beaten out with his own mace.*

*Two roasted sheriffs came whole to the board;  
(The feast had nothing been without 'em)  
Both living and dead they were fox'd and furr'd,  
Their chains like sausages hung about 'em.*

*The very next dish was the mayor of a town,  
With a pudding of maintenance thrust in his belly,*



*Like a goose in the feathers, drest in his gown,  
And his couple of hinch-boys boil'd to a jelly.*

*A London cuckold hot from the spit,  
And when the carver up had broke him,  
The Devil chop'd up his head at a bit,  
But the horns were very near like to choake him.*

*The chine of a letcher too there was roasted,  
With a plump harlot's haunch and garlike,  
A pander's pettitoes, that had boasted  
Himself for a captain, yet never was warlike.*

*A large fat pasty of a midwife hot ;  
And for a cold bak'd meat into the story,  
A reverend painted lady was brought,  
And coffin'd in crust till now she was hoary.*

*To these, an over-grown justice of peace,  
With a clerk like a gizzard truss'd under each arm ;  
And warrants for sippits, laid in his own grease,  
Set over a chaffing dish to be kept warm.*

*The jowl of a jailor serv'd for a fish,  
A constable sous'd with vinegar by ;  
Two aldermen lobsters asleep in a dish.  
A deputy tart, a churchwarden pye.*

*All which devour'd, he then for a close  
Did for a full draught of Derby call ;  
He heav'd the huge vessel up to his nose,  
And left not till he had drunk up all.*

*Then from the table he gave a start,  
Where banquet and wine were nothing scarce,*



*All which he flirted away with a fart,  
From whence it was call'd the Devil's Arse.<sup>1</sup>*

*Pup.* An excellent song, and a sweet songster, and would have done rarely in a cage, with a dish of water and hemp-seed! a fine breast of his own!<sup>2</sup> sir, you are a prelate of the order, I understand, and I have a terrible grudging now upon me to be one of your company; will your captain take a prentice, sir? I would bind myself to him, body and soul, either for one and twenty years, or as many lives as he would.

*Clod.* Ay, and put in my life for one, for I am come about too; I am sorry I had no more money i' my purse when you came first upon us, sir; if I had known you would have pick'd my pocket

<sup>1</sup> Here the Song ends in the MS. The fol. and 12mo. editions add the three following stanzas, which must have been tacked on in compliment to James, whose aversion to tobacco is well known:

“ And there he made such a breach with the wind,  
The hole too standing open the while,  
That the scent of the vapour before and behind,  
Hath foully perfumed most part of the isle.

And this was tobacco, the learned suppose,  
Which since in country, court, and town,  
In the devil's glister-pipe smokes at the nose,  
Of polecat and madam, of gallant and clown.

From which wicked weed, with swine's flesh and ling,  
Or any thing else that's feast for the fiend:  
Our captain, and we cry, God save the king,  
And send him good meat, and mirth without end.”

<sup>2</sup> *A fine breast of his own.*] A phrase common to all the writers of Jonson's age, and constantly used as an equivalent for what is now termed a *fine voice*. It is needless to bring examples of so trite an expression.



so like a gentleman, I would have been better provided; I shall be glad to venture a purse with your worship at any time you'll appoint, so you would prefer me to your captain; I'll put in security for my truth, and serve out my time, though I die to-morrow.

*Cock.* Ay, upon those terms, sir, and I hope your captain keeps better cheer than he made for the devil, for my stomach will ne'er agree with that diet, we'll be all his followers; I'll go home and fetch a little money, sir, all I have, and you shall pick my pocket to my face, and I'll avouch it: a man would not desire to have his purse pickt in better company.

*Pup.* Tut, they have other manner of gifts than picking of pockets, or telling fortunes.

*Cock.* Ay, and if they would but please to shew them, or thought us poor county mortals worthy of them.

*Pup.* What might a man do to be a gentleman of your company, sir?

*Cock.* Ay, a gipsy in ordinary, or nothing.

*Pat.* Friends, not to refel ye,  
Or any way quell ye,  
To buy or to sell ye,  
I only must tell ye,  
Ye aim at a mystery,  
Worthy a history;  
There's much to be done,  
Ere you can be a son,  
Or a brother of the moon.  
'Tis not so soon  
Acquir'd, as desir'd.  
You must be ben-bowsy,  
And sleepy and drowsy,



And lazy, and lousy,  
 Before ye can rouse ye,  
 In shape that avows ye.  
 And then ye may stalk  
 The gipsies walk,  
 To the coops and the pens,  
 And bring in the hens,  
 Though the cock be left sullen  
 For loss of the pullen :  
 Take turkey or capon,  
 And gammons of bacon,  
 Let nought be forsaken.  
 We'll let you go loose,  
 Like a fox to a goose,  
 And shew you the sty  
 Where the little pigs lie ;  
 Whence if you can take  
 One or two, and not wake  
 The sow in her dreams,  
 But by the moon-beams  
 So warily hie,  
 As neither do cry ;  
 You shall the next day  
 Have license to play  
 At the hedge a flirt,  
 For a sheet or a shirt :  
 If your hand be light,  
 I'll shew you the slight  
 Of our Ptolemy's knot.  
 It is, and 'tis not.

To change your complexion,  
 With the noble confection  
 Of wainuts and hog's-grease,  
 Better than dog's-grease :  
 And to milk the kine,  
 Ere the milk-maid fine



Hath open'd her eyne;  
 Or if you desire  
 To spit or fart fire,  
 I'll teach you the knacks  
 Of eating of flax;  
 And out of your noses,  
 Draw ribands and posies.  
 As for example,  
 Mine own is as ample,  
 And fruitful a nose,  
 As a wit can suppose;  
 Yet it shall go hard,  
 But there will be spared,  
 Each of you a yard,  
 And worth your regard,  
 When the colour and size  
 Arrive at your eyes.  
 And if you incline  
 To a cup of good wine,  
 When you sup or dine;  
 If you chance it to lack,  
 Be it claret or sack;  
 I'll make this snout,  
 To deal it about,  
 Or this to run out  
 As it were from a spout.

*Town.* Admirable tricks, and he does them all  
*se defendendo*, as if he would not be taken in the  
 trap of authority by a frail fleshly constable.

*Pup.* Without the aid of a cheese.

*Clod.* Or help of a flitch of bacon.

*Cock.* Oh, he would chirp in a pair of stocks  
 sumptuously; I'd give any thing to see him play  
 loose with his hands when his feet were fast.

*Pup.* O' my conscience he fears not that, an



the marshal himself were here; I protest I admire him.

*Pat.* Is this worth your wonder!  
 Nay then you shall under-  
 Stand more of my skill.  
 I can (for I will)  
 Here at Burley o' the Hill  
 Give you all your fill,  
 Each Jack with his Gill,  
 And shew you the king,  
 The prince too, and bring  
 The gipsies were here,  
 Like lords to appear,  
 With such their attenders,  
 As you thought offenders,  
 Who now become new men,  
 You'll know them for true men;  
 For he we call chief,  
 I'll tell't ye in brief,  
 Is so far from a thief,  
 As he gives ye relief  
 With his bread, beer, and beef.  
 And 'tis not long sin'e  
 Ye drank of his wine,  
 And it made you fine,  
 Both claret and sherry,  
 Then let us be merry;  
 And help with your call,  
 For a hall, a hall!  
 Stand up to the wall,  
 Both good men, and tall,  
 We are one man's all.<sup>3</sup>

*Omnes.* A hall, a hall, a hall!

<sup>3</sup> *As he gives ye relief, &c.]* He speaks of the Captain, (the marquis of Buckingham.) When the Masque was represented



*Enter the GIPSIES METAMORPHOSED, i. e. dressed  
in rich Habits, and DANCE.*

*Pat.* Why now ye behold,  
'Twas truth that I told,  
And no device ;  
They are chang'd in a trice,  
And so will I  
Be myself, by and by.

I only now  
Must study how  
To come off with a grace,  
With my Patrico's place :  
Some short kind of blessing,  
It self addressing  
Unto my good master,  
Which light on him faster,  
Than wishes can fly.  
And you that stand by  
Be as jocund as I ;

at Bever Castle, the following lines were used instead of those  
in the text.

The fifth of August,  
Will not let saw-dust  
Lie in your throats,  
Or cobwebs, or oats ;  
But help to scour ye.  
This is no Gowry,\*  
Has drawn James hither  
But the goodman of Bever,  
Our Buckingham's father ;  
Then so much the rather  
Make it a jolly night,  
For 'tis a holy night ;  
Spight of the constable,  
Or dean of Dunstable.

\* *The fifth of August* ———

*This is no Gowry*

*Has drawn James hither,]* The Gowries conspiracy was on the 5th of  
August, 1600.



Each man with his voice,  
 Give his heart to rejoice,  
 Which I'll requite,  
 If my art hit right.  
 Though late now at night,  
 Each clown here in sight,  
 Before day light,  
 Shall prove a good knight;  
 And your lasses, pages  
 Worthy their wages,  
 Where fancy engages  
 Girls to their ages.

*Clod.* Oh, any thing for the Patrico; what is't?  
 what is't?

*Pat.* Nothing, but bear the bob of the close,  
 It will be no burthen you may well suppose,  
 But bless the sov'reign and his senses,  
 And to wish away offences.

*Clad.* Let us alone, *Bless the sov'reign and his  
 senses.*

*Pat.* We'll take them in order, as they have  
 being,

And first of seeing.

From a gipsy in the morning,  
 Or a pair of squint eyes turning:  
 From the goblin, and the spectre,  
 Or a drunkard, though with nectar;  
 From a woman true to no man,  
 Which is ugly besides common;  
 A smock rampant, and the itches  
 To be putting on the breeches:  
 Wheresoe'er they have their being,

*Cho.* *Bless the Sovereign and his SEEING.*



*Pat.* From a fool, and serious toys ;  
 From a lawyer, three parts noise :  
 From impertinence, like a drum  
 Beat at dinner in his room ;  
 From a tongue without a file,  
 Heaps of phrases and no style.  
 From a fiddle out of tune,  
 As the cuckow is in June,<sup>2</sup>  
 From the candlesticks of Lothbury,<sup>3</sup>  
 And the loud pure wives of Banbury ;  
 Or a long pretended fit,  
 Meant for mirth, but is not it ;  
 Only time and ears out-wearing,  
*Cho.* *Bless the Sovereign and his* HEARING.

*Pat.* From a strolling tinker's sheet,  
 Or a pair of carrier's feet :  
 From a lady that doth breathe  
 Worse above than underneath ;  
 From the diet, and the knowledge  
 Of the students in Bears-college ;

<sup>2</sup> *From a fiddle out of tune,*  
*As the cuckow is in June.]* The dissonant note of the cuckow  
 in this month, is thus alluded to by Shakspeare :

“ So when he had occasion to be seen,  
 He was but as the *cuckow is in June*,  
 Heard, not regarded,” *Hen. IV.*

<sup>3</sup> *From the candlesticks of Lothbury.]* This expression will be  
 best illustrated by a quotation from *Stow's Survey of London*.  
 “ The street of Lothbury is possessed (for the most part) by  
 founders that cast candlesticks, chaffing-dishes, spice-mortars,  
 and such like copper or laten works, and doe afterwards turne  
 them with the foot, and not with the wheele, to make them  
 smooth and bright with turning and scratching, *making a loth-*  
*some noise to the by-passers*, and therefore disdainedly called by  
 them ‘ *Lothburie*,’ p. 287. Banbury has been already noticed as  
 being chiefly inhabited by Puritans.



From tobacco, with the type  
 Of the devil's glyster-pipe ;  
 Or a stink all stinks excelling,  
 From a fishmonger's stale dwelling ;  
 Cho. *Bless the Sovereign and his* SMELLING.

*Pat.* From an oyster and fried fish,  
 A sow's baby in a dish ;<sup>4</sup>  
 From any portion of a swine,  
 From bad venison, and worse wine ;  
 Ling, what cook soe'er it boil,  
 Though with mustard sauced and oil,  
 Or what else would keep man fasting,  
 Cho. *Bless the Sovereign and his* TASTING.

*Pat.* Both from birdlime, and from pitch,  
 From a doxey and her itch ;  
 From the bristles of a hog,  
 Or the ring-worm in a dog ;  
 From the courtship of a briar,  
 Or St. Anthony's old fire :  
 From a needle, or a thorn  
 In the bed at e'en or morn ;  
 Or from any gout's least grutching,  
 Cho. *Bless the Sovereign and his* TOUCHING.

*Pat.* Bless him too from all offences,  
 In his sports, as in his senses ;  
 From a boy to cross his way,  
 From a fall, or a foul day.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *A sow's baby in a dish.*] " Three things to which James had a great dislike ; and with which, he said, he would treat the Devil were he to invite him to a dinner, were a pig, a poll of ling with mustard, and a pipe of tobacco for digesture. *Witty Apothegms delivered by James I. &c.* 12mo. 1671.

<sup>5</sup> *Or a foul day.*] There was nothing James bore so impatiently as this, whenever it interfered with his hunting. This was



Bless him, O bless him, heaven, and lend him long  
To be the sacred burden of all song ;  
The acts and years of all our kings t' outgo ;  
And while he's mortal, we not think him so.

*After which, ascending up, the JACKMAN sings.*

S O N G 1.

Jack. *The sports are done, yet do not let  
Your joys in sudden silence set ;  
Delight and dumbness never met  
In one self-subject yet.  
If things oppos'd must mixt appear,  
Then add a boldness to your fear,  
And speak a hymn to him,  
Where all your duties do of right belong,  
Which I will sweeten with an under-song.*

Captain. *Glory of ours, and grace of all the  
earth ;  
How well your figure doth become your birth !  
As if your form and fortune equal stood,  
And only virtue got above your blood.*

S O N G 2.

Jack. *Virtue, his kingly virtue, which did merit  
This isle entire, and you are to inherit.*

4 Gipsy. *How right he doth confess him in his  
face,*

*His brow, his eye, and ev'ry mark of state ;  
As if he were the issue of each Grace,  
And bore about him both his fame and fate.*

pretty nearly the case with those of his followers, who were much attached to the chase, I believe. The king sometimes relieved his ill humour by a sonnet : whether they tried the efficacy of a little poetry on themselves, is not said.



## SONG 3.

Jack. *Look, look, is he not fair,  
 And fresh and fragrant too,  
 As summer sky, or purged air,  
 And looks as lilies do,  
 That were this morning blown.*

4 Gip. *Oh more! that more of him were known.*

3 Gip. *Look how the winds upon the waves  
 grown tame,*

*Take up land sounds upon their purple wings;  
 And catching each from other, bear the same  
 To every angle of their sacred springs.*

*So will we take his praise, and hurl his name  
 About the globe, in thousand airy rings,  
 If his great virtue be in love with fame,*

*For that contemn'd, both are neglected things.*

## SONG 4.

Jack. *Good princes soar above their fame,  
 And in their worth,  
 Come greater forth,  
 Than in their name.*

*Such, such the father is,*

*Whom ev'ry tittle strives to kiss;*

*Who on his royal grounds unto himself doth  
 raise,*

*The work to trouble fame, and to astonish praise.*

4 Gip. *Indeed he is not lord alone of all the state,  
 But of the love of men, and of the empire's fate.  
 The muses' arts, the schools, commerce, our ho-  
 nours, laws,*

*And virtues hang on him, as on their working  
 cause.*



2 *Gip.* His hand-maid justice is.

3 *Gip.* Wisdom, his wife.

4 *Gip.* His mistress, mercy.

5 *Gip.* Temperance, his life.

2 *Gip.* His pages bounty and grace, which  
many prove.

3 *Gip.* His guards are magnanimity and love.

4 *Gip.* His ushers, counsel, truth and piety.

5 *Gip.* And all that follows him, felicity.

S O N G 5.

Jack. *Oh that we understood*

*Our good!*

*There's happiness indeed in blood,*

*And store,*

*But how much more,*

*When virtue's flood*

*In the same stream doth hit?*

*As that grows high with years, so happiness with it.*

*Capt.* Love, love his fortune then, and virtues  
known,

*Who is the top of men,*

*But makes the happiness our own;*

*Since where the prince for goodness is renown'd,*

*The subject with felicity is crown'd.*



## THE EPILOGUE,

AT WINDSOR.

*At Burleigh, Bever, and now last at Windsor,  
 Which shews we are gipsies of no common kind, sir :  
 You have beheld (and with delight) their change,  
 And how they came transform'd, may think it strange;  
 It being a thing not touch'd at by our poet,  
 Good Ben slept there, or else forgot to shew it :  
 But lest it prove like wonder to the sight,  
 To see a gipsy, as an Æthiop, white,  
 Know, that what dy'd our faces, was an ointment  
 Made, and laid on by master Woolfe's appointment,  
 The court Lycanthropos ; yet without spells,  
 By a mere barber, and no magic else,  
 It was fetch'd off with water and a ball ;  
 And to our transformation, this is all,  
 Save what the master fashioner calls his :  
 For to a gipsy's metamorphosis,  
 Who doth disguise his habit and his face,  
 And takes on a false person by his place,  
 The power of poetry can never fail her,  
 Assisted by a barber and a tailor.*



THE  
**MASQUE OF AUGURS.**

WITH THE SEVERAL

**ANTIMASQUES.**

Presented on Twelfth-night, 1622.



THE MASQUE OF AUGURS.] From the folio 1641, where it is wretchedly printed. Every page that I turn over in this volume renews my regret at the remissness of Jonson, in not giving these little pieces himself, to the press. In this, as in every thing else, his character has been misrepresented. He is constantly spoken of as extremely jealous of the fate of his works, as tremblingly alive to the accuracy of his page ; whereas nothing is so certain, as that, for the greatest part of his dramatic career, he was as careless of their appearance as any of his contemporaries, not excepting Shakspeare. Want itself could not drive him to the revision and publication of a single drama ; and for the long space of twenty years, (i. e. from the appearance of the first folio to his death,) he gave nothing to the press, (unless *Love's Triumph*, or *Chloridia*, was published by him, which I can scarcely believe,) but the *New Inn*, to which he was compelled by the triumphant ridicule of his enemies, who represented that unfortunate piece as worse, perhaps, than it really was.

A new whim has seized the editors in this place, and they have given the *dramatis personæ*, or “ presenters of the first Anti-masque.”

Notch, a brewer's clerk.

Slug, a lighterman.

Vangoose, a rare artist.

Urson, the bear-ward

Groom of the Revels.

Lady Alewife.

Her two women.

Three dancing bears.

All from St. Katherine's.



THE  
MASQUE OF AUGURS.

---

SCENE,

*The Court Buttery-hatch.*

*Enter NOTCH and SLUG.*

*Notch.* Come, now my head's in, I'll even venture the whole: I have seen the lions ere now, and he that hath seen them may see the king.

*Slug.* I think he may; but have a care you go not too nigh, neighbour Notch, lest you chance to have a tally made on your pate, and be clawed with a cudgel; there is as much danger going too near the king, as the lions.

*Enter Groom of the Revels.*

*Groom.* Whither, whither now, gamesters? what is the business, the affair? stop, I beseech you.

*Notch.* This must be an officer or nothing, he is so pert and brief in his demands: a pretty man! and a pretty man is a little o' this side nothing; howsoever we must not be daunted now, I am sure I am a greater man than he out of the court,



and I have lost nothing of my size since I came to it.

*Groom.* Hey-da ! what's this ? a hogshead of beer broke out of the king's buttery, or some Dutch hulk ! whither are you bound ? the wind is against you, you must back ; do you know where you are ?

*Notch.* Yes, sir, if we be not mistaken, we are at the court ; and would be glad to speak with something of less authority, and more wit, that knows a little in the place.

*Groom.* Sir, I know as little as any man in the place. Speak, what is your business ? I am an officer, groom of the revels, that is my place.

*Notch.* To fetch bouge of court,<sup>1</sup> a parcel of invisible bread and beer for the players ; (for they never see it ; ) or to mistake six torches from the chandry, and give them one.

<sup>1</sup> *To fetch bouge of court.*] A corruption of *bouche*, fr. An allowance of meat and drink for the tables of the inferior officers, and others who were occasionally called to serve and entertain the court. (See p. 217.) Skelton has a kind of little drama called *Bouge of Court*, from the name of the *ship* in which the dialogue takes place. It is a very severe satire, full of strong painting, and excellent poetry. The courtiers of Harry must have winced at it.

In a collection of Epigrams and Satires, by S. Rowlands, 1600, and lately re-published, this line occurs :

“ His jacket faced with moth-eaten budge.”

Upon which the editor observes, that budge was probably some paltry imitation of velvet. Have we always to begin our studies ! *Budge* had been rightly explained in a hundred places to mean *fur*, and it seems somewhat of the latest to blunder about it at this period. As to what follows, that “ the word was used in Elizabeth's time to signify an allowance of liquor to those who attended her progresses,” it is sufficient to observe that this is to confound all language, as well as all sense. If an editor cannot disentangle the loose orthography of our old poets, he had better not meddle with them at all.



*Groom.* How, sir?

*Notch.* Come, this is not the first time you have carried coals, to your own house, I mean, that should have warm'd them.

*Groom.* Sir, I may do it by my place, and I must question you farther.

*Notch.* Be not so musty, sir; our desire is only to know whether the king's majesty and the court expect any disguise here to-night?

*Groom.* Disguise! what mean you by that? do you think that his majesty sits here to expect drunkards?

*Notch.* No; if he did, I believe you would supply that place better than you do this: Disguise was the old English word for a masque, sir, before you were an implement belonging to the Revels.

*Groom.* There is no such word in the office now, I assure you, sir; I have served here, man and boy, a prenticeship or twain, and I should know. But, by what name soever you call it, here will be a masque, and shall be a masque, when you and the rest of your comroques shall sit *disguised* in the stocks.

*Notch.* Sure, by your language you were never meant for a courtier, howsoever it hath been your ill fortune to be taken out of the nest young; you are some constable's egg, some such widgeon of authority, you are so easily offended! Our coming was to shew our loves, sir, and to make a little merry with his majesty to-night, and we have brought a masque with us, if his majesty had not been better provided.

*Groom.* Who, you! you, a masque! why you stink like so many bloat-herrings newly taken out of the chimney! In the name of ignorance, whence came you? or what are you? you have



been hang'd in the smoke sufficiently, that is smelt out already.

*Notch.* Sir, we do come from among the brew-houses in St. Katherine's, that's true, there you have smoked us; the dock comfort your nostrils! and we may have lived in a mist there, and so mist our purpose; but for mine own part, I have brought my properties with me, to express what I am; the keys of my calling hang here at my girdle, and this, the register-book of my function, shews me no less than a clerk at all points, and a brewer's clerk, and a brewer's head-clerk.

*Groom.* A man of accompt, sir! I cry you mercy.

*Slug.* Ay, sir, I knew him a fine merchant, a merchant of hops, till all hopt into the water.<sup>2</sup>

*Notch.* No more of that; what I have been, I have been; what I am, I am: I, Peter Notch, clerk, hearing the Christmas invention was drawn dry at court; and that neither the king's poet nor his architect had wherewithal left to entertain so much as a baboon of quality, nor scarce the Welsh ambassador, if he should come there: out of my allegiance to wit, drew in some other friends that have as it were presumed out of their own naturals to fill up the vacuum with some pretty presentation, which we have addressed and conveyed hither in a lighter at the general charge, and landed at the back-door of the but-tery, through my neighbour Slug's credit there.

*Slug.* A poor lighterman, sir, one that hath had

<sup>2</sup> *A merchant of hops, till all hopt into the water.*] This joke seems to be borrowed from old Heywood, who being asked at table by a person whose beer was better hopped than malted, how he liked it, and whether it was not well hopp'd? answered, "It is very well hopt, but if it had hopt a little further, it had hopt into the water." See Camden's *Remains*. **W<sup>H</sup>AL.**



the honour sometimes to lay in the king's beer there ; and I assure you I heard it in no worse place than the very buttery, for a certain, there would be no masque, and from such as could command a jack of beer, two or three.

*Enter VANGOOSE.*

*Van.* Dat is all true,<sup>3</sup> exceeding true, de inventors be barren, lost, two, dre, vour mile, I know that from myselven ; dey have noting, no ting van deir own, but vat dey take from the eard, or de zea, or de heaven, or de hell, or de rest van de veir elementen, de place a ! dat be so common as de vench in the bordello. Now me would bring in some dainty new ting, dat never was, nor never sall be in de *rebus natura* ; dat has never van de *materia*, nor de *forma*, nor de hoffer, nor de voot, but a mera *devisa* of de brain—

*Groom.* Hey-da ! what Hans Flutterkin is this ? what Dutchman does build or frame castles in the air.

*Notch.* He is no Dutchman, sir, he is a Britain born, but hath learn'd to misuse his own tongue in travel, and now speaks all languages in ill English ; a rare artist he is, sir, and a projector of masques. His project in ours is, that we should all come from the three dancing bears in St. Katherine's (you may hap know it, sir) hard by where the priest fell in, which alehouse is kept by a distressed lady, whose name, for the honour of knighthood, will not be known ; yet she is come in person here errant, to fill up the adven-

<sup>3</sup> *Dat is all true, &c.*] This medley of languages appears, in the folio, (through the whole of Vangoose's part,) in the German character : even in that form it would scarcely pass upon a native, I suspect, and Whalley's copy is therefore followed.



ture, with her two women that draw drink under her; gentlewomen born all three, I assure you.

*Enter the LADY, with her two Maids.*

*Slug.* And were three of those gentlewomen that should have acted in that famous matter of England's Joy in six hundred and three.\*

\* *Of those gentlewomen that should have acted in that famous matter of England's Joy in 1603.] This old piece, which was once very popular, is a kind of pageant, comprehending in dumb shew the chief political events of queen Elizabeth's reign, and concluding with her apotheosis in great state, "being crowned with the sun, moon, and stars, she is taken up into heaven." It has lately been reprinted among the Harleian Papers.*

I had occasion to mention this mummary in a note on the following lines, in which Satan twits *Old Iniquity* with the dullness of *Pug*. vol. v. p. 13.

"Where canst thou carry him, except to taverns  
To mount upon a joint-stool, with a jew's trump,  
To put down Cokely, and that must be to citizens,  
He ne'er will be admitted there when *Vennor* comes."

At that time, I was ignorant of the history of *Vennor* or *Fenner*, and I take this opportunity of correcting the passage. *Fenner*, whom I supposed to be a juggler, was a rude kind of *improvisatore*. He was altogether ignorant; but possessed a wonderful facility in pouring out doggrel verse. He says of himself,

"Yet, without boasting, let me boldly say  
I'll rhyme with any man that breathes this day,  
Upon a subject, in *extempore*," &c.

He seems to have made a wretched livelihood by frequenting city feasts, &c. where, at the end of the entertainment, he was called in to mount a stool and amuse the company by stringing together a number of vile rhymes upon any given subject. To this the quotation alludes. *Fenner* is noticed by the duchess of Newcastle: "For the numbers every schoolboy can make them on his fingers, and for the *rime*, *Fenner* would put down Ben Jonson, and yet neither the boy nor *Fenner* so good poets." This, too, is the person meant in the Cambridge answer to *Corbet's* satire:

"A ballad late was made,  
But God knows who the penner;



*Lady.* What talk you of England's Joy, gentlemen? you have another matter in hand, I wiss, England's Sport and Delight, if you can manage it. The poor cattle yonder are passing away the time with a cheat loaf, and a bombard of broken beer,<sup>5</sup> how will ye dispose of them?

*Groom.* Cattle! what cattle does she mean?

Some say the rhyming sculler,  
And others say 'twas Fenner." p. 24.

Fenner was so famed for his faculty of rhyming, that James, who, like Bartholomew Cokes, would willingly let no raree-show escape him, sent for him to court. Upon which Fenner added to his other titles that of his "Majesty's Riming Poet." This gave offence to Taylor, the Water poet, and helped to produce that miserable squabble printed among his works, and from which I have principally derived the substance of this note.

<sup>5</sup> *With a cheat loaf, and a bombard of broken beer.*] A *white loaf*, a *manchet*. A *bombard* is a large vessel to hold beer, so called from the shape of it: what the epithet *broken* should denote, unless beer of which some part had been drunk, I cannot say. We have the same phrase at the beginning of the *Masque of the Gipsies*; "Fed with *broken beer*, and blown wine o' the best daily." WHAL.

Where Whalley found his explanation of cheat loaf, I know not—it is however wrong. *Cheat* is coarse bread, and is put in opposition to *manchet*, or fine bread, which is not usually, I believe, given to bears. One or two examples, where as many scores might be produced, will be sufficient:

The earl of Oxford (speaking of the labouring man) says,

"The *manchet fine* falles not unto his share,  
On *coarser cheat* his hungry stomacke feeds."

Again:

"The *manchet fine*, on high estates bestowe,  
The *coarser cheate*, the baser sort must prove."

Whitney's *Emblems*, 1586. p. 79.

A cheat loaf is, therefore, a brown loaf. Broken beer, for the stale leavings of what has been drawn for others, is so common an expression that it may be wondered how it escaped Whalley's observation.



*Lady.* No worse than the king's game, I assure you ; the bears, bears both of quality and fashion, right bears, true bears.

*Notch.* A device only to express the place from whence we come, my lady's house, for which we have borrowed three very bears, that, as her ladyship aforesaid says, are well bred, and can dance to present the sign, and the bearward to stand for the sign-post.

*Groom.* That is pretty ; but are you sure you have sufficient bears for that purpose?

*Slug.* Very sufficient bears as any are in the ground, the Paris-garden, and can dance at first sight, and play their own tunes if need be. John Urson, the bearward, offers to play them with any city-dancers christened, for a ground measure.

*Notch.* Marry, for lofty tricks, or dancing on the ropes, he will not undertake, it is out of their element, he says. Sir, all our request is, since we are come, we may be admitted, if not for a masque, for an antic-masque ; and as we shall deserve therein, we desire to be returned with credit to the buttery from whence we came, for reward, or to the porter's lodge with discredit, for our punishment.<sup>5</sup>

*Groom.* To be whipt with your bears ! well, I could be willing to venture a good word in behalf of the game, if I were assured the aforesaid game would be cleanly, and not fright the ladies.

*Notch.* For that, sir, the bearward hath put in security by warranting my lady and her women to dance the whole changes with them in safety ; and for their abusing the place you shall not need

<sup>5</sup> Or to the porter's lodge for our punishment.] The usual place of chastisement for the menials and humbler retainers of great families. See *Massinger*, vol. i. p. 294.



to fear, for he hath given them a kind of diet-bread to bind them to their good behaviour.

*Groom.* Well, let them come ; if you need one, I'll help you myself.

*Enter JOHN URSON with his Bears, who dance while he sings the following*

### BALLAD.

*Though it may seem rude  
For me to intrude,  
With these my bears, by chance-a ;  
'Twere sport for a king,  
If they could sing  
As well as they can dance-a.*

*Then to put you out  
Of fear or doubt,  
We came from St. Katherine-a,  
These dancing three,  
By the help of me,  
Who am the post of the sign-a.*

*We sell good ware,  
And we need not care  
Though court and country knew it ;  
Our ale's o' the best,  
And each good guest  
Prays for their souls that brew it.\**

*For any ale-house,  
We care not a louse.  
Nor tavern in all the town-a ;*

\* *And each good guest  
Prays for their souls that brew it.]* Alluding to the proverb of that age, " Blessings on your heart, for you brew good ale."



*Nor the Vintry-Cranes,  
Nor St. Clement's Danes,  
Nor the Devil can put us down-a.*

*Who has once there been,  
Comes thither again,  
The liquor is so mighty ;  
Beer strong and stale,  
And so is our ale,  
And it burns like aqua-vitæ.*

*To a stranger there,  
If any appear,  
Where never before he has been :  
We shew the iron gate,  
The wheel of St. Kate,  
And the place where the priest fell in.<sup>7</sup>*

*The wives of Wapping,  
They trudge to our tapping,  
And there our ale desire :  
And still sit and drink,  
Till they spue and stink,  
And often piss out our fire.*

*From morning to night,  
And about to day-light,  
They sit, and never grudge it ;  
Till the fish wives join  
Their single coin,  
And the tinker pawns his budget.*

*If their brains be not well,  
Or their bladders do swell,  
To ease them of their burden,*

<sup>7</sup> *And the place where the priest fell in.*] This was mentioned above. (p. 431.) I have met with nothing on the subject of this catastrophe, though it must have been sufficiently familiar at the time.



*My lady will come  
With a bowl and a broom,  
And her handmaid with a jorden.*

*From court we invite  
Lord, lady, and knight,  
Squire, gentleman, yeoman, and groom;  
And all our stiff drinkers,  
Smiths, porters, and tinkers,  
And the beggars shall give ye room.*

*Van.* How like you, how like you?

*Groom.* Excellent! the bears have done learnedly, and sweetly.

*Van.* Tis noting, tis noting; vill you see something? ick sall bring in de Turkschen, met all zin bashaws, and zin dirty towsand Yanitsaries met all zin whooren, eunuken, all met an ander, de sofie van Persia, de Tartar cham met de groat king of Mogull, and made deir men, and deir horse, and deir elephanten, be seen fight in the ayr, and be all killen, and aliven, and no such ting. And all dis met de *ars* van de Catropricks, by de refleshie van de glassen.

*Notch.* Oh, he is an admirable artist.

*Slug.* And a half, sir.

*Groom.* But where will he place his glasses?

*Van.* Fow, dat is all ean, as it be two, dree, veir, vife towsand mile off; ick sall multiplien de vizioun, met an ander secret dat ick heb: Spreck, vat vill you haben?

*Groom.* Good sir, put him to't, bid him do something that is impossible; he will undertake it, I warrant you.

*Notch.* I do not like the Mogul, nor the great Turk, nor the Tartar, their names are somewhat too big for the room; marry, if he could shew us



some country-players, strolling about in severa shires, without license from the office, that would please I know whom ; or some Welsh pilgrims—

*Van.* Pilgrim ! now yow talk of de pilgrim, it come in my head. Ick vill show yow all de whole brave pilgrim o' de world : de pilgrim dat go now, now at de instant, two, dre towsand mile to de great Mahomet, at de Mecha, or here, dere, every where, make de fine labyrints, and shew all de brave error in de vorld.

*Slug.* And shall we see it here ?

*Van.* Yaw, here, here, here in dis room, tis very room : vel vat is dat to you, if ick do de ting ? vat an devil, vera boten devil ?

*Groom.* Nay, good sir, be not angry.

*Notch.* 'Tis a disease that follows all excellent men, they cannot govern their passions ; but let him alone, try him one bout.

*Groom.* I would try him ; but what has all this to do with our mask ?

*Van.* O sir, all de better vor an antick-mask, de more absurd it be, and vrom de purpose, it be ever all de better. If it go from de nature of de ting, it is de more art : for dere is art, and dere is nature, yow sall see. *Hocos Pocos ! paucos palabros !*

*Here the second ANTIMASQUE.*

*Which was a perplexed DANCE of straying and deformed PILGRIMS taking several paths, till with the opening of the light above, and breaking forth of APOLLO, they were all frightened away, and the MAIN MASQUE begun :*



APOLLO descending, SING.<sup>a</sup>

*It is no dream ; you all do wake, and see ;  
Behold who comes ! far-shooting Phæbus,<sup>b</sup> he  
That can both hurt and heal ;<sup>c</sup> and with his voice<sup>d</sup>  
Rear towns, and make societies rejoice ;  
That taught the muses all their harmony,  
And men the tuneful art of augury.  
Apollo stoops, and when a god descends,  
May mortals think he hath no vulgar ends.*

*Being near the earth, he called these persons follow-  
ing, who came forth as from their tombs.*

*Linus !<sup>f</sup> and Orpheus !<sup>g</sup> Branchus !<sup>h</sup> Idmon !<sup>i</sup> all,  
My sacred sons, rise at your father's call,*

<sup>a</sup> *Artes eximias quatuor Apollini acceptas tulit antiquitas :*

<sup>b</sup> *Sagittandi peritiam, unde apud Homerum, frequens illud epitheton ἐκείβολος, longe jaculans.*

<sup>c</sup> *Medicinam, unde medici nomen adeptus.*

<sup>d</sup> *Musicam, unde μουσηγέτης appellatus.*

<sup>e</sup> *Et Divinationem (in qua etiam Augurium) unde Augur Apollo dictus. Virg. Æneid. lib. 4 et Hor. Car. lib. 1. Od. 2.*

*Nube candentes humeros amictus*

*Augur Apollo.*

*Et Carm. Sæcul. ult. ubi doctissimus Poeta has artes totidem versibus complectitur,*

*Augur ut fulgente decorus arcu*

*Phæbus, acceptusque novem camænis,*

*Qui salutari levat arte fessos*

*Corporis artus.*

<sup>f</sup> *Linus, Apollinis et Terpsichores filius. Paus.*

<sup>g</sup> *Orpheus, Apollinis et Calliopes, de quibus Virg. in Ecloga inscript.*

*Non me carminibus vincet, non 'Thracius Orpheus,  
Nec Linus, huic mater quamvis, atque huic pater adsit,  
Orphei Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.*

<sup>h</sup> *Branchus, Apollinis et Jances filius, de quo vid. Strab. lib. 4. et Statium Thebaid. lib. 3. — patrioque æqualis honori Branchus.*

<sup>i</sup> *Idmon, Apollinis et Asteries filius. De illo vid. Val. Flac. lib. 1.*



From your immortal graves; where sleep, not  
death,

Yet binds your powers.

*Linus.* Here.

*Orpheus.* Here.

*Branchus.* What sacred breath  
Doth re-inspire us?

*Idmon.* Who is this we feel?

*Phæmonoë.*<sup>k</sup> What heat creeps through me, as  
when burning steel  
Is dipt in water?

*Apollo.* Ay, Phæmonoë,  
Thy father Phœbus' fury filleth thee:  
Confess my godhead, once again I call,  
Let whole Apollo enter in you all,  
And follow me.

*Omnes.* We fly, we do not tread;  
The gods do use to ravish whom they lead.

APOLLO *being descended, shewed them where the King  
sat, and sung forward.*

*Behold the love and care of all the gods,  
Of ocean and the happy isles;  
That whilst the world about him is at odds,  
Sits crowned lord here of himself, and smiles,*

*Cho. To see the erring mazes of mankind.  
Who seek for that doth punish them to find.*

Then he advanceth with them to the King.

*Argonautic.* — Contra Phœbius Idmon

Non pallore viris non ullo horrore comarum  
Terribilis, plenus fatis, Phœboque quieto,  
Cui genitor tribuit monitu prænoscere Divum  
Omina, seu flammæ, seu lubrica cominus exta,  
Seu plenum certis interroget aëra pennis.

<sup>k</sup> *Phæmonoë filia Phæbi, quæ prima carmen heroicum cecinit.*  
*Hesiod in Theog.*



Apol. *Prince of thy peace, see what it is to love*  
*The powers above !*  
*Jove hath commanded me*  
*To visit thee ;*  
*And in thine honour with my<sup>1</sup> music rear*  
*A college here,<sup>m</sup>*  
*Of tuneful augurs, whose divining skill*  
*Shall wait thee still,*  
*And be the heralds of his highest will.*  
*The work is done,*  
*And I have made their president thy son ;*  
*Great Mars too, on these nights,*  
*Hath added Salian rites.<sup>n</sup>*  
*Yond, yond afar,*  
*They closed in their temple are,<sup>o</sup>*  
*And each one guided by a star.*

<sup>1</sup> *Allusio ad illud Ovidii Epistol. Epist. Parid.*

*Ilion aspicias, firmataque turribus altis*  
*Mœnia Apollineæ structa canore lyræ.*

<sup>m</sup> *Augurandi scientia nobilis erat et antiqua, apud gentes præsertim Hetruscos : quibus erat collegium et domicilium celeberrimum Augurum, quorum summa fuit authoritas et dignitas per totam Italiam, potissimum Romæ. Romulus, urbe condita, collegium et Augures ibi instituit, ipse nobilis, ut apud Liv. lib. 1. et Tull. lib. 1. Optimus Augur. Eorum officium fuit auspicia captare, et ex iis colligere signa futurarum rerum, Deorumque monita considerare de eventibus prosperis vel adversis. Sacra erat Romanis et res regia habita, dignitasque penes patricos et principes viros mansit, etiam apud imperatores obtinuit, unde ab Apolline nostro talis Præses Pulchrè designatus.*

<sup>n</sup> *Saltationes in rebus sacris adhibebantur apud omnes penè gentes : et à saliendo, seu saltatione sacra ad saliare carmen institutâ, Salii dicti et Marti consecrati. Omnes etiam qui ad cantum et tibiam ludebant Salii et Salisubsuli dicebantur. Salius ὑμνωδός, vet. gloss. et Pacuv. Pro imperio sic Salisubsulus vestro excubet Mars. et Virg. Æneid. lib. 8.*

*Tum Salii ad cantus incensa altaria circum*  
*Populeis adsunt evincti tempora ramis.*

<sup>o</sup> *Auguria captaturi cælum eligeabant purum et serenum, aëreque*



Cho. *Haste, haste to meet them, and as they advance,  
 'Twixt every dance,  
 Let us interpret their prophetic trance.*

Here they fetched out the MASQUERS [i. e. the AUGURS,] and came before them with the torch-bearers along the stage, singing this full

## S O N G.

Apol. *Which way, and whence the lightning flew,  
 Or how it burned, bright and blue,  
 Design and figure by your lights :  
 Then forth, and shew the several flights  
 Your birds have made,<sup>p</sup> or what the wing,  
 Or voice in augury doth bring.  
 Which hand the crow cried on, how high  
 The vulture, or the henn did fly ;*

nitido. Lituum (qui erat baculus incurvus, augurale signum) manu tenebat augur. Eo cæli regiones designabat, et metas inter quas contineri debebant auguria : et hæ vocabantur templa : unde contemplatio dicta est consideratio, et meditatio rerum sacrarum, ut dextrum sinistrumque latus observaret : in impetrato sibi ipse regiones definiebat ; in oblato manum suam respexit lævam aut dextram. Regiones ab oriente in occasum terminabat limite decumano, et cardine ex transverso signo metato, quo oculi ferrent quam longissime. Antica in ortum vergebat ; Postica regio à tergo ad occasum : dextra ad meridiem : sinistra ad septentrionem. Observationes fiebant augure sedente, capite velato, toga duplici augurali candida amicto, à media nocte ad mediam diem, crescente non deficiente die. Neque captabantur auguria post mensem Julium, propterea quod aves redderentur imbeciliores et morbidæ, pullique eorum essent imperfecti.

<sup>p</sup> Augurandi scientia ὀρνιθομαντεία dicta ; divinatio per aves. Aves aut oscines, aut præpetes ; oscines, quæ ore, præpetes, quæ volatu augurium significant. Pulli tripudio. Aves auspicatæ, et præpetes, aquila, vultur, sanqualis seu ossifraga, triarches, sive buteo, immusculus, accipiter, cygnus, columba ; oscines, cornix, corvus, anser, ciconia, ardea, noctua ; inauspicatæ, milvus, parra, nycticorax, striges, hirundo, picus, &c.



*What wing the swan made, and the dove,  
The stork, and which did get above :  
Shew all the birds of food or prey,  
But pass by the unlucky jay,  
The night-crow, swallow, or the kite,  
Let these have neither right,*

*Chor. Nor part,  
In this night's art.*

Here the TORCH-BEARERS danced.

After which the AUGURS laid by their staves, and danced their entry ; which done, Apollo and the rest interpreted the Augury.

*Apol. The signs are lucky all, and right,<sup>a</sup>  
There hath not been a voice, or flight,  
Of ill presage —*

*Lin. The bird that brings<sup>r</sup>  
Her augury alone to kings,  
The dove, hath flown.—*

*Orph. And to thy peace,  
Fortunes and the Fates increase.*

*Bran. Minerva's hernshaw, and her owl,  
Do both proclaim, thou shalt control  
The course of things.*

<sup>a</sup> *Habebant dextra et læva omina ; antica et postica ; orientalia et occidentalia. Græci, cum se ad septentrionem obverterent, ortum ad dextram habuere. Romani meridiem in auspicando cum tuerentur, ortum ad lævam habuere. Itaque sinistrae partes eadem sunt Romanis quæ Græcis dextræ ad ortum. Sinistra igitur illis meliora, dextra pejora : Græcis contrà. Sinistra, pertinentia ad ortum : salutaria, quia ortus lucis index et auctor. Dextra, quia spectant occasum, tristia.*

<sup>r</sup> *Columbæ auguria non nisi regibus dant ; quia nunquam singulæ volant : sicut rex nunquam solus incedit. Nuntia pacis.*

<sup>s</sup> *Ardea et ardeola, rerum arduarum auspicium. Minervæ sacra. Apud Homer. Iliad. x. δεξιὸν ἐρωδιός.*



Idm. *As now they be  
With tumult carried—*

Apol. *And live free  
From hatred, faction, or the fear  
To blast the olive thou dost wear.*

Cho. *More is behind, which these do long to show,  
And what the gods to so great virtue owe.*

Here the Main Dance.

Cho. *Still, still the auspice is so good,<sup>t</sup>  
We wish it were but understood;  
It even puts Apollo  
To all his strengths of art, to follow  
The flights, and to divine  
What's meant by every sign.*

*Thou canst not less be than the charge  
Of every deity;  
That thus art left here to enlarge,  
And shield their piety!  
Thy neighbours at thy fortune long have gaz'd;  
But at thy wisdom all do stand amaz'd,  
And wish to be  
O'ercome, or governed by thee!  
Safety itself so sides thee where thou go'st,  
And Fate still offers what thou covet'st most.*

<sup>t</sup> *Auspicium, ab ave specienda. Paul. Nam quod nos cum præpositione dicimus aspicio, apud veteres sine præpositione spicio dicebatur.*

<sup>u</sup> *Signa quæ sese offerent, erant multifaria: nam si objiceretur avis aliqua, considerabatur quo volatu ferretur, an obliquo vel prono, vel supino motu corporis; quo flecteret, contorqueret, aut contraheret membra; qua in parte se occultaret; an ad dextram vel sinistram canerent oscines, &c.*



Here the REVELS.

After which, Apollo went up to the King, and  
SUNG.

Apol. *Do not expect to hear of all  
Your good at once, lest it forestal  
A sweetness would be new :  
Some things the Fates would have conceal'd,  
From us the gods, lest being reveal'd,  
Our powers shall envy you.  
It is enough your people learn  
The reverence of your peace,  
As well as strangers do discern  
The glories, by th' increase ;  
And that the princely augur here,\* your son,<sup>9</sup>  
Do by his father's lights his courses run.*

Cho. *Him shall you see triumphing over all,  
Both foes and vices : and your young and tall  
Nephews, his sons, grow up in your embraces,<sup>1</sup>  
To give this island princes in long races.*

\* *Romulus augur fuit, et Numa, et reliqui reges Romani, sicut ante eos Turnus, Rhamnetes, et alii. Lacedæmonii suis regibus augurem assessorem dabant. Cilices, Lycii, Cares, Arabes, in summa veneratione habuerunt auguria.*

<sup>9</sup> *And that the princely augur here.] It appears from p. 441, that Charles led the Dance, at the head of the Augurs.*

<sup>1</sup> *Your young and tall nephews, his sons.] i. e. Nepotes, grandchildren. WHAL.*

It appears a little singular that the learned Prideaux should be unacquainted with this acceptation of the word, which is common to all our old writers. He apologizes for reading "son and grandson," (Isaiah xiv. 22,) instead of "son and nephew," with the translators of the Bible ; who, as he afterwards shews, elsewhere translate the same word (naked) "grandson." There is no doubt of it : the only difficulty lay in the commen-



Here the heaven opened, and Jove, with the Senate of the Gods, was discovered, while APOLLO returned to his seat, and ascending, SUNG.

Apol. *See, heaven expecteth my return,  
The forked fire begins to burn,  
Jove beckons me to come.*

Jove. *Though Phœbus be the god of arts,  
He must not take on him all parts;  
But leave his father some.*

Apol. *My arts are only to obey.*

Jove. *And mine to sway.\**

*Jove is that one, whom first, midst, last, you call,  
The power that governs, and conserveth all;  
Earth, sea, and air, are subject to our check,  
And fate with heaven, moving at our beck.*

*Till Jove it ratify*

*It is no augury,*

*Though utter'd by the mouth of Destiny.*

Apol. *Dear father, give the sign, and seal it then.*

The EARTH riseth.

*It is the suit of Earth and men.*

Jove. *What do these mortals crave without our  
wrong?*

Earth, with the rest. *That Jove will lend us this our  
sovereign long;*

*Let our grand-children, and not we  
His want or absence ever see.*

Jove. *Your wish is blest,*

tator's not observing that with them nephew and grandson were perfectly synonymous; though the former term was used also for a brother or sister's son. *Connec. vol. i. p. 125.*

\* *Vide Orpheum in hym. de omnip. Jovis.*



*Jove knocks his chin against his breast,<sup>z</sup>  
And firms it with the rest.*

Full Cho. *Sing then his fame, through all the orbs; in  
even*

*Proportions, rising still, from earth to heaven :  
And of the lasting of it leave to doubt,  
The power of time shall never put that out.*

This done, the whole Scene shut, and the Mas-  
quers danced their last Dance.

*And thus it ended.*

<sup>z</sup> *Mos Jovis, annuendo votis et firmandis ominibus. Apud  
Homer. &c.*

END OF VOLUME VII.





Joe hocks his chin against his breast;  
 And this, I think, I think the rest;  
 And this, I think, I think the rest;  
 And this, I think, I think the rest;

Proportions, rising still, from earth to heaven;  
 And of the kind, of a loose to doubt;  
 The power of time shall never put out.

This done, the whole scene shut, and the Mas-  
 quers danced their last Dance.

And thus it ended.

And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended;

And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended;

And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended;

END OF VOLUME VII.  
 THE MASQUE OF ANIGURS.

And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended;

And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended;

And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended;

And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended,  
 And thus it ended, and thus it ended;



f 634 539<sup>2</sup> Macrobius 1<sup>st</sup> ed. 80  
57 3 1598. 65







87

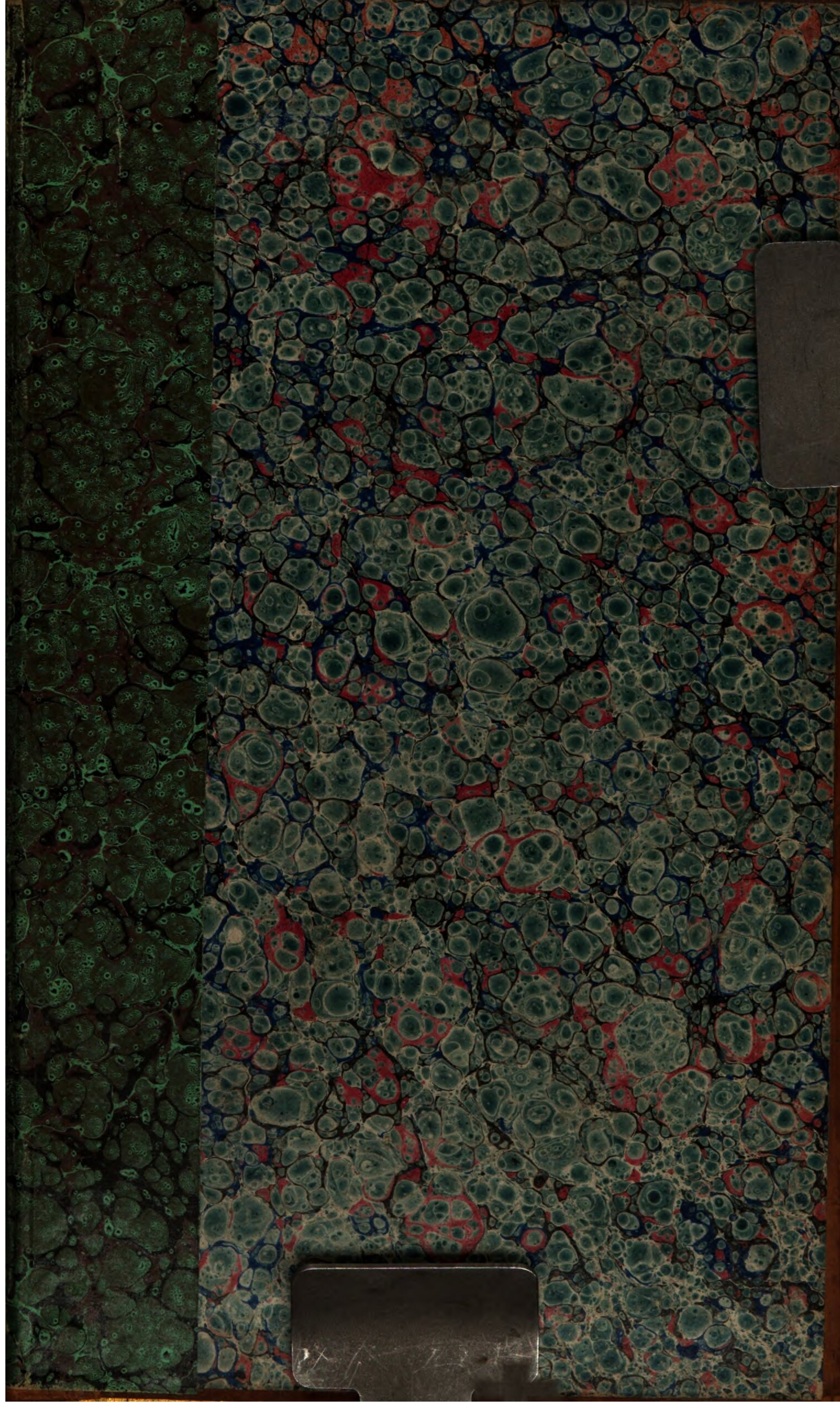
Ausimagne 251

bis 132 incl.

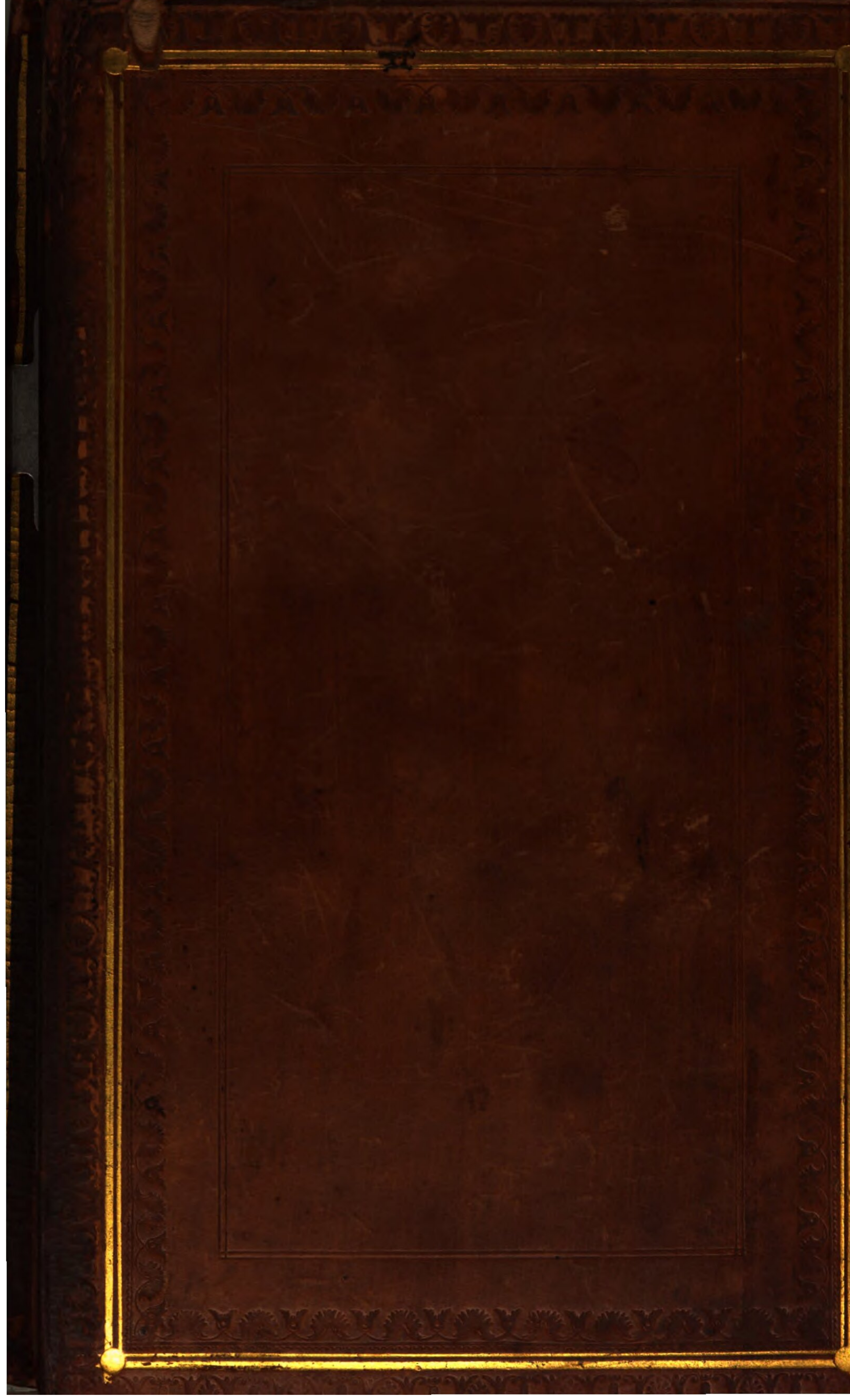














Jonson, Ben,

The Works of Ben Johnson in 9 volumes

Bd.: 7

London 1816

P.o.angl. 185 b-7

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10929647-5